# Woman and the Home

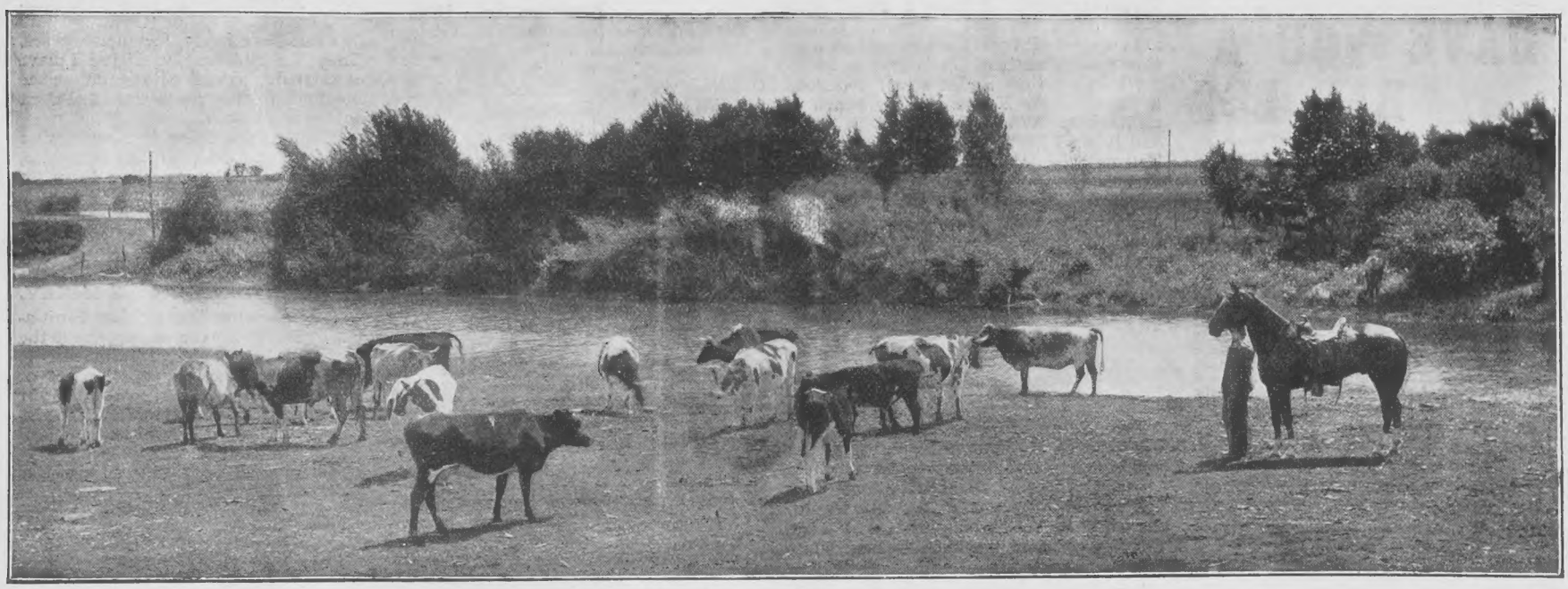
### The Little Wife at Home

The dear little wife at home, John,
She has ever so much to do—
Stitches to set and babies to pet
And so many step for you.
The beautiful household fairy,
Filling your home with light,
Whatever you meet to-day, John,
Go cheerily home to-night.

Although you are worn and weary,
You needn't be cross or curt,
There are words like darts to gentle hearts;
There are looks that wound and hurt.
With the key in the latch at home, John,
Drop troubles out of sight,
To the dear little wife who is waiting
Go cheerily home to-night.

What though the tempter try you,
Though the shafts of adverse fate
May hurtle near and the sky be drear
And the laggard fortune wait.
You are passing rich already,
Let the haunting fears take flight
With the faith that wins success, John,
Go cheerily home to-night.

—Margaret E. Sangster.



A beauty spot for a calm and quiet rest. On the farm of Mr. D. McCaskill.

### What Wears on Me

A Declaration of Independence

It isn't my work that bothers me, it's the extras.

It isn't what I have decided I ought to do in my life, but what other people think I ought to do.

It isn't the routine, but the unexpected.

I could sing under my burden, but it is hard to sing under other folks' burdens.

I go with a rejoicing heart to my chosen recreation, but with a heavy heart to the "amusement" that fashion or even friendship picks out for me.

I can work indefinitely when there is no lash, but under the lash I fall in an hour.

My idea of heaven is that I shall be allowed to do the things that I can do best, and that therefore I best like to do, and shall have time enough to do them without feeling rushed.

And I have decided to set up heaven on earth, and at once.

I have decided to obey my own conscience and not other people's idea of what my conscience ought to be.

I have decided to do one duty at a time.

I have decided to select the recreations that re-create me, and not those that re-create other folks and that therefore they think ought to re-create me.

I have decided to live my own life, since no one else will live it.

I have decided to listen carefully to all the good advice given me, accept it when it commends itself to my judgment and conscience, and when it does not forget it and not let it worry me.

I have decided to refuse the tasks that cannot be done well, and to remember that well-doing means serene doing.

I shall not let myself be hurried.
I shall not let myself be harried.
I shall not let myself be worried.

And I am perfectly sure that thus I shall best please my friends in the end, and best serve the world.

### The Simplicities of Life

The Russians have a score of proverbs intended to show that the Tsar is only a man. In this way the animal instinct of human kinship manifests itself among an unlettered people. You may scratch the veneer of social convention in any country, and beneath it you will find the primal human animal, careless of artificial and accidental distinction of birth or of wealth or of training. A man is a man and a woman is a woman.

The feeling that this is true lies back of all our thinking, even when we are insisting on the propriety of marriage between young men and young women of similar social experience and similar tastes and ideals. It accounts for the love one has for the fairy story of Cinderella and the prince, and for the history of Ruth and Boaz.

The theme occurs over and over again in literature. The beggar maid was not surprised when King Cophetua raised her to the throne. She was a woman, and she knew, as every woman to-day knows, that it is her womanhood that draws men to her, not her education nor her dress, nor anything superfical or accidental or external. When that womanhood surmounts all obstacles the world approves, because it sees that the great simplicities of life still wield their potent influence.

### The Mother's Heart the Child's Schoolroom

By Sceva Stephen

"By Tiny, unseen, unguessed influences the child's life is molded." The least and most imperceptible impressions received in our infancy have consequences very important and of long duration. That the child begins to get impressions and be influenced and form habits very early is evident enough if one studies carefully. "Children are very nice observers." It sometimes seems as if, "away back in the dim days," the child stores up observations, as a photographer does his plates, to be brought out and used when occasion demands. How often people of mature years say, with a touch of pride, "I have never been used to—" or, "I have always been used to—" and consider that sufficient reason for ranking some of the refinements of life as necessities.

"Being used to" must have a beginning in every life, and that beginning in regard to many essentials of right living is made long before the child is conscious of receiving impressions, long before he can choose in regard to them. Because the child comes "out of the nowhere into here," he must get his impressions, make his observations in his own little environment. The character of that environment must, of course, determine the character of the lessons the child learns.

A rather prevalent idea is that that child has the best environment whose parents can provide him with most material comforts of finest quality, who can place him in so-called artistic surroundings. "Stone walls do not a prison make." So, too, wood and wallpaper, clothes and furniture do not make all of the child's environment. Whatever in any way affects the child, physically, mentally, morally, makes up his world. Whether the baby lies in silk-lined crib or one finished in cotton, "the mother's heart is the child's schoolroom." Many of the noblest, finest-grained men and women the world has known have come from very simple homes. This because the mothers in those homes had high ideals and knew how to insist on the essentials for making up a right environment for their children. They demonstrated in their daily living that the highest virtues can be practiced in plainest surroundings, that the soul can never be in prison.

No mother, however hard she may strive, can be absolutely perfect, or make her home wholly ideal. Yet any mother under love's tutorship can give a tone to the child's environment such as will put into his life ideals of true refinement, of noble living; so that the really "bests" will come to be necessities in his life circle. The child learns best from elemental bests. If these elementals are factors in his everyday surroundings, and are maintained as the months and years go on, his life must begin right and develop along right lines. For instance, many things that are not beautiful in comparison with others, can, nevertheless teach the elements of beauty, and so stimulate the child's mind as to lead him on to unfailing pursuit of what appeals to his artistic sense. A writer, touching upon making home beautiful, speaks with warmth of feeling of the "picturesqueness" many and many a womanly woman who must live very plainly imparts to her rooms by means of "polished tins, many-shaded patchwork coverlets, gay strips in carpet, a scarlet geranium." "Polished tins"—a bright blossom or two! How baby will crow as he reaches for either!

With such hints of art may go other elemental factors that are priceless in value to the young life. Because this is so absolutely true, every mother, whether she commands dollars or only dimes, can create a wholesome atmosphere for the home life such as will nourish the best in the child's nature. Some of the other things essential to true refinement and love of what is pure and lovely, and that cost not a cent more than their opposites, are a mother always tidily and becomingly dressed, no matter how simply; rooms always clean and in cheerful good order; table always daintily set; good manners—"the ornament of action—" at meal-time, inculcated from the beginning by example and quiet precepts; pleasant, tender, cheery tones; laughter and fun; crooning sweet lullabies; absence of unnecessary confusing noises; optimistic views of home conditions, as the young child sees them. The clear, ringing note through all this is, "Linking ourselves with very bests."

A part of baby's environment is his own little, inner self. His prevailing mood is the "beginning of a mighty end." True she cannot be kept always crowing, not even always calm, but if he is allowed to fly into frequent rages, to scream or sulk or grieve, he inevitably gains the impression that this or that way of doing is part of life, and he will go on living more and more according to his baby ideals. If mother's habit is to soothe with the "soft murmurings of her voice," and so help the little one on to patience and peace, she puts upward leading impulses into his life.

"As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined." To put the thought another way: If the little twig is kept straight by just the kind of treatment a twig needs, the tree will be straight and firm.

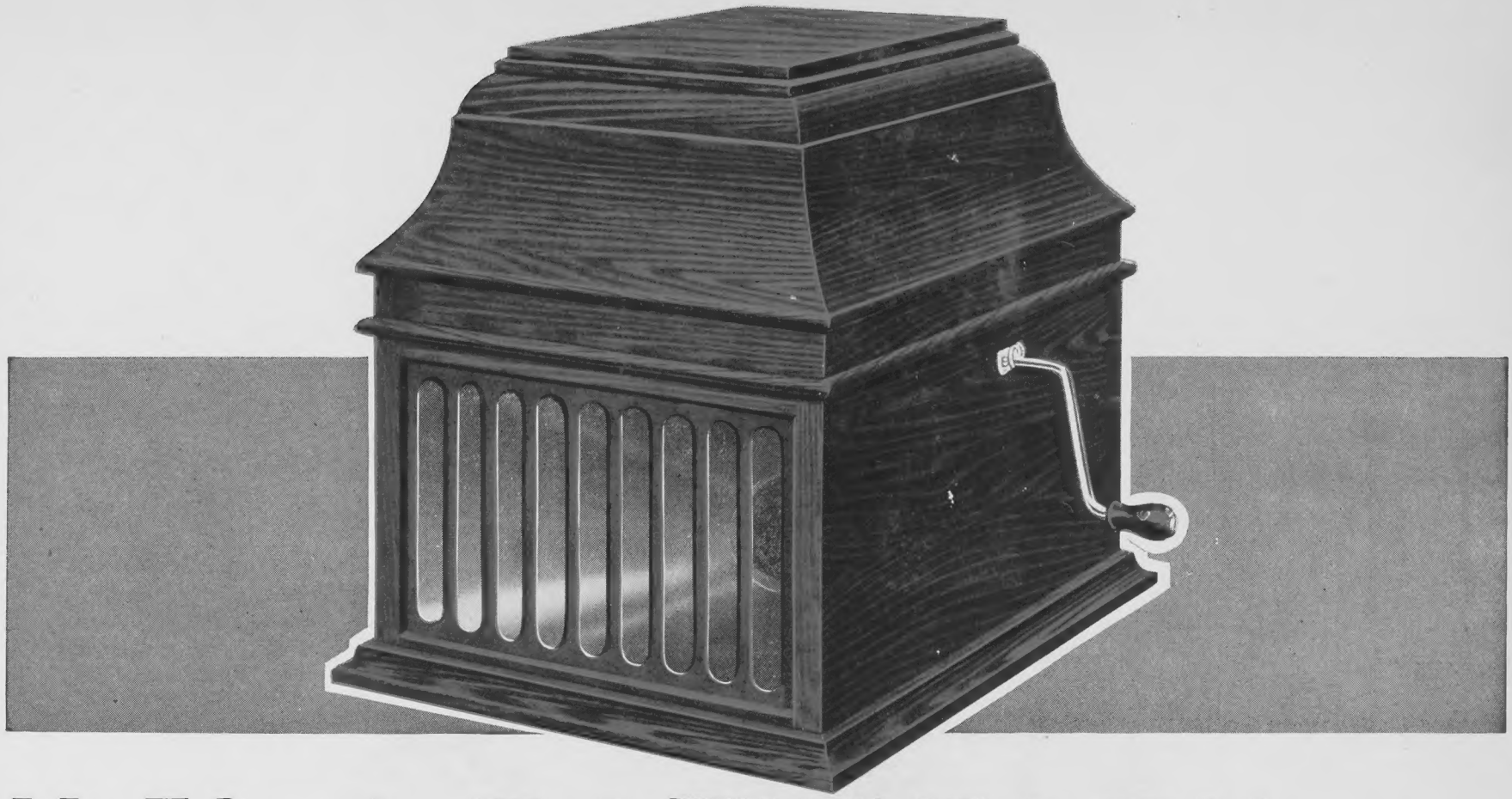
Fifty-one years ago a man now living in Rahway, N.J., fed a hungry soldier during the war. On the anniversary he found on his door-step a fifteen-pound ham and a bag of potatoes—returned "after many days."—C. E. World.

### The Thimble Family

Good Mistress Thimble, neat and nimble,
Drives Brother Needle with a push and a wheedle,
While light Sister Thread, with a noiseless tread,
A stitch drops behind as she flies ahead.
Then comes Father Scissors and gives her a snip,
And starts them off on another trip.
Over a hem, or down a seam,
Needle and thread, a lively team.

Fat Uncle Emery, bright and true,
When a hard place comes will help them through.
And pale Aunty Wax is willing enough
To smooth the way when they find it rough.
Then Grandfather Bodkin, with many a jerk,
Will do his part, and finish the work.
Now, where is their home? Well, since you ask it,
I'll tell you—they live in a little work-basket.

**A Safe Pill for Suffering Women.**—The secluded life of women which permits of little healthful exercise, is a fruitful cause of derangements of the stomach and liver and is accountable for the pains and lassitude that so many of them experience. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will correct irregularities of the digestive organs and restore health and vigor. The most delicate woman can use them with safety because their action, while effective, is mild and soothing.



# Mr. Edison's Wonderful New Instrument NEW! Master Instrument

Edison's Latest Invention

WRITE *today* for our *new* Edison catalog—the catalog that tells you all about the wonderful *new* model Edison with Mr. Edison's *new* diamond point reproducer — the new parlor grand style. It will also tell you about **our *new* Edison offer!** Now read:

## Mr. Edison's Pet and Hobby

among all his wonderful inventions is his phonograph. He worked for years striving to produce the most perfect phonograph. At last he has produced this new model. Think of it: over 25 years of work on all these epoch-making inventions—then his pet and hobby perfected!

## A Happy Home

Happiness is life—and real happiness is found only in a real home. And by a **real home** I do not mean a house with a yard or farm around it. Oh, no! A real home is the place where the happy and united family gather together for mutual enjoyment and recreation. And the Edison makes this possible, for it stands supreme as the greatest home entertainer. It will mean more than entertainment and merriment, more than an hour of amusement—yes, it will mean genuine pleasure of the lasting sort—helpful entertainment and culture of the most beneficial kind. It will mean the family united—a new home.

Such a variety of entertainment! Hear the latest up-to-date song hits of the big cities. Laugh until the tears stream down your face and your sides ache from laughing at the funniest of funny minstrel shows. Hear the grand old church hymns, the majestic choirs sing the famous anthems just as they sing them in the cathedrals of Europe. Hear the pealing organs, the crashing brass bands, the waltzes, the two-steps, the solos, duets and quartettes. You will sit awe-stricken at the wonderful grand operas as sung by the world's greatest singers. You will be moved by the tender, sweet harmony of quartettes singing those old melodies that you have heard all your life. Take your choice of any kind of entertainment. All will be yours with the Edison in your home. **Send the coupon today.**

# Free Loan—

We will send you the *new* model Edison Phonograph and **your choice** of all the brand new records on an **absolutely free loan.** We want you to hear all the waltzes, two steps, vaudevilles, minstrels, grand operas, the old sacred hymns, every kind of comic and popular music, also your choice of the highest grade concerts and operas, as rendered by the world's greatest artists. Entertain your family and friends. Give plays and concerts right in your own parlor. Hear the songs, solos, duets and quartettes, the pealing organs, the brass bands, the symphony orchestras, the choirs of Europe's great cathedrals, the piano and violin concerts, virtuoso—all these we want you to hear free as reproduced on the new Edison.

***Then, when you are through with the outfit, you may send it back at our expense.***

**Remember,** not a penny down—no deposit—no guarantee—no C.O.D. to us—no obligations to buy—**a full free trial** in your own home—***direct*** from us—***direct*** to you. Returnable at our expense or payable (if you want to keep it) at the actual rock-bottom price direct from us.

## The Reason:

Why should we make such an ultra-liberal offer? Why should we go to all this expense and trouble just so **you** can have all these free concerts? Well, we'll tell you: we are tremendously proud of this magnificent new instrument. When **you** get it in your town we **know** everybody will say that nothing like it has ever been heard—so wonderful, so grand, so beautiful, such a king of entertainers—so we are pretty sure that at least some one, if not you, then somebody else, will want to buy one of these **new style** Edisons, **especially as they are being offered now at the most astounding rock-bottom price and on easy terms** as low as **a few dollars a month.** But even if no one buys, there is no obligation and we'll be just as glad **anyway** that we sent you the **new** Edison on our **free** trial; for that is our way of advertising quickly everywhere the wonderful superiority of the **new** Edison.

## Our *New* Edison Catalog Sent *Free*

Your name and address on a postal or in a letter, (or just the coupon) is enough. No obligations in asking for the catalog. Get this offer—***while this offer lasts.*** Fill out the coupon today.

**F. K. Babson, Edison Phonograph Distributor**
**7464 355 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man.**
**U. S. Office: Edison Block, Chicago**

## COUPON

**F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distributor**
**Dept. 7464 355 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man.**

Gentlemen:—Please send me your New Edison Catalog and full particulars of your free trial offer on the new model Edison Phonographs.

Name .....

Address .....

# THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

PROVINCIAL LIBRARY MANITOBA

APRIL, 1915 WINNIPEG, CANADA

# The Teapot Test

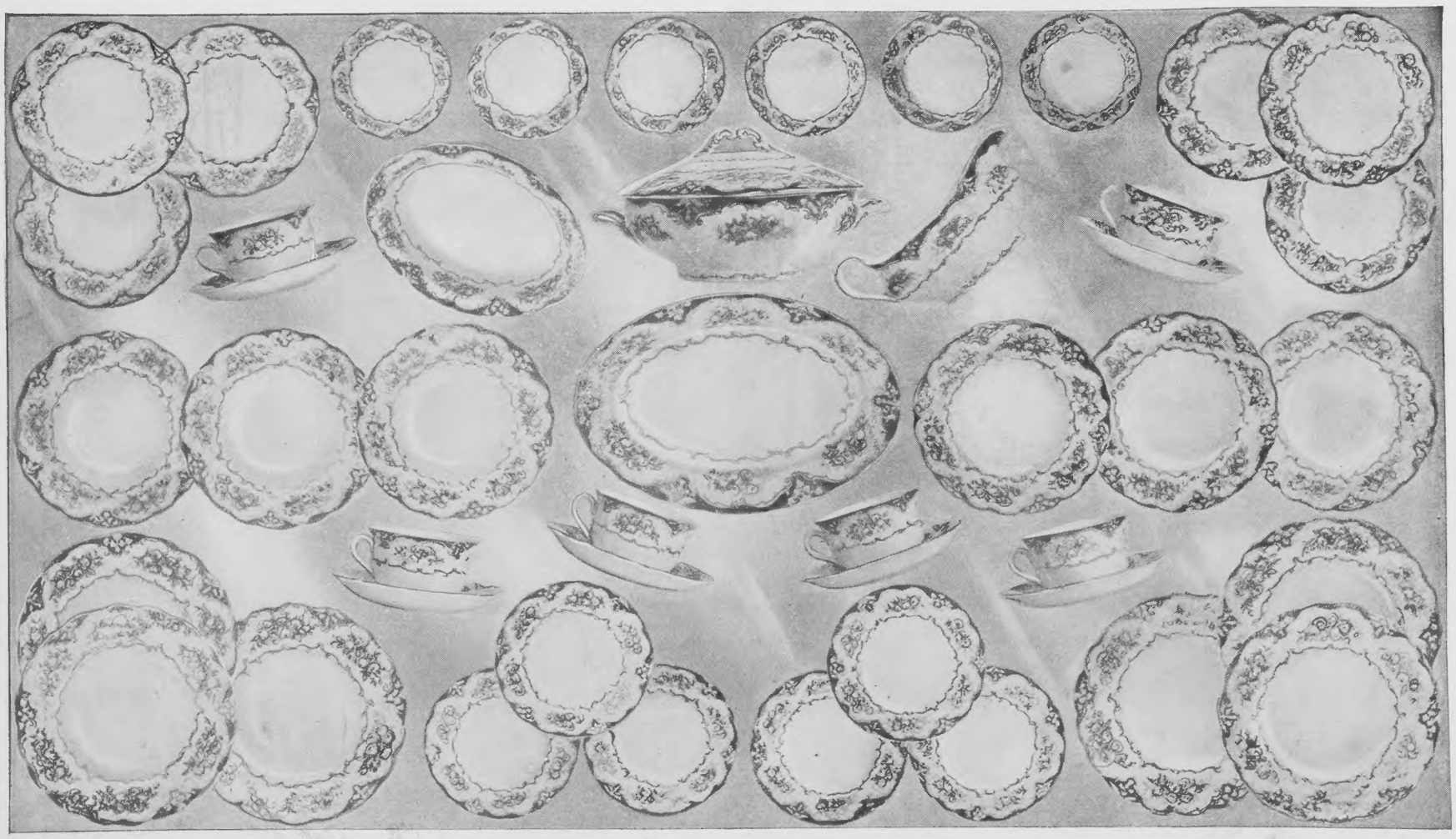
You will find that **five** spoonfuls of Blue Ribbon Tea will go farther than **eight** of the lower-priced tea, consequently **Blue Ribbon** is the cheapest in the end.

It is also a mistake to think that by paying more for tea you can obtain a better article than **Blue Ribbon**.

**A Teapot Test** will satisfy you on these points.

**BLUE RIBBON, Limited**

## This Magnificent Combination DINNER and TEA SET FREE to Our Subscribers



The above illustration only begins to do justice to this handsome combination **Dinner and Tea Set,** which we have decided to give away **Free** to our readers.

The Combination Dinner and Tea Set consists of 47 pieces and is made of the best English Semi-Porcelain. The design is one of the most popular patterns we have ever seen. The floral decoration is printed under the glaze in a rich flow color, soft and velvety in tone. A neat, embossed design follows the edge of every piece. All handles and edges are traced with gold. Each set is guaranteed by The Western Home Monthly and by Messrs Robinson & Co., the well-known Pioneer Winnipeg merchants. All that you have to do in order to get this set is to send us seven new subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly at one dollar apiece. Surely a magnificent reward for such a little labor.

**The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Canada**

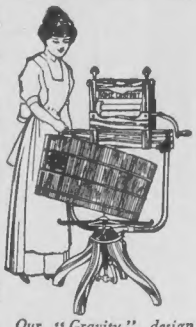
# THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't alright."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "alright" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.



*Our "Gravity" design gives greatest convenience, as well as ease of operation with quick and thorough work. Do not overlook the detachable tub feature.*

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, *before they pay for them*, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it.

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that on washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50c a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

Address me personally—

W. F. Morris, Manager, 1900 Washer Co.
357 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.
(Factory 79-81 Portland Street, Toronto)



**RENNIE'S Garden Seed BOOK**

**Now Ready** For 46 years the leading authority on Vegetable, Flower and Farm Seeds, Plants and Bulbs. You need it. *Send for free copy—to-day.* **For 1915**

**ALACRITY TOMATO**
**An Extra Early Red Variety**
Developed by Experts at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa. Reported to be the earliest variety in existence and especially adapted for Canada, being Northern Grown. Full size packet, 15c.

**Wm. RENNIE Co. Limited,**
394 PORTAGE AVE., WINNIPEG



# The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XVI. Published Monthly By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd,, Winnipeg, Canada. No. 4.

The Subscription Price of The Western Home Monthly is $1.00 a year or three years for $2.00 to any address in Canada, or British Isles. . The subscription to foreign countries is $1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States $1.25 a year.

**Remittances** of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

**Postage Stamps** will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills.

**Change of Address.**—Subscribers wishing their address changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

**When You Renew** be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.


## A Chat with Our Readers

The old adage "Time Flies" is brought vividly to mind as we realize that The Western Home Monthly has entered its sixteenth year of publication. Many of our friends tell us that they have been subscribers from 1899 when the first issue of The Western Home Monthly—a very modest publication in those days—came off the press. We often wonder whether those pioneer subscribers have kept their copies intact and on file and, if such is the case, when comparing the present April issue with that of sixteen years ago they will surely feel pardonable pride in seeing the tremendous headway made by their favorite magazine and in realizing that they themselves, as the original subscribers, made a bigger and better Western Home Monthly possible. If The Western Home Monthly has made strides in the past, we hope that it will forge ahead even more rapidly in the future. Every month now our subscribers are getting over 50 pages of carefully written and edited articles, stories and illustrations—pretty good measure, we think—but our ambition is not yet achieved and we are going to continue pushing forward. Remember that the future of The Western Home Monthly rests with the present subscribers, and we feel sure they will respond nobly to our appeal for new subscribers. This is essentially a publication you can recommend to your friends, for it is interesting in contents, independent in politics and Canadian and British in ideals. Surely worthy of your commendation

### DOES PIN MONEY INTEREST YOU?

Spring and the early summer are times when most of us begin to count up our loose change and see how much we can afford to expend on a few little luxuries for the home or perchance our summer holiday may loom into view. If you want to spend a little money, without encroaching in any way on your capital, we can help you. Yes, we can put you in the way of gathering a few —possibly many—sheckels by offering you an agency and appointing you representative of The Western Home Monthly in your vicinity. We already have a large list of agents and we are receiving applications daily. Why not communicate with us about an agency in your town? It will only cost you a stamp to hear what our proposition is, anyway. Wherever you live in the West you will find that the magazine is already well and favorably known and your work will be pleasant and easy.

We have spent a great deal of time in the preparation of our Easter number, but we shall be well satisfied if our readers find it enjoyable. Every story, every illustration, is for your amusement and pleasure; every practical article has your welfare in view; in your home; in your pleasures; in your housekeeping.

This magazine is yours whether you are spending your days in the quiet of some delightful country home, or a busy man or woman of affairs in the great metropolis, or a boy or girl who dreams wonderful dramas and builds marvellous castles in the air, The Western Home Monthly is for you.

Yours for service, help, and amusement. Yours for companionship in joy or trouble. Yours at all times and at any time.

No housekeeper, be she ever so wise through experience, can pick up The Western Home Monthly and read it without gathering fresh ideas for everyday use.

The new features which we are constantly adding are meeting with genuine ovations. From all over the country letters come daily, pledging support and co-operation in this movement to extend the influence of The Western Home Monthly, and already many new subscriptions have been added.

*Painless*

When using our latest method, we, the

**New Method Dental Parlors**

guarantee to complete dental work of any description without pain, or refund your money.

*No Person too Nervous*
*No Work too Difficult*

There is nothing new in dentaldom that is not in use by this firm.

Office:
CORNER PORTAGE AND DONALD

Canada's Best and Most Up-to-date Dental Office.

**10c SILK REMNANTS**

For making Crazy Quilts, Sofa Cushions, Bed Spreads.
Good size pieces. Best quality. Large package, 10c. 3 for 25c.

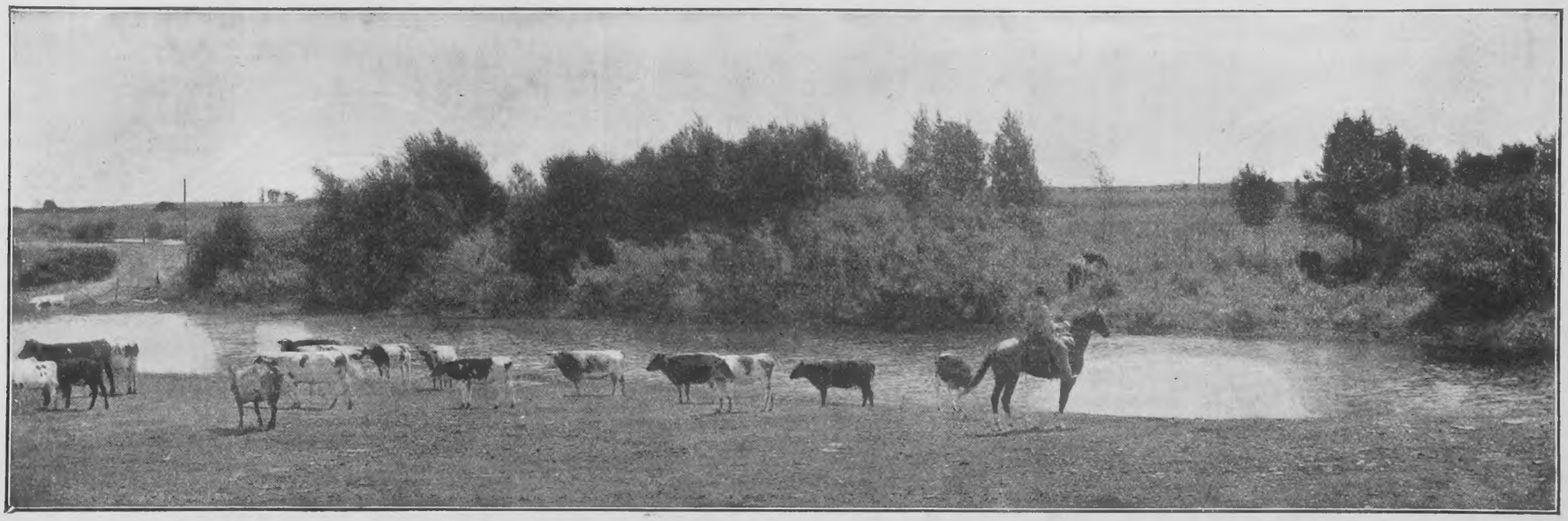
List of Specialties Free

**The John Hopkins Sales Co.**
Dept. A. 721 ASHBURN ST. WINNIPEG

**YOU CAN BE A NURSE**

We positively guarantee to train you in your own home, furnish uniform, and assist you to positions paying $12 to $25 a week. Send for free catalog and illustrated book of "National Nurses."

**National School of Nursing, Dept. 52 Elmira, N.Y.**

About to round up the herd and return home on a farm at Gladstone, Man.

# Maxwell

## The Car That Laughs at Hills

The Maxwell is the car in which "Wild Bill" Turner made the world-record climb up Mt. Hamilton to the famous Lick Observatory.

The Maxwell is the car that Billy Carlson drove 9 miles up Mt. Wilson, Cal., over snow and ice, around sharp dangerous curves, climbing 6,000 feet in 29 minutes and 1 second, breaking the previous record of 42 minutes. These are but two of the Maxwell stock car hill climbing records.

Every man that owns a Maxwell is able to laugh at hills.

The "1915" Maxwell has 17 new features It is a beautiful car—a powerful car—an easy riding car—and a car that is fully equipped. Its light weight makes it very economical to operate.

The "1915" Maxwell is one of the easiest cars to drive. It has an adjustable front seat which may be moved three or four inches backward to suit the driver's leg length.

If you want a car of ample power to climb hills with speed and pull through heavy going, this is the car.

***The Maxwell Dealer nearest you will show you the "1915" Maxwell***

| | |
|---|---|
| Maxwell Five-Passenger Touring Car, - - | $ 925 |
| Maxwell Roadster, - - - - - - - - | 900 |
| Maxwell Cabriolet, - - - - - - - - | 1,105 |

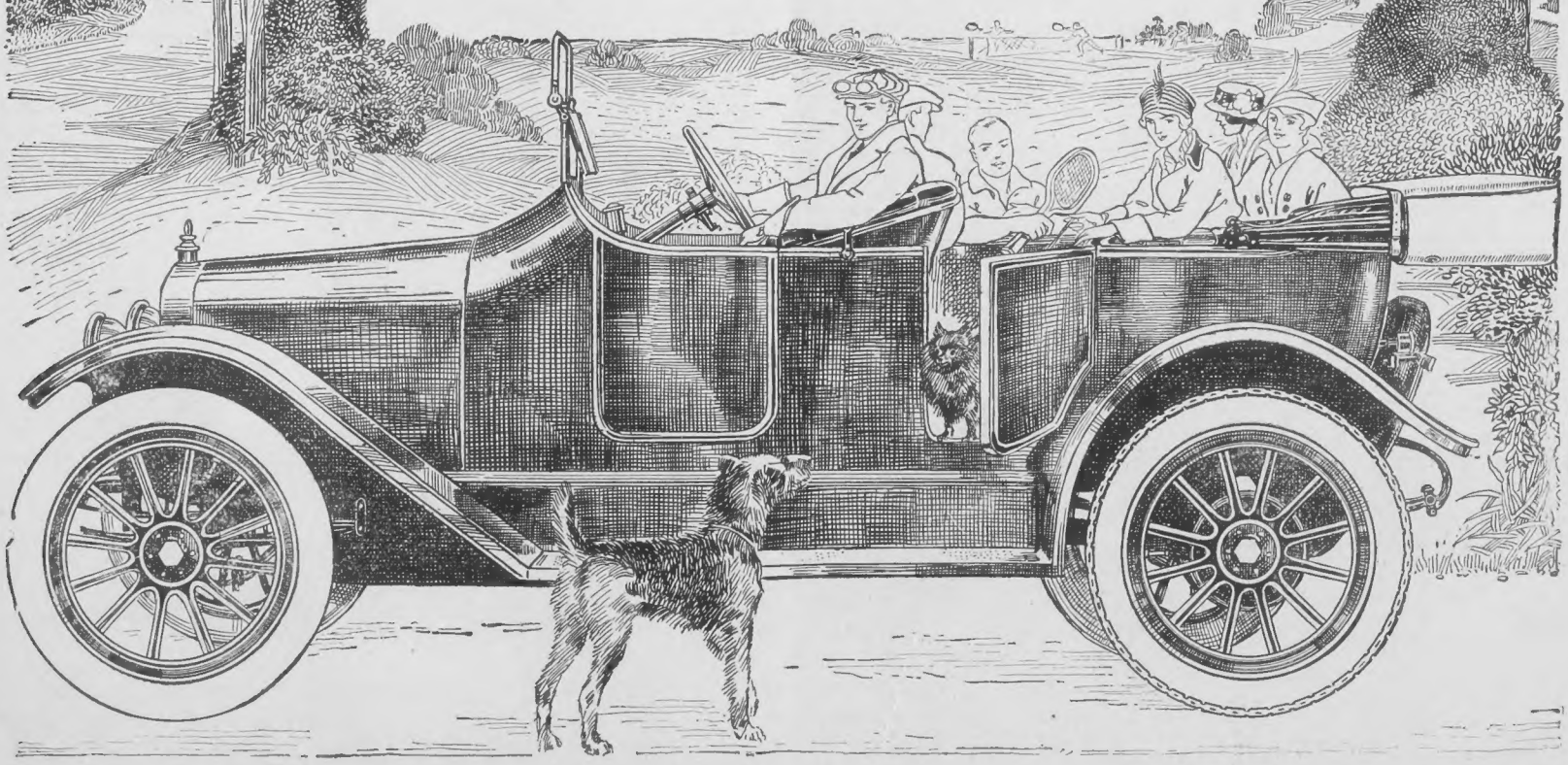
Any model equipped with electric self-starter, $70 extra.

**The 7½% increase in Canadian duty will not increase the price of the Maxwell Car in Canada.**

Write for illustrated catalogue. Address, Department A. V.

**MAXWELL MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED**
**Windsor, Ontario**

The Maxwell will be exhibited at the Panama-Pacific Exposition



# "Every Road is a Maxwell Road"

# Editorial Comment

### AFTER THE WAR, WHAT?

What great powers will begin to shape up for further conflict? One can see China, Russia, and probably a Mohammedan confederacy in southwestern Asia; he can see also a new India to the south and a developing but limited Japan to the far east. Away to the west will be Britain, and in between a number of smaller states which will be to the three great Asiatic powers, what Belgium now is to Germany. On this side of the Pacific will be another great power the United States, whose policy in world matters must be the same as that of Canada (the greatest unit in the British dominion).

At present Britain and Japan are working in harmony, and the union is to the advantage of both. Should Japan aim at (what must be to her a necessity) an extension of territory, there may arise a conflict with China that will be ended only by another world's war. Should Russia as a result of her successes, have her appetite for war whetted, what will prevent her from impressing Slavic ideals upon the whole Eastern world? Indeed what is to prevent a conflict between any of these forces—Russ-Chinese; Russ-Mohammedan; Mohammedan-Christian; Yellow-White? There is only one thing that will prevent any or all of these conflicts—a determination on the part of all the nations at the time of settlement to begin afresh the conduct of the world's affairs in a new spirit and according to a new method. Unless this war is the beginning of peace, it is the most miserable failure. Nor is it absurdity to think that some such understanding can be reached. The militarists have had their day. Their pet doctrine is hopelessly confounded. It is not true that the surest way to prevent war is to be ready for war. It must be that so long as one nation is ready for war another must be, but that is not the question. We have reached that stage in experience and culture when it is possible to settle all international difficulties by arbitration or by sale and purchase, provided only there are no armaments. Take away from men liquor and how many would get drunk? Take away guns and how many would fight? It is time the acts of peace had a chance; it is time the gospel of peace had a fair trial.

In the Atlantic Monthly, Bertrand Russell has well expressed it:

"It is even more necessary to alter men's conception of glory and patriotism. Beginning in childhood, with the school text books of history, and continuing in the press and in common talk men are taught that the essence of 'glory' is successful robbing and slaughter. The most 'glorious' nation is the one which kills the greatest number of foreigners and seizes the greatest extent of foreign territory. The most patriotic citizen is the one who most strongly opposes any attempt at justice or mercy on his country's dealings with other countries, and who is least able to conceive of mankind as all one family struggling painfully from a condition of universal strife toward a society where love of one's neighbor is no longer thought a crime. The division of the world into nations is a fact which must be accepted but there is no reason to accept the narrow nationalism which envies the prosperity of others and imagines it a hindrance to her own progress. If a better and saner world is to grow out of the horror of futile carnage, men must learn to find their nation's glory in the victory of reason over brute instincts, and to feel the true patriotism which demands that a country should deserve admiration rather than extort fear. If this lesson can be taught to all beginning with the children in the schools, we may hope for a lasting peace, and the machinery for securing it will grow out of the universal desire. So long as hate and fear and pride are praised and encouraged, war never can become an impossibility, but there is now if men have the courage to use it an awakening of heart and mind such as the world has never known before: Men see that war is wicked and that war is foolish. If the statesmen will play their part by showing that war is not inevitable, there is hope that our children may live in a happier world and look back upon us with the wondering pity of a wiser age.

### THE COST OF LIVING

Not how much but how little: Well the experiment has been tried. Down in Chicago a man named Charles G. Dawes built a great hotel to keep alive the memory of his son. He decided to run the hotel at cost, and to let those who roomed and boarded there get the benefit. During the year 179,000 men stopped at the hotel at a cost of 14 cents for a bed and a meal. The hotel is run like any other, but the capital is so used as to make the cost of lodging and eating almost nominal. Mr. Dawes wishes it to be understood that the hotel is a business matter, and that its customers pay their way.

The idea is being taken up for other cities. By careful management many live amply and respectably on a few cents a day. It really requires little money for a man to live. The Dawes hotel is run as decently as any in Chicago. The rooms are clean and in order, and the custom genteel and honorable. There is a good lesson for everybody in the Dawes Hotel.

### The Place to Die

How little recks it where men die,
When once the moment's past
In which the dim and glazing eye
Has looked on earth its last;
Whether beneath the sculptured urn
The coffined form shall rest,
Or in its nakedness, return
Back to its mother's breast.

The soldier falls 'mid corses piled
Upon the battle-plain,
Where reinless war-steeds gallop wild
Above the gory slain;
But though his corse be grim to see,
Hoof-trampled on the sod,
What recks it when the spirit free
Has soared aloft to God?

T'were sweet indeed to close our eyes
With those we cherish near,
And wafted upward by their sighs,
Soar to some calmer sphere;
But whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man!

### ECONOMY

No one would be so foolish as to think that the affairs of a country could be administered for nothing, and all good citizens are willing to be taxed directly or indirectly to pay a reasonable cost of administration. There has been a growing conviction on two points—first, that the cost of administration is not reasonable, and second that the tax levied upon the people is not evenly distributed.

With regard to the first point there need be no argument. It is not alone in national affairs but in affairs pertaining to the provinces that excess has run riot. No words are sufficiently strong to condemn those who have been responsible for unwarranted expenditure. What with the bonusing of railways, the erection of palatial public buildings, the squandering of immense sums on unprofitable public works, there is scarcely a province that does not feel the pinch of poverty. Yet as a nation, Canada is richer in resources than any other that can be named. Our statesmen—save the mark—have not learned the meaning of economy; they have acted like boys who have just come into an inheritance, and who desire to show the world how lavishly they can expend their income. The thing is disgusting—not only wrong, but in exceedingly bad taste.

With regard to the second point it has only to be said that the present method of raising funds by indirect taxation—through a tariff—is monstrously unfair to certain classes. It is all very well for manufacturers to clamor for a high tariff, and to endorse the horizontal rise of seven and one-half per cent. It is a different thing for a man to realize that for every dollar he earns, he pays out thirty cents to these manufacturers for the privilege of earning the dollar. That is what it amounts to. A twelve dollar suit is taxed about four dollars; a three dollar pair of boots is taxed over one dollar; a hat is taxed another dollar, and so it is all the way through. The only free thing is air—and one can't get much of it in small rooms, which is all he can afford to live in. Conditions are becoming intolerable. Direct taxation would make people watch those who are responsible for legislation and administration. Before long we shall have it, unless things change.

* * *

### THE JITNEY

It has struck western Canada, and it is here to stay—the jitney. Up till to-day the man who wanted a ride had to take a street-car or trust to the luck of striking a friend who owned a car. Now, he is part owner of a car, for all practical purposes, and can ride for one or two miles for five cents. That is something.

The jitney is going to strike hard at the street railway. It may make it impossible for the railway to pay dividends—at least dividends of twelve per cent. It will strike harder at the taxicab and bus business. A good illustration of this was at the Panama Exposition. A bus company was organized and began a most promising business, the charge of transportation to the grounds being seventy-five cents. Then came the first jitney. In a month there were 1,500 jitneys and such a business did they carry on that the bus company went into the hands of the receiver. The jitney in the cities of Western Canada will accomplish a similar purpose.

Last summer I engaged a taxi for an hour in order to visit the park. The driver saw that it took about 10 minutes over the hour. The cost was $7.00. That was a pretty good charge and surely paid interest on investment, salary of the chauffeur, and everything else. Indeed I have reckoned that the owner was making over 1000 per cent on his investment. Along comes the jitney. I can now go to the park with my friends, stay for an hour and then come back in another jitney for just 60c., or if double fare be charged on account of distance for $1.20. Being forced to economize, I am not to be blamed for taking the jitney; being desirous to spend some time in the park rather than on the way to the park, I am sure to take the jitney.

This is how the thing is going to work out. Those who have been practising a hold up game are being called. Their day is done.

There is room for the jitney in other fields, and it is safe to predict that there is to be a general shaking up. Let us give two illustrations. At the store in the fall I can buy green beans for 15c. or 20c. a pound. Twenty miles away they can be had from the producer for 2c. (This was actually the case last fall.) Here is a chance for the farmer to get out his jitney. The trouble with the farmer is that he has not organized as yet. He enters the city on his own account and instead of charging two cents or five cents proceeds to ask the same as the grocer. The people are not looking for bargains of this kind. But let the producers enter directly into the field to supply city people during the fall months with cheap vegetables and they will soon capture the trade. The consumer will welcome the vegetable jitney. Or to take another case. Here is a new novel. It costs about 29 cents or 37 cents to print it, yet because it is new it is marked $1.50 and sold for that. Of course there is a difficulty here because of copyright; but thank goodness that there are some publishers willing to "jitney" the publishing business so soon as a copyright expires. Thank goodness too that good magazines are to be had at less than actual cost. There are unscrupulous dealers in every line. The "jitney" has attacked one great line—transportation. Look around and see if there are not some other lines that can be "jitneyed." How about lawyers' fees, doctors' fees, fees for service on political commissions? By all means let us have the "jitney" idea extended until it attacks every form of extortion. The man who enters the "jitney" field is a public benefactor.

# Fortify your body With BOVRIL

BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE.

OF ALL STORES, ETC. | 1oz. 25c.; 2oz. 45c.; 4oz. 80c.; 8oz. $1.50; 16oz. $2.50. Bovril Cordial. large, $1.35; 5oz. 45c.; 16oz. Johnston's Fluid Beef (Vimbos), $1.25.

The food that enjoys the universal recommendation of medical men.

¶ For use during illness and convalescence.

¶ For weakly infants and overgrowing children.

¶ As a supplementary food in cases of malnutrition, and in all cases of dyspepsia and impaired digestion.

**Benger's Food**

is soothing and comforting, when other foods cause pain. It is the most easily digested of all foods, but is not pre-digested.

A full descriptive booklet may be obtained post free on application to BENGER'S FOOD LTD., Otter Works, MANCHESTER.

*Benger's Food is sold in tins by Druggists, etc., everywhere.*

BENGER'S Food

Brog C

## Blackwood's Raspberry Vinegar

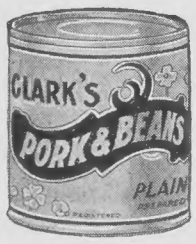
Something Delicious

To be obtained of all Grocers

Manufacturers of Blackwood's Celebrated Soft Drinks

The Blackwoods Limited Winnipeg

## CLARK'S PORK & BEANS




The value of BEANS as a strength producing food needs no demonstration. Their preparation in appetizing form is, however, a matter entailing considerable labour in the ordinary kitchen.

CLARK'S PORK & BEANS save you the time and the trouble. They are prepared only from the finest beans combined with delicate sauces, made from the purest ingredients, in a factory equipped with the most modern appliances.

THEY ARE COOKED READY—SIMPLY WARM UP THE CAN BEFORE OPENING

W. Clark Montreal

Pain Flies from Hamlin's

**WIZARD OIL**

A friend to the household and a foe to pain for over 60 years. For rheumatism, sprains, burns; neuralgia, cramps, stomach and bowel troubles, there is nothing like Hamlin's Wizard Oil—the highest quality liniment and the most costly of all to make. At druggists—but get Hamlin's Wizard Oil.

*Famous dream book free if you write*

HAMLINS WIZARD OIL CO. - TORONTO


# The White Stag of Glencoe

Written for The Western Home Monthly by W. R. Gilbert

THERE is something about a white stag which arouses the interest and appeals to the imagination of everyone. He is a beast part and seems marked out by nature for some high fate; his fame soon spreads in the district, and, by general consent, he is left in peace—at any rate, until he has reached his prime, and often later.

The real interest of a white stag lies in the fact that he is distinguishable from his fellows beyond any chance of mistake. His growth can be watched, and his stature and antlers compared with the memory of those of the year before. Nothing adds so much to the interest of a day's stalking as the recognition of old acquaintances, and so well understood is this by most stalkers that they rarely fail to recognise any good beast they see.

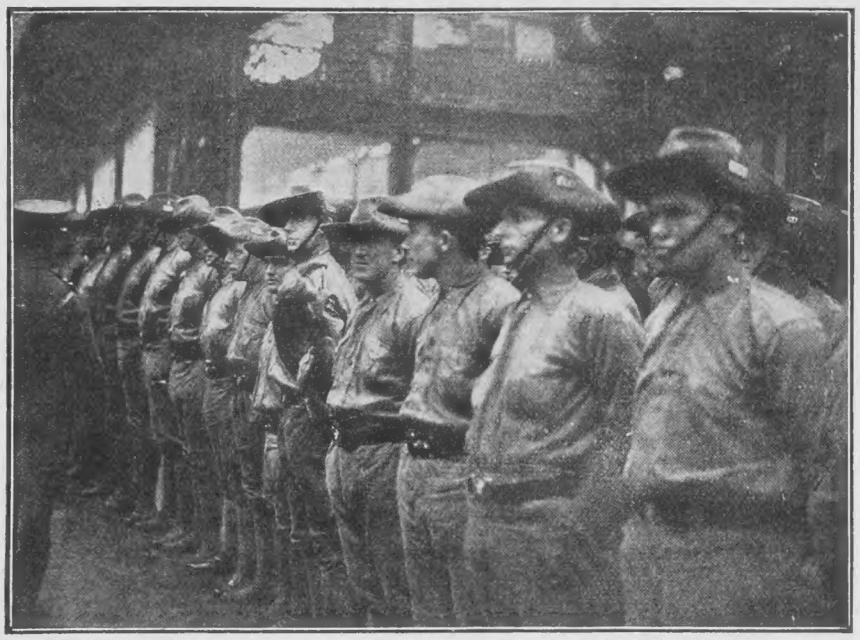
It is peculiarly satisfactory when one has secured a good stag to be assured that he is the very same as your friend, Major Whackthorn, missed last year; or, when you have yourself missed one, to be informed that yon beast bears a charmed life; he was missed last week by the Captain and at the end of the preceding season by your host. An astonishing wealth of detail convinces you that these encounters are authentic. You hear how blown the Major was at the top of the brae when he took his shot, being too impatient to listen to Dan's advice to wait a bit, and the language he used when he rolled into a peat bog later in the day; how the Captain's first bullet took a tuft out of the beast's back, while his second went between the forelegs, and how your host, by some strange mistake, put up his 300 yards' sight when the distance was barely a hundred, and his bullet only just missed an old hind standing on a knobble behind.

Unfortunately, experience does not warrant an implicit faith in these recognitions. In the course of a long stalk, it is not uncommon for the quarry to change his identity more than once, and only this year a friend of mine bought the same stag to the larder on two consecutive days, only to hear that he had been seen on another beat the week following. But a white stag beyond suspicion.

Perhaps the best known stag of bygone years was that of Glencoe. He owes his fame largely to the fact that the forest of Glencoe was, for some years after he first made his appearance, tenanted by that first-rate sportsman and talented artist, the late Mr. Edward Ross. There is a sketch of the beast by Mr. Ross, dated 1873, in which he is described as being then four years old. It is a water color sketch, and the stag is depicted as being white, with perhaps the least tinge of cream color, with a nice little head of eight points.

There can be no doubt that the stag was at that time as painted by Mr. Ross, who was a highly trained and most careful observer. He really did know every good stag at Glencoe, and used to stalk and sketch them season after season, never firing a shot except at a beast which he considered had reached its prime. When he did fire, there was not much doubt about the result.

The white stag was born in Glen Brayne, a steep heather-covered glen, with its feet in the low ground above Whitebridge and its head far up in the mists of the Monadliadhs. High in the glen lies a big stone, and behind this the white stag was dropped one day in June by his milk-white mother. So said Rory, the old stalker, and there is, apparently, no doubt about the white hind. The father never disclosed himself, and we must follow the French law which forbids all search for the father in such a case. At any rate, he must have been of normal color or he would have been quickly detected.



From Far Away Fiji Come the Patriots of Britain.
About 200 Fiji colonists have just arrived in London in order to participate in active service. They are all well-to-do men and have fitted themselves out with khaki uniforms and equipment. Some of them are government servants and others farmers earning from $5,000 to $15,000 a year. The picture shows them lined up on their arrival at Euston station. One of them is carrying the moscot monkey on his shoulder. (Photo Underwood).

One fateful day in October I was sent out with Sandy on the east beat. It was a glorious, fine day, with all the sharpness of October in the air;; the end of a long spell of splendid weather, during which the surface of even the soaking peat of the Monadliadhs became quite dusty, a thing I never saw there before or since in the stalking season. It was not long before we got on to the high ground, and spied a lot of deer in Glen Brayne. The glen was both deep and steep, and when we got above the deer we saw there was a good beast lying in the long heather below us. Flat as flounders, we crossed the skyline and began one of those long slides in full view of the deer, which are such a fascinating manner of approach. It seemed incredible that the animals we saw so plainly should not pick us up, but they rarely did so if one could see them all sufficiently clearly to make out when any one of them looked up, and to cease all movement until his attention was directed elsewhere. Foot by foot we slipped down until we were not more than a hundred yards above them. The stag was still lying down chewing the cud, but he was in a good position and showed all his neck, his body being almost entirely hidden in the long heather. He was a rattling ten-pointer, and both Sandy and I were in a state of nervous keenness as he handed me the rifle, which I slowly got into position for the shot.

As my finger was on the trigger I felt a gentle pluck at my coat, and Sandy whispered that he believed it was the white stag. I could hardly believe my ears, and there was something altogether absurd in the suppressed altercation which followed as to the color of a

beast not a hundred yards away. Sandy became more and more positive it was the white stag, so there was nothing left to do but take down the rifle and admire his fine points until he should rise and we could make sure of his identity. Eventually he got up and displayed a pair of lightish roan-colored haunches; the rest of his body appeared perfectly normal in color and I do not believe he had been rolling in the peat, though so late in the season it was very probable. Sandy said at once that he was the white stag sure enough; he was a good beast; we put him at 17st, the rifle back in its cover, and crawled quietly out the way we had come. The day was not a blank, though it promised to be so. We had a very long stalk in the afternoon, and I finally shot a fairish stag just after six in the evening, very late for Oct. 7, so far north. I recollect the fire belched from my rifle at the shot.

On my arrival at the lodge, burning with conscious pride at my self-restraint, I found it had been decided to shoot the white stag that season, and I was upbraided for my folly instead of being the hero of the evening. Such incidents make cynics of the young.

About a year later I was unexpectedly confronted one evening in the smoking room of a country house with a picture entitled "The White Stag of Glencoe" in an illustrated paper. This time he was on the back of a pony, and I observed that his light-colored haunches were turned to the camera, and that the rest of his body, which looked quite normal, was suspiciously in the shade. His head looked fairly wide, but had few points. The letterpress stated that he was shot in Glen Brayne, he was always a stay-at-home beast, and that he had been found to be suffering from kidney disease. No allusion, as far as I remember, was made to his color except in the title of the photograph. An ignominious epitaph for such a famous beast.

It would be interesting to know whether stags, which are born white and remain so for many years, usually assume a more normal color in middle age. The tendency in most animals is in the opposite direction, and man is no exception to the general rule. There was a white stag on the marches of Ben Alder and Corrour, which had much the same appearance as the Glencoe stag as painted in 1893. There was probably an agreement between the respective owners of these two forests to spare him, at any rate for some seasons, and the tract of country at his disposal was so extensive that he stood every chance of coming to maturity. Let us hope that he escaped the disease which attacked his famous predecessor, and that his head may long be the envy of those fortunate enough to spy him.

Russian Grand Duchess and Danish Princess Help in English Hospital for Wounded.
The royal families of the warring nations and even of neutral countries have been highly active in various phases of the war. The members of the gentler sex have invariably devoted themselves to hospital relief work. This picture taken at Harrogate, an English health resort, shows Princess Margaret of Denmark (on left) and the Grand Duchess George of Russia (sitting), sitting with wounded soldiers at one of the hospitals organized at Harrogate by the Grand Duchess, and personally supervised by herself. The men are very proud to have their wounds dressed by the Danish Princess. (Underwood Photo).

## Snake Notes

By S. J. Wigley, Edgerton.

Could we but overcome our natural dislike to snakes we should find much in the study of these reptiles to interest and amuse us; but a club is generally our first requisition when we start to investigate snakes and as often as not a useful farmer's friend meets an untimely end.

Once a year snakes shed their skins in order to allow for growth. Previous to doing this the reptile becomes sluggish in movements and partly blind owing to the outer scale over the eyes becoming loose. The skin bursts at the neck and the animal works its head through the opening and with the aid of rough grass divests itself of its old coat. This operation is performed in early summer and the cast off skins may be often found in haying time. All snakes swallow their food whole—those with a poison gland kill their prey first; those without either crush their victim or swallow it alive. Among those that kill their prey by constriction are the Pythons and Boas which though not poisonous are dangerous because of their huge size.

Many snakes reproduce their young by laying soft-shelled eggs that are left to hatch in decomposed vegetation, warm sandbanks, and under stones. A large number of species produce their young alive, the eggs being contained in the oviduct until incubation is complete. Amongst this class may be mentioned the rattlesnakes and vipers.

Reptiles manifest no affection for and show no care for their young, although it has been stated that the English viper will swallow her young on the approach of danger. Rewards have been offered for conclusive evidence of this but have not yet been claimed.

A poisonous snake is readily distinguished by its poison teeth or fangs —two long needle shaped hollow teeth through which the poison flows when the blow is struck. The bone supporting the poison fangs is hinged, so that the fangs may be bent backwards when not in use.

These teeth are the only "sting" a snake possesses. Its beautiful forked tongue can do no harm beyond picking up small insects as food.

The non-poisonous snakes are without fangs. Their teeth consist of a file-like bone with the points all turning inward so that it is impossible for a struggling victim to escape or for the snake to disgorge anything it has once started to swallow. The neck and body extend to an unbelievable extent in order to allow for the passage of the food.

During the winter hybernation takes place in holes in the ground, amongst all Canadian snakes.

# Make Monday Ironing Day

LET Sunlight Soap do your washing Monday morning and you can do the light ironing Monday afternoon.

The rub, rub, rub at the board has no place in the Sunlight way—so with the hardest part of washing cut out you'll feel like making it a good day's work by doing at least part of the ironing.

Follow the directions that cut your work in half and remember there's nothing in Sunlight to injure fine fabric or dainty hand. A $5,000 guarantee backs this statement.

# Sunlight Soap

**5c.** A BAR

All grocers sell and recommend it

1311

Part of a bottle of

**MAYPOLE STRAW HAT POLISH**

**15c** postpaid

brushed evenly over that soiled old shape will give you a hat that's just as fresh and pretty as new, in almost any color you fancy. Drys in a few minutes, and makes a lasting, protective finish for the straw.

Use the rest of the bottle for brightening up fancy baskets, wicker trays and household decorations.

Twelve colors—Cardinal, Poppy, Red, Pink, Lemon Yellow, Brown, Heliotrope, Dark Blue, Light Blue, Green, Moss Green, Jet Black—and Transparent.

Buy a bottle from your dealer, or postpaid for 15c. from 120

FRANK L. BENEDICT & CO., - - MONTREAL.

# The True Safeguard of Baby's Health

## The "Allenburys" Foods

The milk of a healthy mother confers a degree of immunity to infection to the young infant. Many mothers, however, though willing, cannot nurse their babies for various reasons. In such cases the greatest care should be taken in selecting a proper substitute. Ordinary cow's milk cannot be regarded as a safe food for infants; it is acid, contains indigestible curd, and is almost invariably contaminated with harmful germs. By using the "Allenburys" Foods, which are free from all dangerous organism, and effectually replace human milk, security for Baby is ensured and vigorous growth and health are promoted. The "Allenburys" Foods are largely used and recommended by the Medical and Nursing Professions; they have stood the test of time and have become a household necessity all over the world.

**Milk Food No. 1.** From birth to 3 months. In tins at 50c. and $1.

**Milk Food No. 2.** From 3 to 6 months. In tins at 50c. and $1.

**Malted Food No. 3.** From 6 months upwards. In tins at 30c. and 60c.

*Write for free book "Infant Feeding & Management" — 64 pages of valuable information for every mother.*

SIMPLEST AND BEST

**The Allen & Hanburys Co., Limited**

**66 Gerrard Street East, TORONTO**

52



**A Tonic of Proven Value**

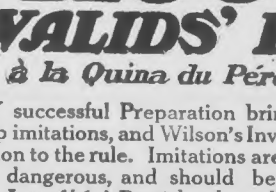
# Wilson's INVALIDS' PORT

*à la Quina du Pérou*

EVERY successful Preparation brings forth its crop of cheap imitations, and Wilson's Invalids' Port has proved no exception to the rule. Imitations are worthless, many are positively dangerous, and should be rigorously avoided. **Wilson's Invalids' Port** has been honestly and pharmaceutically prepared for a quarter of a century and has never varied in the quality and blend of its pure Oporto Wine and Peruvian Cinchona Bark. It was destined from the first to achieve the highest pinnacle of fame and to stay there. It is recommended by more physicians of note than any other tonic on this market has ever been.

**REFUSE SUBSTITUTES**

None genuine without this facsimile



signature on each bottle.

BIG BOTTLE — ASK YOUR DOCTOR — ALL DRUGGISTS



**Join World's Champions**

13 more championships won by owners of Belle City hatching outfits. Makes

**Belle City**

21 Times World's Champion

Free Book "Hatching Facts" tells whole story. My $800 Gold Offers come with Free Book—Money-Back Guaranty Hatching outfit shown in actual colors, Jim Rohan, Pres

Freight Prepaid. 1, 2 or 3 Months' Home Test

Belle City Incubator Co., Box 192 Racine, Wis.



**SONG POEMS WANTED** for publication. Big money writing song poems. Past experience unnecessary. Our proposition positively unequaled. We accept available work for publication and secure copyright in your name. Our composing staff best of any company of its kind. Have paid hundreds of dollars to writers. Send us your song poems or melodies today or write for instructive booklet—it's free. Marks-Goldsmith Co., Dept. 84, Wash., D. C.


# The Coming of Comfort Stanley

Written for The Western Home Monthly by W. R. Gilbert

The verandah of Mossley Farm was cool and shady of a summer afternoon. It was on the east side, and only in the morning could the sun get a chance to peep in at the windows through the banks in roses and jasmine, sending their scented sprays in a dipping shadow dance over the red-tiled floor.

Mrs. Osborne stood with her knitting among the shadows of the doorway, herself in a study in neutral tints.

She had been a village belle twenty-five years ago, when masterful Seth Osborne bore her away from all rivals; perhaps it was because of these same rivals he was so keen to win her.

Strangers looking on the lonely, cosy farmstead, its rich acres, gardens, and orchards, wondered that the mistress should be so poor spirited a creature.

But when they saw the master they wondered no longer. Five-and-twenty years with him accounted for the furrows on the wife's brow, the blue eyes robbed of their lustre, the patient curve of lips that were moulded for smiles.

Maggie Osborne had made a false start, and she had never recovered her lost ground, she had merged her will in that of her husband, and it had been bad for her and worse for him.

The grip of the tyrant tightened as time went on till it crushed the vitality out of her. That was why Maggie Osborne, after twenty-five years, was like a pale blurred impressionist sketch of pretty vivid Maggie Newton.

She had had no share in her only son, except the agony of bringing him into the world. He was Seth Osborne's lad, to be nursed, clothed, and schooled as his father ordered.

The lad had his father's spirit; there were outbreaks of rebellion, when the poor mother could only stand by powerless to save him from rough handling. Seth in time chose as a wife for the son Arnold Farmer Nicholson's Nancy, a rare hand at poultry rearing and butter making.

She was a plain young woman four years Arnold's senior, but that did not matter since Nicholson could give her a dowry. Seth's foot was down that Arnold should marry Nancy Nicholson.

But Arnold could plant his foot too. He refused to put the question to Nancy, the truth being that he had a sweetheart elsewhere, and he meant to marry her and none other.

He gave no reason for his refusal, except at three and twenty a man has a right to choose for himself.

There were fierce outbreaks of rage from the father, and dogged revolt on the part of the son, who finally was driven from home.

That same afternoon, while Mrs. Osborne stood among the shadows with her knitting a young girl was walking briskly up the steep rise from the village to Mossley Farm.

There was an odd blend of courage and fear in her brown eyes, a clear pink came and went in her cheeks, her red lips were set in a firm line.

In truth she knew she had started out on a daring errand, but she had a strong will and a dauntless spirit, and she meant to carry it through if possible.

A thrill shot through her, and she halted on her step a second, at the sight of a big muscular man in corduroy trousers and grey flannel shirt, open at his strong sinewy throat.

A short, grizzled beard nearly covered his face, and what could be seen was tanned as if by walnut stain. His whole appearance was of the land, and the smell of the fields clung to him.

It was Seth Osborne's boast that he was no gentleman farmer above his business. "It takes the master's eye and the master's hand to make a farm pay," he said. If he had lived in another age he would have added a master's lash.

He gripped the upper bar of the gate, and glowered down at the girl from under his grizzled brows.

"What's your will, lass?" he asked, roughly.

"Please, sir, is this Mossley Farm, and are you Mr. Osborne?" she asked.

This is Mossley Farm, and I am Seth Osborne. What of that?" he growled.

"I saw in the paper that you want a girl for the poultry. I have come seeking the place."

He gave her a long stare, summing her up, as he would have done the points of a horse.

"Well," he said at last, "you do look a tidy lass. But what do you know about poultry?"

"Mother and I had a cottage on Dartmoor after father died. Then," her voice trembled, "mother died, and I went among strangers. Have been a mother's help. Here are my references."

"References!" He waved them brusquely aside. "They're mostly lies. I take f 'k on their face value, and yours pleases me. I'm willing to try you. Mind your work, and I'll keep you on. Shirk it, and I'll give you the sack. What's your name?"

The question came like a pistol shot. The girl started and flushed.

"Comfort Stanley," she replied.

"Eh, what? Stanley's not a name of these parts."

"We're Devonshire folks," she said. "Father had a church on the moors."

"A poor parson's daughter, eh? Why did they call you Comfort?" He gave her an odd searching glare.

"Mother gave me the name, because I came a month after father died," she explained.

"And left you in a world of cold comfort!"

His mouth twisted sourly, "Well, come along with me, and see the mistress. She's poorly in health most times, so I'm giving her an extra hand with the fowls."

She followed him to the rear of the house. Mrs. Osborne looked up at the sound of his heavy step. The new maid noted the shrinking fear in the blue eyes.

"I'm bringing you a poultry maid, Maggie," he said bluntly. "She'll save you some steps of a morning." The eyes he turned on his wife seemed to crave forgiveness for something he had robbed her of. It was as if he was trying to make it up to her.


**FOOD QUESTION**

**Settled with Perfect Satisfaction**

It's not an easy matter to satisfy all the members of the family at meal time, as every housewife knows.

And when the husband can't eat ordinary food without causing trouble, the food question becomes doubly annoying.

A lady writes:

"My husband's health was poor, he had no appetite for anything I could get for him, it seemed.

"He suffered severely with stomach trouble, was hardly able to work, was taking medicine continually, and as soon as he would feel better would go to work again only to give up in a few weeks.

"One day, seeing an advertisement about Grape-Nuts, I got some and he tried it for breakfast the next morning.

"We all thought it was pretty good although we had no idea of using it regularly. But when my husband came home at night he asked for Grape-Nuts.

"It was the same next day and I had to get it right along, because when we would get to the table the question, 'Have you any Grape-Nuts' was a regular thing. So I began to buy it by the dozen pkgs.

"My husband's health began to improve right along. I sometimes felt offended when I'd make something I thought he would like for a change, and still hear the same old question, 'Have you any Grape-Nuts?'

"He got so well that for the last two years he has hardly lost a day from his work, and we are still using Grape-Nuts."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read "The Road to Wellville, in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

**Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.**

"Her name's Comfort, Comfort Stanley. Happen she'll be a comfort to you. She's a Devonshire lass. Father was a poor parson—married on nought as parsons do, and left wife and girl to shift for themselves. So she tells me."

"I didn't tell you that!" she flashed out. "Father was a saint. All the moor loved him."

"Well, well," Seth Osborne waved his hand. "We'll not quarrel over it. Saints don't have much truck in this world. They'd best keep from bringing other people into it."

Mrs. Osborne looked from the girl's flushed cheeks to her husband's face. What miracle was this? A poultry maid daring to stand up against Seth, and not getting set to the right about!

Seth smiled a wan little smile.

"I'll be glad of your help, Comfort," she said.

And the girl's warm heart went out to Maggie Osborne among the shadows.

Comfort went out into the dusk of the garden that evening. She loved all simple country things. She drew deep breaths of the June roses that were sending up their dewy incense to a pale young moon. It was a delightful change from the drudgery of being mother's help to five small children. There had been a short love idyll, a year of joy and hope, then fate had stepped in to part the lovers.

"I can't believe it! It must be a dream! I know I shall wake up in the attic nursery! Is it really true that I am poultry maid at Mossley Farm—that I have passed muster with the master?"

She raised a white rosebud to her lips, that had last answered to her young lover's kiss, as he bade her what might be a long farewell.

Bess and Letty, the dairymaids were friendly to the new comer.

"You stand by the mistress, and we'll stand by you," Bess said. "She have been sore put upon, she have. The likeliest lass in the countryside, folk do say she was twenty-five years ago, when master wedded her. And look at her now! All her bonnie hair went white when master turned Mr. Arnold from the door!"

Comfort's heart welled over with pity for the sad-eyed mistress of Mossley Farm. Mrs. Osborne neglected none of her duties as a farmer's wife. Her butter took first prize at the show, her poultry repaid her care; but it was as if the spirit had gone out of it all, the spring of life had snapped.

Comfort's abounding energy overflowed into most channels of farm work. She learned to milk, and when Bess was laid up with a bad hand, the most skittish of the Kerry cows, after turning her and the milk pail over a time or two, yielded her milk kindly to the deft gentle fingers.

In fruit time it was Comfort who helped to pack ripe strawberries into baskets, and to gather the other small fruits for which the farm was famed.

"She do know how to manage master young lass," one hired man said. "She could wile the bird off the bough."

"She's a born lady, a cut above us," Bess chimed in.

"She do know how to manage master proper. Never a rough word crosses his lips to her."

Indeed, Comfort soon became as much a part of Mossley Farm as if she were a daughter of the house.

"She's a handsome little lass, wife," Seth said. "I did a good stroke of business when I took her on at her face value. I don't make any mistakes. The sunshine lass of Mossley Farm, that's what I call her."

"It was Providence sent her," said Mrs. Osborne quietly.

Who will help me count those toes?

"Ay, ay; that's a way of speaking," he ran his fingers through his beard "Wise folks plays Providence to themselves. It's the fools that lets the chances slip."

Seth Osborne had nipped in the bud the little wifely cares that are the small coins of happiness, and so Maggie, his wife, had dropped them one by one.

But now Comfort had his carpet slippers warming on the hearth, his paper at hand, his pipe ready filled when he set himself down. He took it all in his lordly fashion as the master's due, giving no thanks, but he was secretly flattered by it.

It was Comfort who was the first to notice that after a glance over the paper he laid it aside unread, and pulled hard at his pipe.

"May I have a look at the paper?" she asked one evening.

"Ay, ay!" he gave it to her.

"It's rascally poor print they're putting into it. Read me any bits of news you fancy, girl."

After that Comfort read the paper aloud every evening, while Mrs. Osborne knitted, or went to bed early.

One morning Seth Osborne drove off in the buggy. It was not a market day, but no one ventured to ask him where he was going. Late in the evening he returned. They could hear him asking for the hired man in the yard.

He flung himself into the chair, refusing pipe and supper, and presently fell into an uneasy doze.

Mrs. Osborne had gone to her room; she was ailing more than usual on account of the heat.

Comfort was about to follow her, when Osborne woke up and called her back.


# UNION BANK OF CANADA

Established 1865

HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG

Paid Up Capital..... $ 5,000,000
Reserve..... 3,400,000
Total Assets, over..... 80,000,000

HON. PRESIDENT—Sir WM. PRICE.
PRESIDENT—JOHN GALT, ESQ.
VICE-PRESIDENTS
R. T. RILEY, Esq. G. H. THOMSON, Esq

DIRECTORS
W. R. ALLAN, Esq.
HON. S. BARKER, Esq., P.C., M.P.
M. BULL, Esq.
COL. JOHN W. CARSON
B. B. CRONYN, Esq.
E. L. DREWRY, Esq.
E. E. A. DU VERNET, Esq., K.C.
S. HAAS, Esq.
J. S. HOUGH, Esq., K.C.
F. E. KENASTON, Esq.
WM. SHAW, Esq.
G. H. BALFOUR, General Manager.
H. B. SHAW, Assistant General Manager.
F. W. S. CRISPO, Superintendent of Branches.

Head Office, Winnipeg.

London, Eng., Branches
6 Princes St. E.C. and West End Branch. Haymarket, S.W.

**Branches and Agencies West of the Great Lakes.**

**Manitoba**—Baldur, Birtle, Boissevain, Brandon, Carberry, Carman, Carroll, Clearwater, Crystal City, Cypress River, Dauphin, Deloraine, Glenboro, Hamiota, Hartney Holland, Killarney, Manitou, McCreary, Melita, Minnedosa, Minto, Morden, Neepawa Newdale, Ninga, Rapid City, Roblin, Roland, Russell, Shoal Lake, Somerset, Souris Strathclair, The Pas, Virden, Waskada, Wawanesa, Wellwood, Winnipeg.

**Saskatchewan**—Abbey, Adanac, Alsask, Arcola, Asquith, Assiniboia, Bounty Buchanan, Cabri, Canora, Carlyle, Craik, Cupar, Cut Knife, Dinsmore, Dummer, Eastend Esterhazy, Estevan, Eyebrow, Fillmore, Gravelbourg, Guernsey, Gull Lake, Herbert, Hughton, Humboldt, Indian Head, Jansen, Kelfield, Kerrobert, Kindersley, Landis, Lang, Lanigan, Lawson, Lemberg, Loverna, Lumsden, Luseland, Macklin, Major, Maple Creek, Maryfield, MacRorie, Melfort, Milestone, Moose Jaw, Moosomin, Morse, Netherhill, Neudorf, Ogema, Outlook, Oxbow, Pense, Perdue, Piapot, Plenty, Prince Albert, Qu'Appelle, Regina, Robsart, Rocanville, Rosetown, Saskatoon, Scott, Sceptre, Shaunavon, Simpson, Sintaluta, Southey, Strassburg, Swift Current, Tessier, Theodore, Togo, Tompkins, Vanguard, Vidora, Verigin, Viceroy, Wapella, Wawota, Watrous, Webb, Weyburn, Wilkie, Windthorst, Wolseley, Yorkton, Zealandia.

**Alberta**—Airdrie, Alix, Barons, Bashaw, Bassano, Bellevue, Blackie, Blairmore, Bowden, Bow Island, Brooks, Bruderheim, Calgary, Cardston, Carlstadt, Carstairs, Cereal, Chinook, Claresholm, Cochrane, Consort, Cowley, Didsbury, Edmonton, Empress, Foremost, Fort Saskatchewan, Grand Prairie, Grassy Lake, Hanna, High River, Hillcrest, Innisfail, Irvine, Jenner, Lacombe, Langdon, Lethbridge, Macleod, Medicine Hat, Okotoks, Passburg, Pincher Creek, Seven Persons, Standard, Strathmore, Swalwell, Three Hills, Wainwright, Winnifred.

**British Columbia**—Enderby, Glacier, Hazelton, Nanaimo, New Hazelton, Newport, Prince George, Prince Rupert, Smithers, Squamish, Telkwa, Vancouver, Vanderhoof, Vernon, Victoria.

**This Bank, having over 320 Branches in Canada, extending from Halifax to Prince Rupert, offers excellent facilities for the transaction of every description of banking business. It has correspondents in all cities of importance throughout Canada, the United States, the Continent of Europe, and the British Colonies.**

Collections made in all parts of the Dominion, and returns promptly remitted at lowest rates of Exchange.

Two Central Offices in Winnipeg—Main St. and William Ave., D. M. Neeve, Manager. Portage Ave., cor. Garry St. (adjoining Post Office), F. J. Boulton, Manager.

Other Branches in Winnipeg as follows:—Corydon Ave., Logan Ave., North End, Sargent Ave., Portage Ave. and Arlington St., Sargent Ave. and Arlington St., 490 Portage Ave



# Get a suit that's British every inch

—made by British workers in Yorkshire, the world's woollen centre, where British wool is woven. No middlemen's profits to pay. Canadian or London styles, smartly and accurately cut. Save you 30 to 50 per cent on Canadian prices. Carriage and duty paid, only ... ... ... **$10**

*Highest price only* $19·50
(Carriage and Duty Paid).

**"Lion" Suit Lengths.**

We will send a suit length which you may have made up by your own tailor. This will cost you only $4 *carriage and duty free.* Splendid cloths. Highest price—$8·50.

**FREE** 120 New Patterns of 1915 suitings with latest fashions and styles. Also scientific and simple self-measurement form. Measure yourself as thousands of Canadians do yearly. No risk. MISFIT MEANS MONEY BACK.

**Groves & Lindley,**
42, Lion Buildings,
HUDDERSFIELD, ENGLAND.



**HARNESS** SEND FOR NEW CATALOGUE OF "SQUARE DEAL" HARNESS. Sold Direct to Users. No Agents
THOS. McKNIGHT, 160 Princess Street, WINNIPEG, Canada

# Old Ways
## Merely Quieted
# The Corn
## The New Way Ends It

Some folks still cling to liquids, to inefficient plasters, or to merely paring corns.

They wrong themselves.

Their own friends keep free from corns by using **Blue-jay** plasters.

They apply one in a jiffy, then forget the corn. In 48 hours, without pain or soreness, the entire corn comes out.

A famous chemist found this way which makes corns out-of-date. One can't prevent them easily, but to keep them is folly.

Millions of people know that.

**Blue-jay**
**Plasters**

**15 and 25 cents—at Druggists**
*Samples Mailed Free*

**Bauer & Black,** Chicago and New York
Makers of Physicians' Supplies

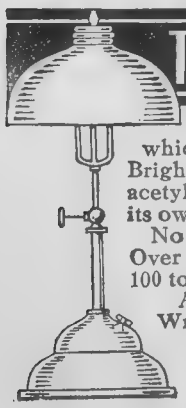


# PLAYTIME

**THE PLAYTIME**
is the BEST washing machine for the farm house.
A strong statement but a FACT.
It works Easily, Quickly and Perfectly under all conditions.
Can be run by Gas, Gasoline, Steam Engine or Windmill power, or operated by hand with little effort.
Very strong, will last a lifetime.
See it at your dealers or write us direct.

**Cummer-Dowswell**
Limited
Hamilton, Ont.
16-14

# The "BEST" LIGHT



A soft, luminous light, which casts no shadow. Brighter than electricity or acetylene. Makes and burns its own gas. **Costs 2c a week.** No dirt, smoke nor odor. Over 200 styles, ranging from 100 to 2000 candle power. Absolutely guaranteed. Write for illustrated catalog.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE
**THE BEST LIGHT CO.**
467 E. 5th St., Canton, O.


"Stop a minute, lass! I've something to tell you," he said heavily. "I'd sooner tell it you first. The mistress will know it soon enough. You'll have noticed I wasn't keen on reading the paper this while back. I made out it was the bad print, but well enough I knew it was mine eyes that was shirking work. I went to the eye doctor in town to-day. He says it cataract, and I'll have to give in to an operation as soon as they're ripe for it. Eh, my lass, it was sore hearing, that was!"

With a groan his head sank on his clenched hands.

Comfort laid a soft hand on the grizzled head.

"I am so sorry," she said gently. "But the operation will make them all right."

"No! no! they'll put none of their knives into me. If it's the Lord's will I must bend to it. A blind farmer, and the men shirking their work, with no master's eye on them. It's a bad job, lass!"

The quick red flew to Comfort's cheeks, her heart seemed to rise to her throat. But her voice was calm and clear.

A delightful pillow

"Why not bring home your son?" she asked. He started as if she had struck him.

"What son? I have no son!" he blustered. "The mistress has been putting you up to this!"

"She has never named him to me" she said, quietly. "What did he do that you sent him away?"

"Mind your own concerns, wench!" he stormed. "How dare you take me to task."

In the days that followed Seth Osborne fought with all his iron will against his growing blindness. He was like a lion chafing in his cage as he lurched over his fields. It was only in the evening that Comfort could wile him into forgetfulness of his loss by reading the bits of news out of the local paper.

It had been the Osborne custom, father to son, to read from the Bible of a Sunday night. Going through the Gospels Comfort came to the story of the Prodigal Son. Seth Osborne leant forward in his chair, his elbows on his knees, his chin on his clasped hands.

He raised his head as she finished, and crashed one mighty fist on the table, making the lamp jump.

"Don't you be thinking you're getting at me and my boy Arnold when you're reading that, girl!" he cried angrily. "He was a decent lad, was Arnold. He wasn't a prodigal."

Mrs. Osborne started off, flinging out appealing hands.

"Father, oh, father," she cried.

"Hold your tongue, woman." He rose and groped his way out of the kitchen. "I'm not talking to you."

With the late summer Mrs. Osborne's strength ebbed away. There was nothing the matter, the doctor said—nothing but lack of desire to live.

"Why can't the fool bring her round?" Osborne growled. "I'm not stinting fees. I've a good mind to kick him out, and send for a city man."

"You may send for fifty doctors, but they'll never cure her," said Comfort, steadily. "It's neither drugs nor doctors she needs."

The anger flew to Seth's brow. For a moment Comfort thought he meant to strike her. But instead he brought his first down on the table, and glared at her in silence.

One night when Comfort laid down the paper Seth Osborne broke the spell of brooding silence that had held him.

"Comfort"—the voice was harsh, as if the words were forced out of him—"you can tell the mistress I'm fetching Arnold home!"

Her pulses bounded, glad color flooded her cheeks, but she did not venture to speak.

"You were saying he'd save doctor's stuff. I got his address out of a letter in her desk, and I have bidden him home. But it's on my own terms."

The news of the young master's home coming was a fresh lease of life for Maggie Osborne. Buoyed up by hope she came back to her round of duties. She was very pitiful over her giant shorn of his strength.

"Arnold will soon be home, Seth?" she ventured.

"Ay, ay," he said, dryly. "Comfort was saying it would save me doctor's and drugs. But I let him know he should wed the wife I've picked for him, or he'll hide no more under my roof. He needn't fancy that because I'm a blind man that I'll not be master in my own house."

"He'll never wed Nancy Nicholson," she sighed.

"Will he not?" Seth's lips twisted in an odd smile.

Comfort stood at the garden in the silver haze of an autumn evening, listening. The fresh clean smell of ripening fruit was in the air.

Someone was coming up the hill—a tall, young fellow, with striding steps.

Comfort whistled a clear blackbird call. It was a signal of the old love trysts. Arnold Osborne stopped short, gazing around him, and up into the boughs of an overhanging tree.

Comfort swung the gate open. He passed through, raising his cap. Her brown eyes followed him with a smile of love and mischief.

"Arnie," she said.

He wheeled round, staring at her. The next moment she was in his arms, his lips on hers.

# All Over the World

**CURZON** send their silent tailors in the shape of a wonderful self-measurement system, enabling their clients to accurately take their own measures with the certitude of getting perfect fitting clothes. This has been constantly affirmed by thousands of their satisfied clients, and is backed by the guarantee that money will be refunded when garments are not approved. Added to this is the widest selection of British Materials which **THE HOUSE OF CURZON** place at the disposal of its customers. Patterns of these materials are sent to your door free of cost and carriage paid on simple request, and comprise all the latest weaves and designs of the leading Woollen Mills of Great Britain, affording you the opportunity of selecting from the first pick of the choicest of fabrics right in the privacy of your own home.

**CURZON'S Range of Prices for SUITS or OVERCOATS to Measure (Delivered Free to your Door).**

**$8.60, $10, $11.50, $13, $14.50, $17.10.**

*Every Quality has been valued by our Canadian Friends at Double our Prices.*

**Our FREE SAMPLES of CLOTH**
provide you in miniature with a selection of Choicest Woollens, which no local house could be expected to equal.
*Our Mail Order Tailoring has earned for us*
**FOUR GOLD MEDAL AWARDS.**
**SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR CASH REFUNDED.**
***CURZON CLOTHE THE CRITICAL.***

We make Clothes in Latest **London** or **New York Styles**, whichever you prefer. Orders are dispatched seven days after receipt of same.

Address for Patterns:
**CURZON BROS.**
449, SPADINA AVENUE, TORONTO.

**CURZON BROS**
"Go to Curzon"

The World's Measure Tailors,
**60/62, CITY ROAD, LONDON, ENG.**
West End Depot:
112, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.
*Please mention this Paper.*



Mrs. Newlywed says
"I find it so hard to economise, but I must do so for a while."

Mrs. Wiseneighbour says
"Why not do your own washing? It isn't hard if an EDDY washboard is part of your equipment. I have a "Household Globe," it's a wonder worker—loosens the dirt so easily and I never tear the clothes."

"What does it mean? Why are you here?" he asked presently.

"I'm poultrymaid at Mossley Farm," she laughed merrily. "The master took me on last June. He didn't guess who I was. An, oh, Arnie, I love Mossley Farm, and your mother and the master."

"You love my father?" He gave her a doubtful look.

"Yes, I do," she held to it. "And Arnie, dear, he's blind. It's cataract, but he won't have an operation, though the doctor said he ought. He wouldn't have fetched you, but your mother was pining away for a sight of you, so he gave in."

"Ay, on his own terms," said Arnold bitterly. "It's no use, Comfort. You meant well in coming here but he sticks to it I am to wed the wife of his choosing."

A week passed and Arnold was still at the farm.

Dog tree in bloom, Victoria, B.C.

Seth was in milder humor; a son's eyes were over the men, they could not shirk work.

Then one night, standing at the orchard gate with Arnold, he spoke his mind.

"I'll not deny you're eyes to me, Arnold, lad," he said, slowly. "But you know, well, I never go back on my word. I want you to bide at home on my own terms. If you'll wed the wife I've picked for you, you'll be welcome to the old home, and all I have will be yours in the long run."

"I'll never wed Nancy Nicholson, father," said Arnold, steadily.

"Who's asking you to wed Nancy Nicholson?" he demanded. "It's the lass who has been your mother's comfort, and mine, since last June—the sunshine lass of Mossley Farm—young Comfort Stanley."

The blood mounted to Arnold's brow. A great joy overflowed his heart. But he knew better than to give himself away to his father.

"Comfort Stanley?" he repeated. "Ay, father, I would wed her willingly, if she'd have me."

"Try her lad."

Arnold found his sweetheart in the garden.

"Father has found a sweetheart for me, Comfort," he said.

She looked at him with sweetly startled eyes.

"Nancy Nicholson," she breathed.

"No, it's not Nancy Nicholson. What do you take me for, sweetheart? It's the girl he calls the sunshine lass—Comfort Stanley. He'll turn me adrift if I can't get her to take pity on me."

"Then you shall not be turned adrift, Arnie," whispered Comfort.

## The Frogs In April

By William Hervey Woods

Not for the world's delight
In the wet, moonless night
Ye lift your litanies, O tuneless choir,
To one high note and shrill
Piping your own wild will,
From your dark lodgings in the moss and mire.

No poet voices praise
The ringing rotes ye raise;
Nay, chanticleer himself doth sweetlier sound
His farmyard trumpet clear
When first the dawn is near,
And gaping milkmaids make their morning round.

Your artless anthems range
Along the stops of change,
"The snows are gone," ye pipe, "and bluebirds come!
Times' at the dewy turn
When dandelions burn;
In you bare boughs o'er long the bees will hum."

Pipe, then, your vernal theme,
Pipe on, though eyes may gleam,
Mid your keen chorals, through a mist of tears;
For with your notes come back
Old things we love, but lack,
And dear, dead faces out of vanished years.

Aye, but to hear that hymn
Once more in meadows dim,
God's saints, mayhap, shall cease from heavenly mirth
Along the wall to listen,
With down-dropt eyes that glisten,
And sighing, say, "Tis spring in our old earth."

# What Your Hair Needs

Proper shampooing is the first essential, preferably with PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO. This, you know, is *liquid soap* made from Palm and Olive Oils, the companion of famous PALMOLIVE. This mild but effective shampoo mixture cleanses thoroughly and is easily rinsed out—no reminiscent soapy odor. It is little trouble to wash your own hair if you use

# PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO

The Palm and Olive oils that are the principal ingredients of PALMOLIVE PRODUCTS have been recognized, since the days of Ancient Egypt, as Nature's greatest cleansing agents. They are combined for modern users in this most practical and convenient form, one that retains all their famous qualities.

Palmolive Soap lathers instantly and abundantly, whether water is hard or soft, hot or cold. It has a faint refreshing fragrance, is very economical in use. A great favorite for babies, following naturally their first baths of olive oil.

Palmolive Cream supplements the natural oil of the skin and keeps it smooth and supple.

All for sale everywhere. To make their acquaintance at the same time accept our Threefold Sample Offer.

**THREEFOLD SAMPLE OFFER**—Liberal cake of Palmolive, bottle of Shampoo and tube of Cream, packed in neat sample package, all mailed on receipt of five two-cent stamps.

**B. J. Johnson Soap Company, Limited**
155-157 George St., Toronto, Ont.
American Address: B. J. Johnson Soap Co., Inc. Milwaukee, Wis.

(398)

# Wincarnis as a Nerve Food

Our nerves are like an intricate network of telegraph wires. They are controlled and nourished by a portion of the brain known as the nerve centres. The condition of the nerve centres depends upon the condition of the bodily health. When the bodily health is lowered the nerves suffer in sympathy. Then it is that we are tormented with "nerves," headaches, neuralgia, nervous debility. In such cases there is nothing to equal "Wincarnis," the "Wine of Life." "Wincarnis" is a powerful nerve food which acts directly upon the nerve centres and gives them *new* life and *new* vitality. The result is wonderful. Will you try it?

**Begin to get well FREE**

**Sign the Coupon Below**

# WINCARNIS

**The Famous English Tonic**

**FREE** A liberal trial bottle will be sent you upon receipt of ten cents in stamps to pay cost of packing and delivery. Send to-day to Frank S. Ball, Canadian Agent.

**MR. F. S. BALL:** Dept. "5," 114 Jarvis St., Toronto.
I enclose 10c. Please send me a trial size bottle of WINCARNIS Free.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

*Consider the Health of Your Family when Decorating—Use*

**SANITAS**
MODERN
WALL COVERING

SANITAS can be kept scrupulously clean and free from dust and dirt simply by wiping with a damp cloth.

SANITAS is the modern wall covering for modern homes. Made on a strong cloth foundation finished in oil colors. It will not fade, crack or chip off. Apply it just as you do wall paper.

SANITAS comes in every soft, beautiful change of shade—in the richest colors and designs of modern art. It faithfully reproduces the most artistic designs of tapestry, leather, burlap, Japanese grass cloth, imported wall coverings, and also comes in glazed tile effects for the bathroom and kitchen.

Ask your dealer or decorator to show SANITAS. Look for the trade mark. We maintain a suite of rooms done in SANITAS in the Craftsman Home Builders Exposition, 6 East 39th St., New York City. Send coupon to-day for samples of SANITAS and booklet.

When buying table or shelf oilcloth ask for MERITAS

**The Standard Oil Cloth Co., Inc.**
**320 Broadway New York City**

THE STANDARD OIL CLOTH CO., Inc.
320 Broadway, New York. Dept.12
Send booklet of SANITAS designs and samples, and name of nearest dealer.

Name .....
Address .....
State .....

**KEEP Absorbine Jr. Handy**

It means prompt relief from aches and pains–it keeps little cuts and bruises from becoming more serious — protects sensitive throats from infection.

**Absorbine Jr.**
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Is more than a liniment—it is a positive antiseptic and germicide. This doubles its efficiency and its uses. Absorbine Jr. is especially good for children's hurts because it is so harmless and safe to use—made of pure herbs and contains no acids or minerals.

**For Toothache.** A few drops of Absorbine Jr rubbed on the gums or applied on cotton to cavity will promptly stop the aching. But don't let the relief from pain keep you from your dentist.

**For Cuts, Bruises.** Absorbine Jr. takes out soreness, kills the germs, makes the part aseptically clean and promotes rapid healing.

**For Sprains and Swellings.** It allays pain promptly, reduces inflammation and swelling $1.00 and $2.00 per bottle at dealers or delivered. Send 10 cents for liberal trial bottle or procure regular size from your druggist today

**W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F.,**
509 Lyman's Bldg., Montreal, Canada

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

# A Tale of the Ragged Range

Edith G. Bayne

PART I.

A STARRY dusk had fallen upon the foothills and the heavy dew of a late August evening glistened among the shadows by the roadside when a lone horseman in scarlet coat emerged from the barracks yard at Briggs' Landing and took his way along the old northern and now seldom-used trail which led over the mountains into British Columbia. The moon had not yet risen but the prolonged twilight diffused a soft radiance over gray road, scrub bush and hillside and the mare appeared to know her way without much guidance, stepping along confidently, ears forward, lusting for adventure, even as her rider, the dead branches of old windfalls crackling under her feet like whip-lashes.

"Take any route you please, but round up those rustlers," had been the C. O.'s instructions. "I'm tired of complaints from Bar X ranch. Another has just come in. Sight their lair, if it takes you all of a month. Then telegraph from Hinton or Cliffedge for a posse."

It was a "ticklish" errand, requiring nice diplomacy and the utmost caution, for Alkali Sam, the leader of the rustlers was a cool, desperate and utterly relentless man, combining rough bravado and cruelty with a foxy cleverness, and invariably outwitting the Mounted Police. Obviously a detachment of the force could not be spared unless capture were certain. Too often had Alkali Sam slipped through the net before, and he was somewhat of a joke at the barracks. It was with little elation therefore that John Danforth received the brief order to ride eighty miles into the mountains on what he privately considered a wild-goose chase; yet the journey, irrespective of its purpose, held the spice of adventure and Danforth yielded to its lure.

He planned to cover the greatest possible amount of territory during darkness and come upon the rustlers sometime the following day, in their mountain fastness. So he spurred the mare along and rode rapidly through the night. The trail wound up over the Ragged Range, the ascent becoming narrower and more perilous with each step but about midnight the summit was achieved and Danforth halted on a ridge which flanked his trail and gazed downward where a thousand feet below the Fraser wound its tortuous way, thundering through Red Canyon. As he paused momentarily on the edge of the beetling bluff, a ribbon of smoke, gray and wisp-like rose in the dim moonlit distance hanging ghost-like over the valley. At the same instant the shrill whistle from a train rent the stillness with astounding suddenness, echoing and re-echoing a score of times and finally trailing away among the confines of the eastern mountains. Then, piercing the inky blackness of the valley below, a meteor-like stream of light appeared followed by a winding tail of lesser lights, flickering like a myriad will-o'-the-wisps, in the gloom. Sliding noiselessly through the canyon this snake-like apparition vanished as suddenly as it had come.

Danforth knew it must be past midnight and he rode on now at a foot-pace. Becky was exhausted and man and beast were hungry. Dismounting and leading the mare down to a coulee where a little spring gurgled invitingly, Danforth made a fire of twigs and boiled some coffee in his tin canister. In the saddle bag were a bundle of hay for the mare and his own cold lunch and after this short halt for rest and refreshment, the first gray streaks of the summer dawn began to appear over the eastern range and Danforth again took up his journey, his eyes mechanically seeking out the distance and the reins lying loosely on the mare's neck.

PART II.

The little teacher of Red Ridge schoolhouse had remained overtime to correct the first week's examination papers of the autumn term and outside the small log building lengthening shadows were falling athwart the trail. The sun was just dipping behind the tallest mountain crest of the range, and the long bar of sunlight in which the dust-motes lately held high carnival, faded from within the schoolroom where Kate Marston, her head bent over the desk, toiled late. The children had gone nearly two hours ago, two or three lingering on their shaggy mountain ponies in the hope that "teacher" would soon be ready to ride home with them. Finally they too had departed and now the only living creature apparently on this part of the mountain slope beside herself was her faithful pony, which was tethered to a poplar tree at the door, and which champed and pawed the ground with restless fore-hoof. Miles apart to the west and east and down in the valley lay the ranches. Red Ridge school had been built at the most central point of this mountain district and stood lonely and picturesquely aloof in the upper middle distance looking down upon the far-flung verdant valleys of the Fraser. When the last paper had been blue-penciled and the whole pile bundled into the desk, Miss Marston, glancing at her little clock, discovered that it was long after five. With a great sigh of relief she leaned back and stretched her arms over her head indulging in a hearty yawn. It was seldom she remained so late, having a four-mile gallop ahead of her each evening, but fear was no part of her nature and the ride down the mountain held no terrors for the Nova Scotian girl who was equally at ease on the sea or in the saddle. Gathering up her hat and sweater-coat and locking the school-house door, she mounted her shaggy little pony and set off down the trail towards Cliffedge, at a fairly brisk pace. There had been talk in the village of night-riders and cattle-rustlers among the mountains. Some had been seen at intervals all summer and others remained in hiding while the police scoured the region spasmodically and unsuccessfully. The leader of the gang that had robbed Bar X ranch had twice slipped from custody during the year. He was wanted on a score of charges and his dark sinister face with its long white welt across the left cheek (relic of an ancient and glorious tilt with an Italian in Vancouver) was reproduced on handbills throughout four provinces with the accompaniment of: "Five thousand dollars reward." But he seemed to bear a charmed life.

The scent of pine and wolf-willow filled the air, now delightfully cool after the day's swelter and the girl drew a dozen invigorating breaths, her eyes idly following the fugitive shadows of her own form and the pony's as they flitted along the stony road. The valley was soon lost to view and she had entered upon the last half of the journey on the pine-clothed slope, when, as she bent to urge the little animal into a livelier pace the dark form of a man loomed up in the road, not ten yards from the pony's head. She saw at a glance that he was armed, though he made no sign of drawing the revolver from his belt. Instead he wore an ingratiating smile which sat ill upon his swarthy face, with its neglected beard. The little teacher was in a quandary. The very appearance of the man left no doubt in her mind as to her peril and with a suffocating heart throb she covered him with her own empty pistol which had lain for months unused in the saddle-holster. At first she had contemplated a mad dash past the fellow but reflecting instantly that such a course would be futile she swerved and boldly confronted him with upraised weapon. He had advanced and seized the pony's bridle but now fell back a pace or two, and swore roundly. She had little faith in the marathonic ability of the pony. He was lazy and his legs were short. Unless constantly urged forward he maintained always a gentle jogging gait, highly conducive to pleasure-travelling but wholly inadequate in a race for life. The little hamlet of Cliffedge was almost two miles away and there

**Purity Quality Flavor**

**BAKER'S COCOA**

**Possesses All Three**

Registered Trade-Mark

It is absolutely pure, conforming to all Pure Food Laws. It is of high quality, being made from choice cocoa beans, skilfully blended.

Its flavor is delicious, because it is made without the use of chemicals, by a strictly mechanical process that perfectly preserves the appetizing NATURAL flavor of high-class cocoa beans.

*MADE IN CANADA BY*

**Walter Baker & Co. Limited**
Established 1780
Montreal, Canada Dorchester, Mass.

**Mapleine**
which she describes as "MY BEST."

Dissolve one cup sugar in half cup hot water, add one teaspoonful of Mapleine. Soak one heaping teaspoonful of gelatine twenty minutes in half cup cold water, add half cup boiling water and stir in above Mapleine mixture. When cool stir in half cup whipped cream. Pour into molds.

After testing this receipe we offer it to you with this comment—**it is delicious.**

Grocers sell it. If yours does not, write

**CRESCENT MFG. CO., Dept. J, Seattle, Wn.**
Send 2c stamp for recipe book.

**HAWK BICYCLES**

An up-to-date High Grade Bicycle fitted with *Roller Chain, New Departure Coaster Brake and Hubs, Detachable Tires,* high grade equipment, including Mudguards, Pump, and Tools **$22.50**

Send for **FREE 1915 Catalogue,** 70 pages of *Bicycles, Sundries, and Repair Material.* You can buy your supplies from us at Wholesale Prices.

**T. W. BOYD & SON,**
**27 Notre Dame St. West, Montreal.**

**RIDER AGENTS WANTED**
everywhere to ride and exhibit a sample 1915 Hyslop Bicycle, with all latest improvements.

**We ship on approval** to any address in Canada, without any deposit, and allow **10 DAYS' TRIAL.** It will not cost you one cent if not satisfied after using bicycle 10 days.

**DO NOT BUY** *a bicycle, pair of tires, lamp, or sundries at any price* until you get our latest 1915 illustrated catalogue and learn all about our special proposition. The low prices will astonish you.

**ONE CENT** is all it will cost to write us a postal, and catalogue with full particulars will be sent to you **Free, Postpaid,** by return mail. **Do not wait.** Write it **now.**

**HYSLOP BROTHERS, Limited**
Dept. 21 TORONTO, Canada

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

were few farm houses along the road. But with a courage born of despair, Kate Marston lashed the little beast with the reins and swept on down the trail at a canter, not daring to look behind and yet knowing instinctively that the man was following. A little further down, she knew the old south-eastern trail, now seldom used, crossed this wider mountain path and if she could but reach it and hide among its leafy mazes she would be comparatively safe. Bending all her efforts to this end she continued to whip the pony along, the beating of her own heart sounding strangely in her ears and above its muffled throbbing—the dread pad-pad of the runner's feet in the rear.

PART III.

Danforth had ridden all day, passing several dead camp-fires on the trail and it was now past sunset again. The last fire had been yet smoldering. Although the rustlers must have had at least six hours' start in the beginning, Danforth knew that he was now almost upon them. He had travelled rapidly, for plainly all along the unused trail leading due north and then swerving to the west, he had descried the hoofmarks of cattle in the soft clay and along sand-stretches. Now these were lost on the grassy hill slopes but he knew that the rustlers after leaving the foot hills would drive their booty by the shortest possible route to their cache in the Ragged Range. It was his duty to find that cache.

As he looked about him now with eye and ear keenly alert to every sight and sound, he remembered with a curious throb of the heart that it was a full year, almost to the day, since he had last visited this region and as he thought of it his brow clouded. His final interview with Kate Marston, of Red Ridge school-house had been a painful one, and were it not now for his duty he would prefer to take a roundabout route to Cliffedge where he must telegraph his chief.

"You mounties never do anything—nowadays," she had flung at him. "It's all bright uniform and good times—flirting with every girl in the country and caring for none."

"Do you believe that?" he had asked. "Do you mean what you say?"

And with her newly-acquired pedagogue-dignity she had answered:

"Of course I mean it. If you chaps would only show that you could live up to that uniform—well we might consider you seriously!"

Then, at the Cliffedge Ranchers' Dance she had smiled bewitchingly upon a young rancher from the Peace River and he had heard afterward that the fellow made a weekly trip into the little mountain hamlet in all kinds of weather. All these things passed in review before Danforth now and his heart was very bitter.

Suddenly however he was startled by the sound of galloping hoofs. Plainly someone fleeing from sight—undoubtedly one of the band making off to warn the others that a policeman was prowling about in the vicinity. But the sound drew nearer and Danforth, ever wary, reined in behind a clump of scrub poplar and waited for the rider to pass. He had reached the junction of the two trails and could observe the four paths with little difficulty. The rider was coming down the northern slope. Becky neighed and Danforth hastily thrust the oat-bag under her nose. But she refused it and continued to whinny at intervals while the hoof-beats drew nearer. In less than five minutes Danforth saw a foam-flecked shaggy pony careening wildly down the mountain-side, a hatless, red-sweatered girl on its back urging it along to greater speed, her hair wind-blown and her face as white as death. Danforth spurred Becky out upon the trail again and reached the girl's side so suddenly that she swayed and almost fell out of her saddle. At the same instant he caught the sound of her pursuer's feet in the distance. "Ride on a bit—I'll attend to them!" he called. Danforth had removed his scarlet coat early in the day, for policy's sake, and now rode in khaki shirt and hat but Kate Marston, in that first wild glance had recognized him and she halted, turned the pony and rode back to his side.

"It's only one man—but he has a gun—he's followed me nearly a mile!" she panted.

Danforth had no time to reply for the girl's pursuer now lunged along, cursing volubly. Glimpsing the tall officer who had dismounted, he whipped out his revolver and fired two shots at him, both of which went wide of their mark.

Danforth sprang forward with lightning-like speed and gripped the man firmly by both arms before he could fire a third shot. Then, working a neat trick known to all policemen, he pressed a knee under that of the other and flung him to the ground with a suddenness that must have astonished him. The pair struggled for five minutes and then Danforth with a knee upon the man's chest, called to the girl: "Throw me the rope out of the saddle-bag. Quick!"

The girl obeyed and Danforth proceeded to bind his adversary's ankles together with one hand, the latter uttering sulphuric language as he writhed about. Danforth in reaching for the steel-cuffs in his pocket had inadvertently released his captive's gun-hand and, seizing his chance, the bandit again pulled the trigger of his Colt. A third shot rang out. This time it pinged into the mounted policeman's right arm. He was scarcely conscious of the pain while he bound his prisoner fast and also gagged him. The latter precaution was most necessary, with this man's confederates lurking in the vicinity, within call probably.

Well, he had captured one of the desperate band at any rate; his long journey had not been in vain. And the girl—thank heaven he had saved her from a dreadful fate! That was the first and greatest cause for exultation.

And as Danforth rose unsteadily to his feet he looked for the first time closely at the prisoner. Down the left cheek ran a long white welt!

Miss Marston saw Danforth stagger and pass his uninjured arm across his eyes. She ran forward.

"You—you're hurt!" she cried, tearing the dusty white handkerchief from about his throat and rolling up his right sleeve, which was saturated already with blood.

"Never mind me," answered the officer, "I want to see that you reach home first."

But he winced even as he spoke and sank upon a rock by the side of the trail. The girl formed a tourniquet of the handkerchief and stopped the blood flow, in absolute silence. It was now quite dark. Not a word was spoken by any one while Danforth assisted the girl into her saddle and climbed awkwardly into his own, first ascertaining that the prisoner had no knife upon his person. Then the policeman spoke painfully, between twinges of his wound:

"There is a farm-house near the cross-trail somewhere, is there not?"

"Yes, a half-mile further down," answered the girl.

"Then we'll get a couple of men to fetch that chap into Cliffedge. It won't do to remain away longer than to go the half-mile. He's a slippery eel."

"It—it isn't Alkali Sam!"

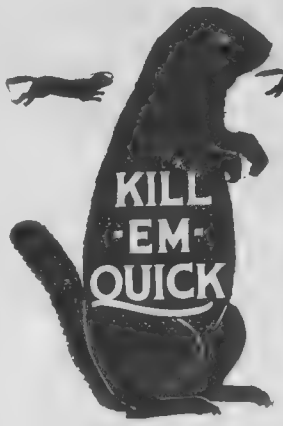
"I think it is," said Danforth, quietly.

"Then hurry. Let us gallop!"

It seemed an interminable length of road to Danforth after the farm-house had been left behind and two men had been despatched to the scene of the arrest. He suffered intensely, the girl showing her sympathy by a few encouraging words now and then, but oftenest remaining silent. Kate Marston was experiencing a hundred conflicting emotions—gratitude, pride, humility, relief, physical weariness and hunger, anxiety and something else, deeper and more overwhelming than all the others beside.

From time to time in the star-lit gloom she glanced at the officer. His face was pale and great drops of perspiration stood upon his brow where his black hair lay matted. His shirt was torn and blood-stained and there was a weary droop to his broad shoulders but with mouth firmly set and teeth gritted he was enduring agony as a soldier only can. At last the few faint lights of the little hamlet sprang out of the forward darkness and Kate Marston breathed:

"Thank God!"


**Are You Running A Gopher Boarding House?**

A bushel of grain is about the same as a dollar bill. One pair of gophers will destroy a bushel of grain a year while raising three or four litters of young to add to the destruction. Gophers pay no board. They ruin crops and render land unfit for tillage. What are you going to do about it,—grumble or get busy? There's **one absolutely certain** way to destroy **every one.**

**KILL-EM-QUICK**

**It Kills Gophers.** It's the only way,—you can't trap or shoot enough to make any impression on the increase. But **Kill-Em-Quick Gopher Poison** will clean them out in a day. Its odor attracts them. The sweet taste suits them. The tiniest particle eaten kills instantly. It's the one **absolutely sure** way to destroy gophers, prairie dogs, squirrels, mice, etc.

**Kill-Em-Quick** is the most economical to use. It's the safest. There's no danger in preparing,—simply soak the grain over night, drain in the morning, pour the box of **Kill-Em-Quick** Powder in and stir thoroughly. Then drop a few kernels of grain into their holes. Next day every gopher in your field will be dead. Or, if you want to collect a bounty drop the grain four or five feet from the holes. No gopher will ever travel four feet after eating **Kill-Em-Quick.**

We unreservedly guarantee that Mickelson's **Kill-Em-Quick** is not only the cheapest gopher poison you or any other man can use, but the **most effective you can use at any price. Kill-Em-Quick** comes in three sizes: 50c, 75c and $1.25; enough for 40 acres, 80 and 160 acres; enough to kill 1,000, 2,000 and 4,000 gophers. Backed by a cash guarantee. Full satisfaction or money back. Get it from your druggist. If he can't supply you, we send prepaid on receipt of the price. **Send for FREE gopher book.**

**MICKELSON-SHAPIRO CO.,** Dept. G Winnipeg, Can.

**FARMERS!**

You will get good satisfaction and the best possible cash results by employing our services to look after and dispose of your carlot shipments of Wheat, Oats, Barley and Flax. Liberal advances against shipping bills at 7 per cent interest.

**Thompson, Sons & Co.**

700 W Grain Exchange Winnipeg

**130 EGG WISCONSIN INCUBATOR AND BROODER $13.90**

**If Ordered Together** We send both machines for only $13.90 and we pay all freight and duty charges to any R. R. station in Canada. We have branch warehouses in Winnipeg, Man., and Toronto, Ont. Orders shipped from nearest warehouse to your R. R. station. Hot water heat, double walls, dead-air space between, double glass doors, copper tanks and boilers, self-regulating. Nursery under egg tray. Especially adapted to Canadian climate. Incubator and Brooder shipped complete with thermometers, lamps, egg testers—ready to use when you get them.

***TEN YEAR GUARANTEE—30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL***

Incubators finished in natural colors showing the high grade California Redwood lumber used — not painted to cover inferior material. If you will compare our machines with others, we feel sure of your order. Don't buy until you do this—you'll save money—it pays to investigate before you buy. Remember our price of $13.90 is for both Incubator and Brooder and covers freight and duty charges.

Write Today Don't Delay **WISCONSIN INCUBATOR CO.,** Box 168 **RACINE, WIS.**

**WORK THIS PUZZLE! WIN A PRIZE!!**

**$50. CASH PRIZE**

**GIVEN AWAY** also many other valuable prizes as premiums. The above two sketches represent TWO CITIES IN CANADA. Can you tell what they are? Surely you can solve this PUZZLE, SO DO SO. If you can make out the names of the Two Cities we will send you a BEAUTIFUL PICTURE POST CARD, FREE—also a certificate of entry in our PRIZE CONTEST closing DECEMBER 31ST, 1915. Somebody who sends for the particulars of this PRIZE CONTEST telling us WHAT TWO CITIES ARE REPRESENTED by the above Two Sketches, will receive a **$50 GOLD WATCH or $50 IN GOLD MONEY PRIZE** offered as a premium for highest efficiency in the introduction of our goods during the ensuing calendar year as stated in the entry certificate. In the event of a tie between two or more persons for the prize, a prize identical in character and value with that tied for will be given to each person tied. We will also send you a chain and watch offer besides any PRIZE YOU WIN. Try at once, it may be you. Send your answer on a post card or a letter, write your name and address plainly.

**Canadian Watch Co., Dept. 34** **Montreal, Canada**

THE greatest amount of paid-for life insurance ever secured in a single year by any company in the world—

**$518,963,821**

was obtained during 1914 at the lowest expense-rate in its history by

**The Prudential**

Payments to policyholders were larger than ever before, $39,273,810.05

THE PRUDENTIAL
INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA
Incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey

FORREST F. DRYDEN, *President*

HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Everybody is invited to visit the Prudential Exhibit on Life Insurance and Public Welfare, Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco

**Special Summer Offer**

| | |
|---|---|
| Weekly Free Press and Prairie Farmer, Winnipeg | $1.00 |
| Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg - - | 1.00 |
| Regular Price - - - - - - - | $2.00 |

**SNAP OFFER**

**Both for One Year**

**$1.25**

Send all orders to Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

PART IV.

Katherine Marston, though a "born teacher" at once indicated a talent for nursing besides, as she tended the wounded policeman in a hastily-arranged room of her own boarding place at Cliffedge. The doctor had discovered that the wound was not as serious as they had feared, and Danforth slept during part of the long night. At seven a message from the commanding officer at Briggs' Landing arrived.

"Read it," said Danforth, with a smile.

And Kate opened the yellow missive and read the following message:

"To Sergeant Danforth, Cliffedge, B.C.: Very glad to learn of the splendid capture. I am going out myself with four men to round up the rest of the band at once. You are promoted to the command of the post at Fort Waldron, and the five thousand dollars reward is yours also. My advice is, get married.

H. W. Halsworthy, C.O.,
Briggs' Landing."

Neither Danforth nor the girl spoke for a long moment. Then Miss Marston laid the message down, and began to fumble with a spoon and a glass of water on the stand. "That is splendid!" she commented at last, in order to break the uncomfortable silence. "I congratulate you, Mr. Dan—I mean lieutenant—colonel—oh, what are you now?"

"Never mind the title!" replied Danforth. "To you, Kate, I am—what I have always been at heart. Do you understand me?"

"You—you have saved my life," murmured Kate. "I am sorry for those words last year. I—oh what can I say more than that? I ask your pardon from the bottom of my heart."

"You can say a little more Kate. You can tell me what you think of the last sentence in the C.O.'s message."

No properly constructed nurse would have committed the blunder Kate Marston did at this point. For as she caught the twinkle in Danforth's eye the glass of water she had been holding slipped from her grasp, and the contents deluged her patient. It is doubtful however if Danforth even felt the cold shower bath in the vastly more important matter which now occupied him. His good arm, drenched though it was, encircled his nurse's waist as she knelt by the bedside, and oh, shucks, it was the old, old story. The C.O. at the Landing was just setting out with his posse when a telegraph messenger rode up to the barracks with a second communication from Danforth. This time it was comparatively unimportant to the C.O. "Thanks, I am taking everything you offered, including the advice.—J.D."

### The Maxwell Car

"No change in the Canadian price of the Maxwell car is contemplated as a result of the 7½ per cent increase in duty. The Maxwell Motor Company of Canada, Ltd., will stand pat.

"We are with you to stay and it is felt by the officials of the Company that in the face of the national stress prevailing in Canada that the time is now opportune to convince our Canadian friends that the Maxwell can show its spirit by carrying the burden. We will absorb the additional amount."

This was the cheerful message received by all Canadian Maxwell dealers direct from President Walter E. Flanders, of the Maxwell Motor Company of Canada, Ltd. Mr. Flanders goes on to say to his dealers:

"Business conditions in Canada are fundamentally sound. The farmer is getting more for his produce than ever before. The export business of the country will increase and imports from abroad will decrease. Therefore the Dominion of Canada has before it a great opportunity, in that it can now develop the natural resources that have for so many years been undeveloped in consequence of the people of the Dominion as a whole importing many articles which could just as well have been made at home. The small business man and the farmer are making money. These are the people who buy Maxwell cars. Never before has your opportunity been so great to sell a car that contains so great a value for the money as the Maxwell and you have practically no competition."

In answer to Mr. Flanders' message, a large number of telegrams have been coming in to the main office daily, congratulating the company on the broad-minded attitude it has taken in regard to the tax, and expressing genuine pleasure that the Canadian dealers feel in regard to the same.

Lower End of Grand Island, Alta.

**CHILDREN SHOWED IT**
**Effect of Their Warm Drink in the Morning**

A year ago I was a wreck from coffee drinking and was on the point of giving up my position in the school room because of nervousness.

(Tea is just as injurious as coffee because it, too, contains the health-destroying drug, caffeine.)

"I was telling a friend about it and she said, "We drink nothing at meal time but Postum, and it is such a comfort to have something we can enjoy drinking with the children."

"I was astonished that she would allow the children to drink any kind of coffee, but she said Postum was not coffee, but a most healthful drink for children as well as for older ones, and that the condition of both the children and adults showed that to be a fact.

"I was in despair and determined to give Postum a trial, following the directions carefully. It was a decided success and I was completely won by its rich delicious flavour.

"In a short time I noticed a decided improvement in my condition and kept growing better month after month, until now I am healthy, and do my work in the school room with ease and pleasure. I would not return to nerve destroying coffee for any money."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms:

**Regular Postum**—must be well boiled. 15c. and 25c. packages.

**Instant Postum**—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage **instantly.** 30c. and 50c. tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost per cup about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

sold by Grocers.

# A Pioneer of Note

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Francis J. Dickie

RECENTLY there died at Athabasca Landing, Northern Canada, "Old Capt. Shott." To people in the great world, that dwellers in the Northland speak of as the "outside," this announcement will cause no stir for there he is unknown to fame. But in the historic annals of the Northland long will linger his name, for he was the first man to run the Grand Rapids of the Athabasca River and in the doing changed the whole commerce of the northland.

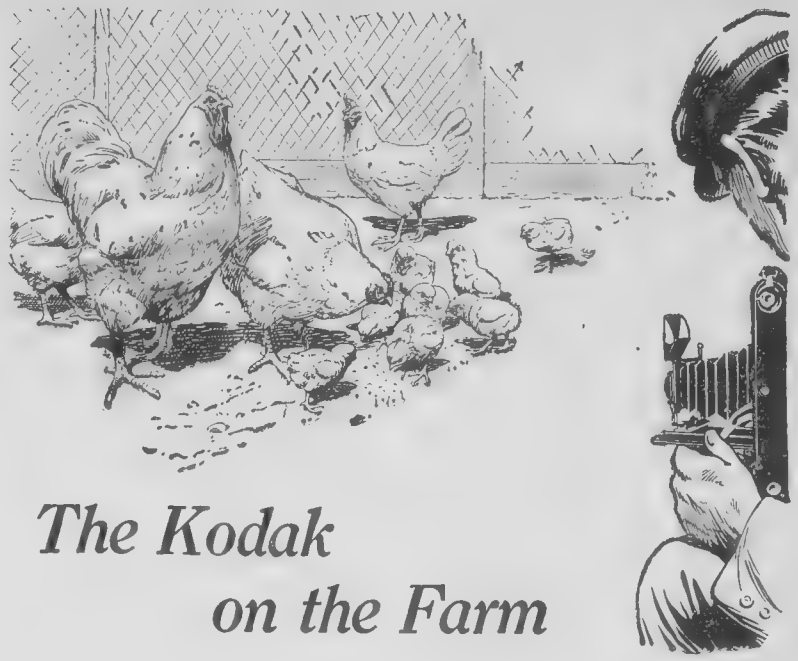
The brigandish looking old gentleman in shirt sleeves is the late Capt. Shott

Perhaps out of laziness or the desire to save work—reasons that have similarly caused some of the world's greatest discoveries—did Capt. Shott first dare the dangers of taking a scow through the rapids s me fifty years ago. Up until then all the goods that went into the great wilderness of Northern Canada in Alberta and Mackenzie Land were brought in by Prince Albert over a chain of lakes and rivers to Methye Portage on Lac La Loche, then on, via the Clearwater River to Fort McMurray and the country beyond. This was known as the Clearwater Route: and even to the hardened voyageurs of the country was a terrible trial. Fifty odd years ago Capt. Shott, then in the prime of his husky manhood, came to hate the rough Methye Portage and the length of the Clearwater Route. Another way was offered to the "outside" via the Athabasca River to Athabasca Landing then to Edmonton where were railroading facilities. But on this river, one hundred and sixty-five miles above the Landing, lay the Grand Rapids, a stretch of water a little over a quarter of a mile in length in which distance there is a drop of sixty-five feet. Capt. Shott was a master boatman, and a daring "whitewater man," and spurred on by his hatred of the older trail he took up the challenge of the Grand Rapids which from time immemorial had been conceded impassable even by the men trained from earliest boyhood to the dangerous river navigation of that land. Capt. Shott ran the right hand channel in a scow and, that all might know that this doing was not merely lucky accident, he did it over again and still once again till the fear of the rapids was conquered. So by proving the river's channel was practicable he changed all the commerce of the north country and the fur catches of the seasons came out over this new route and provisions and trade goods went in.

Still though he had proved that the channel could be run by scow, the many that went in did not like to trust their loaded boats to this white water; but fortunately, right in the centre of the rapids, and running the full length so that both ends touch on fairly calm water, is a strip of land known as Grand Island. This strip offered a safe and easy portage for the goods and to carry them a railroad was built by the Hudson's Bay Company. It is the shortest one in the world, a scant quarter of a mile in length. It is built of strap iron laid on wooden rails and ties. It carries no passengers. Its freight rate is $2.50 per ton payable in advance, every man handling his own. One man attends to all departments so, unhampered by the weight of expenses of trainmen, section hands, presidents and boards of directors and other costly necessities that are the profit reducers of other lines, this little road has flourished and at the end of this year showed a net profit of a million dollars to the company on an original outlay of about a thousand. Its rolling stock is two battered lorries (flat cars) the motive powers for which must be furnished by the shippers.

Shooting Rapids on the Athabasca River. There are ninety miles of them between the landing and McMurray

The system of overcoming the dangers of the rapids is very simple. Following the unloading of its freight at the upper end of the Island the scow is nosed once more into the river and shot through the right hand channel. Manned by swarthy hal.breed boatmen trained from youth to "white water" the scow goes through the seething stream making the quarter mile in seventy seconds (actual time by stop watch made recently). Reaching the smoother water at the other end of the Island it floats a little way and is then held against the current by the boat men. At the same time a man arrives at the end of

*The Kodak on the Farm*

EVERY live thing on the farm is worth a photograph—and just now when chicks and lambs and calves are arriving so rapidly is a most interesting time to start a Kodak record—such a record often becomes more than interesting, it becomes a business asset.

Picture taking is very simple by the Kodak method and less expensive than you think. Ask your dealer or write us for our new booklet, "The Kodak on the Farm."

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED

610 KING ST. W., TORONTO

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Moles and Warts successfully removed. Eczema and acne treated. Facial treatments. Scalp treatments. Soft water Shampooing. Manicuring.

**Mrs. McConechy, Suite 5, Credit Foncier Bldg., Regina, Sask.**

**FREE! FREE! TO LADIES**

**A Bottle of Blush of Roses**

The regular price of the bottle of Blush of Roses I send free is 75c. In other words, it is a regular full-sized 75c bottle that I give to any lady absolutely free. The most perfect face preparation and complexion beautifier. Whitens the face as soon as applied, still its use cannot be detected. BLUSH OF ROSES is clear as water; no sediment to fill the pores. BLUSH OF ROSES will positively remove tan, freckles, pimples, blackheads, liverspots, moth-patches, erysipelas and salt-rheum. Remember this, no matter how dark or sallow your complexion may be, you will see it improving day by day until a clear, smooth and beautiful complexion is obtained. Gentlemen who admire a lady's fine, clear complexion are not adverse to having the same themselves. And why should they hesitate to use the BLUSH OF ROSES? It is clear as water, takes the shine from the face, removes all the impurities of the skin and leaves no sign like powder or paint. The only clear, pure and harmless face preparation made. Cures eczema and all skin diseases. Price 75c per bottle. Address Mrs. Frances E. Currah, Windsor, Ont.

**Write For Free Trial Offer**

**Blush of Roses is Also For Sale by the**

**T. EATON CO. LTD., TORONTO and WINNIPEG**

the Island and into the water throws a heavy piece of lumber. To this is attached a heavy rope which the man pays out slowly as the timber floats down stream. Down stream the man on the scow is on the look out for the stick and picks it up. The rope is then attached to the boat's end, a signal given and the men ashore pull it slowly in. The freight meantime has been transferred via the Grand Island railroad. The President, general manager, freight agent, roadmaster, auditor and section boss, collects the amount due and the scow proceeds on its way inland. Coming back up the stream scows loaded with fur from the far interior are tracked back (pulled by a long line, the men walking on shore). Arriving at the island boat and furs are generally transported across the island. The price of moving a boat is $10.

So Capt. Shott really performed a great service to the northland. His parents had named him Louis Fassoneure but, from the day he ran the rapids first, his christian name and surname were forgotten. The breeds of the land dubbed him Shott and the white men added the Captain. But dwellers in the silent places are saving of speech. They cut his name simply to Capt. Shott, thus saving the extra syllable and by this name was he known until the day of his death recently.

The shortest and best paying road on earth—the Grand Island Railway

# Buster Brown Helps Mothers!

Buster Brown stockings are a real first aid to busy mothers. Buster Brown defies the boys to rub holes into these stockings, by making them of the strongest, long-fibre cotton, specially twisted and tested for durability, with a three-ply heel and toe, and double leg. Buy Buster Brown Stockings for your boys and save hours and hours of darning.

BUSTER BROWN STOCKINGS

SUNSHINE HOSIERY REGISTERED

Your dealer can supply you with Buster Brown Stockings for your boys. Colors—Black and Leather Shade Tan. Cost no more than the stockings that "rub right into holes."

The Chipman-Holton Knitting Co., Limited

Largest Hosiery Manufacturers in Canada

Hamilton :: :: Ontario

MILLS AT HAMILTON AND WELLAND, ONT.

Also makers of the celebrated "Little Darling" and "Little Daisy" Hosiery for Infants and Children F

Girls, Too—

Buster Brown's Sister's Stocking for the girls is a splended looking stocking at a moderate price. A two-thread English mercerized lisle stocking, that is shaped to fit and wears very well indeed.

Colors—Black, Leather Shade Tan, Pink, Blue and White.


## The Lion's Whelps

By James Mabon
Author of "Shingle and Sand," "When West Winds Blow," etc., etc.

(Tune—"Hearts of Oak")

Come hearken each lass,
And come hearken each lad,
If you don't by to-morrow
You'll wish that you had;
For the song that I sing
Is a song of the way
The boys meet the call
With the old time Hurrah!

Don't you see how they march?
Don't you hear how they sing?
As homeward they're faring;
Faithfully daring;
They'll fight to the death
For the flag and the King.

The pride of our race
And the hope of our land;
The guards of the freedom
That hallows the Strand;
At our honor's behest
They are up and away;
The boys are the boys
For the heart of the fray.
Chorus—Don't you see, &c.

They fear not the Hun
In the shame of his might
For stronger than all
Is the strength of the right.
In the folds of the flag
Flying over each sea
They read once again
How the free are the free.
Chorus—Don't you see, &c.

Then here's to the boys,
Glad and gay as they go,
The King in each heart
And each face to the foe.
Let us hail them again
As they march on the way
With the true British cheer
Of a hip! hip! Hurrah!!
Chorus—Don't you see, &c.

## Jock's Orders

(From a Scotch Exchange.)

(As the train slowly left the station it was followed by the tear-stained eyes of a woman, who shouted to her son—"Jock! ye'll dae yer bit!")

The Spartan spirit did not die,
It lives in Scotland yet,
And rings out in that mother's cry—
"Jock! ye'll dae yer bit!"

No gold to swell "The Fund" she had,
No leisure, socks to knit;
She gave the King her only lad—
"Jock! ye'll dae yer bit!"

On France's fields, on Belgia's plain,
'Twill give him added grit
To hear, in dreams, that cry again—
"Jock! ye'll dae yer bit!"

The lonely mother's deadly fears
Her soul with anguish smit,
But spirit triumphed over tears—
"Jock! ye'll dae yer bit!"

Saddle or trench—in War's wild hell,
Where bullets whine and spit.
'Twill ring above the bursting shell—
"Jock! ye'll dae yet bit!"

God speed the hour—his duty done—
When by the fire he'll sit
And tell her how "The Day" was won
When Britain did her bit.

Ho, laggards! Don't you hear the call?
How will you answer it?
Your mother country needs you all—
Roll up, and "dae yer bit"!

# Some Strange Romances

By E. L. Chicanot

THERE is a beautiful old legend which tells how each soul is divided into two parts, one being given to a man and the other to a woman. These are the two affinities, destined to seek each other through life as their ultimate goal and supreme happiness.

"Somewhere there waiteth in this world of ours,
For one lone soul, another lonely soul,
Each seeking each amid the lonely hours,
And meeting strangely at some sudden goal:
Then blend they like green leaves with golden flowers,
Into one beautiful and perfect whole.
And the long night is over, and the way
Lies open onward to the perfect day."

When we read the strange romances of even modern days, how people often from the opposite ends of the earth are brought together, we are tempted to believe this old legend and the existence of "affinities."

But recently a romance of this kind, which can only be explained by the curious workings of Providence, was enacted in Edmonton, Alberta. Several years ago a young man emigrated from Essex, England, settled in High River, and there prospered exceedingly well. While recently on a holiday in Edmonton he visited the C. P. R. depot to watch the new immigrants arriving. Among the crowd which alighted from the train, he discovered a face which he thought familiar, and his suspicions were confirmed when he heard the girl asking her direction from a policeman. The familiar face and voice belonged to his old sweetheart, the recognition was mutual, and together they disappeared into Edmonton's busy thoroughfares.

A pretty romance which had its origin in a message in a bottle dropped overboard in mid-Atlantic by a Chicago doctor, nine years previously, culminated in Birmingham, England.

A young lady of Birmingham, whilst spending a holiday at a North Wales seaside resort, picked up the bottle on the shore. It contained the doctor's professional card, on which was written a request that the finder should return it to him. The correspondence which followed led to an engagement, and after coming from America to claim his bride, the doctor took her to spend the honeymoon where the bottle had been found.

When a young lady living in Elizabeth, New Jersey, put a note in a bottle which bobbed on the crest of the waves at Highland Beach, and threw the bottle back into the Atlantic, she little dreamt that it would reach Yorktown, Virginia, and that it would be piloted there by Cupid. But such was the case, for a young Yorktown man was strolling along the beach there when the bottle was cast up by the tide. The note contained the girl's name and address; he communicated with her, photographs were exchanged and visits made; and finally this little romance of the waves had its culmination at the altar.

A straw hat of the two dollar brand, turned out by a hat manufacturing company, started a romance which five years after culminated in a wedding. The bride was at one time employed at the hat factory, and on a certain day another girl dared her to write her name inside the sweatband of a straw hat she was working on. The name and address went into the hatband, and then she promptly forgot all about it. A year later she received a letter from a railroad paymaster in the West, who had written "just for a joke" on finding the slip of paper in his hat. Letters were exchanged, then photographs, and in a few years the young man came East. A warm friendship developed, and, five years after the little episode in the factory, the couple were married.

A marriage took place recently in Red Bank, New Jersey, which was the culmination of an odd romance. Three years ago the bridegroom was unpacking at a clothing factory when he came upon a slip of paper on which was the name of his future bride and her address. Shortly the young lady received a letter from him; the return mail brought him a reply; and a regular correspondence was begun which ended in the couple becoming engaged and afterwards happily married.

The romance of a dollar bill has been the means of recently bringing about a marriage in Syracuse, New York.

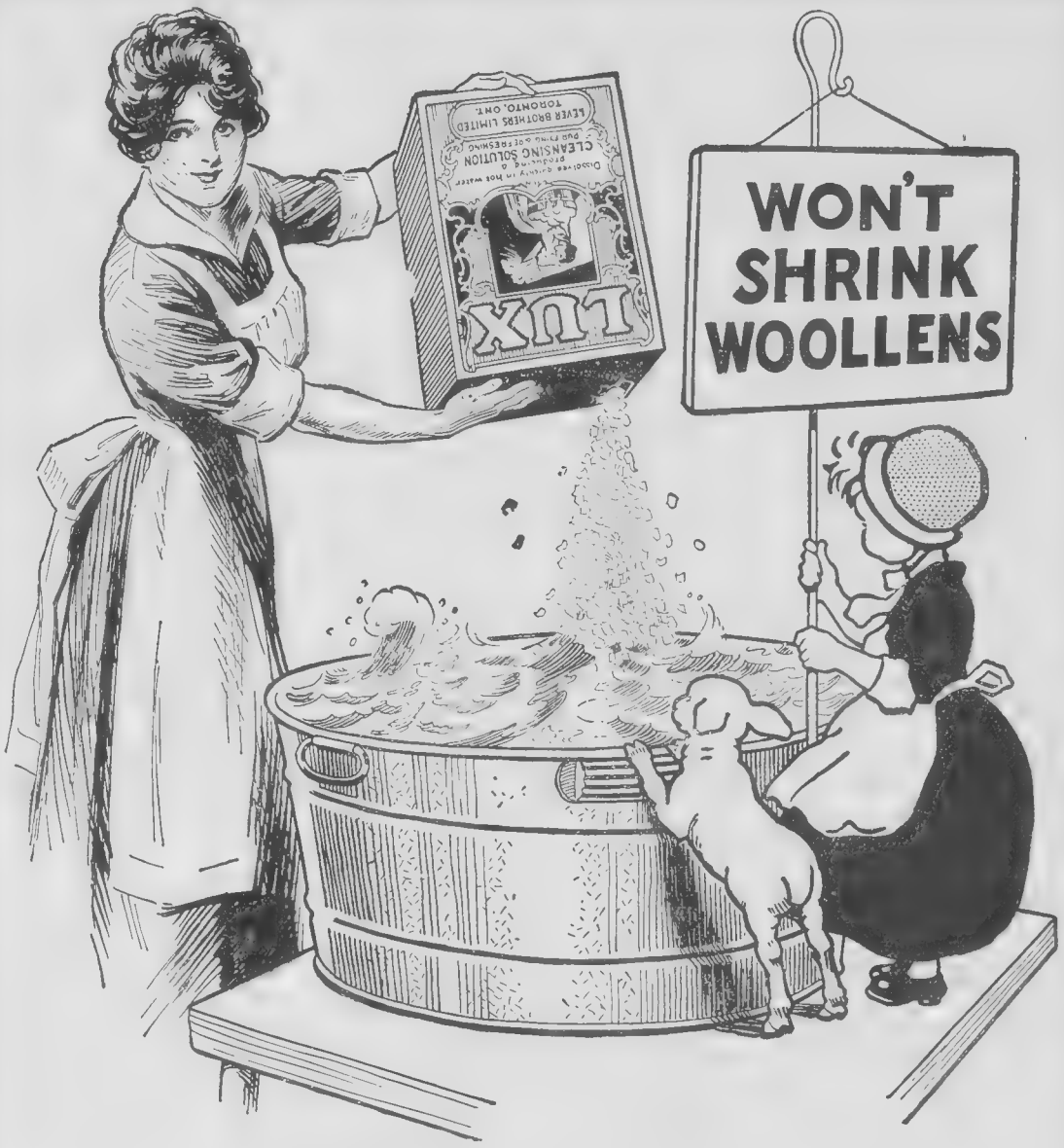
The romance began eleven years ago when the young man was in the hospital corps in the Phillipines. When on duty he wrote his name on a dollar bill and sometime afterward received a letter from a young lady in Syracuse. Leaving the army, he located in San Francisco. The correspondence between the two was continued, and finally they met in Syracuse. The dollar bill is still in the possession of the bride and no doubt one of her most precious treasures.

While alighting from a tram-car in Glasgow some months ago a young woman accidentally injured a fellow passenger's eye with one of her hat pins. The unfortunate man was taken to the hospital and eventually lost the sight of the injured organ. The woman, who visited him regularly, then offered to marry him and look after him for the rest of his life. Her offer was promptly accepted and the marriage took place.

A blast of chill December wind which nearly wrecked a woman's bonnet began an acquaintance which eventually made her a bride. The lady who was 71 years old was walking along the street when the wind suddenly lifted her bonnet and sent it scurrying across the street. Approaching her was a grey-haired old man, a Civil War veteran, who with remarkable agility pursued it, and presented it to her with an affable smile and bow. The pair, who had never seen each other before, walked along together for a block or two, and from that chance acquaintance sprang a brief courtship and wedding.

A romance of a sadder nature, which recently culminated in a wedding, was enacted in a Pennsylvania hospital.

Showing slight symptoms of consumption, a young man was ordered to the hospital. The little germ spread until


## Pour LUX on the troubled waters of the wash

MILLIONS of these little LUX wafers are working wonders every wash-day all over Canada. In color they are like cream—to the touch like silk. The fine, soft, creamy lather LUX makes, is splendid for woollens—it never shrinks or hardens them. In fact, all kinds of garments, woollens, silks, laces, linens, etc., dainty or otherwise, are really preserved by LUX. It leaves them luxuriously clean, but with the fabric absolutely free from matting and shrinkage.

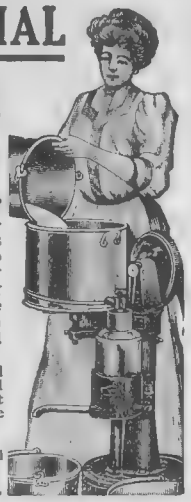
**SAMPLE FREE** on application to Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto. Sold at all grocers, **10c.**

**Remember:** **1st. LUX is made in Canada. 2nd. It won't shrink woollens.**

17

$15.95 UPWARD SENT ON TRIAL

AMERICAN CREAM SEPARATOR



**Thousands In Use** giving splendid satisfaction justifies your investigating our wonderful offer to furnish **a brand new, well made,** easy running, easily cleaned, perfect skimming separator for **only $15.95.** Skims **one quart of milk a minute, warm or cold.** Makes thick or thin cream. Different from this picture, which illustrates our low priced large capacity machines. The bowl is **a sanitary marvel** and embodies all our latest improvements.

**Our Twenty-Year Guarantee Protects You** Our wonderfully low prices and high quality on all sizes and generous terms of trial will astonish you. Whether your dairy is large or small, do not fail to get our great offer. Our richly illustrated catalog, *sent free of charge* on request, is the most complete, elaborate and expensive book on Cream Separators issued by any concern in the world.

**Shipments made promptly from Winnipeg, Man., St. John, N. B., and Toronto, Ont.**

Write today for our catalog and *see for yourself* what a big money saving proposition we will make you. Address,

AMERICAN SEPARATOR CO., Box 1196 Bainbridge, N. Y.

**FREE** Two Big Life Size Dolls with their Complete Outfits, and this Handsome Wrist Watch **FREE**

**Girls**—No doll you ever had in your life will please you like Dotty Dimple and Lovey Mary, these beautiful big Dressing Dolls with all their lovely clothes and handsome hats. You can win them ever so easily, without spending a single cent, and get as well the most exquisite imported Wrist Watch that any girl or lady would want to wear.

Dotty Dimple and Lovey Mary are almost life size—over twenty inches high, and each one has a complete wardrobe of three lovely dresses and three lovely hats to match just as you see them above. There are handsome party dresses, sailor suits, school dresses, play suits with coats, etc., and each suit has a hat to match. For instance a sailor hat with the sailor suit, a lovely feather hat for the party dress and so on. There are six dresses and six hats in all, and it is such great fun because both dolls can stand up straight just as you see them in the picture and you can change their clothes and hats in a jiffy. You'll just love Dotty Dimple and Lovey Mary and get no end of fun out of them. The Dollies and all their beautiful hats and clothes are ever so cleverly made of beautifully lithographed card-board, all in magnificent rich colors and so beautiful that they'll surprise you and all your friends. Every hat and dress is ready to put on the minute you get it.

**The lovely wrist watch** that is your extra present is a little beauty. It has rich gun metal case, porcelain dial, gilt hands, and is a guaranteed time keeper. You can either wear it as a wristlet or take it off the bracelet and wear it with a chatelaine or charm.

You know, girls, these wrist watches are so very fashionable now, and we guarantee that a watch the same as we will give you would sell in the stores for from $3.00 to $5.00.

Girls—If you want these lovely dolls with their grand outfit and the fine watch too, write us to-day and we will send you postage paid just 25 of the loveliest **Beauty Pin Sets** you have ever seen to sell for only 10c. a set. They just sell like hot cakes. Just think, two beautiful, engraved, gold finished Beauty Pins on a nice card for only 10c a pair. They are so pretty and so handy that many ladies buy two or three sets as soon as you show them. We want to introduce these beautiful new Beauty Pins to every lady in the land and will spare no expense to reward you if you will help us. Return our $2.50 when the Pins are sold, and we will promptly send you both lovely dolls with their complete outfits at once, all charges paid, and the fine wrist watch you can also receive without selling any more goods by showing your grand dolls to your friends and getting only four of them to sell our jewellery and earn our lovely premiums as you did.

Don't miss this chance, girls. Write for the Beauty Pins to-day and you can soon have both the dolls and watch.

Address THE REGAL MANUFACTURING CO., DEPT. D. 620 TORONTO, ONT. 10



**Broadenaxe Hair Food**

Is not a dye but a food that soothes the dry scalp and lifts the dead skin off thus allowing the hair to come through in its natural shade. Directions for use on jar. Mail order price $1.00 postpaid. ESTABLISHED NINE YEARS

BROADENAXE CO. 29 Stobart Block, Winnipeg



**Send for It!**

**Shoemaker's Poultry Book and Almanac for 1915.**

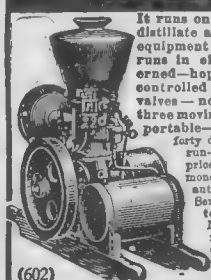
The book has over 200 pages with many colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about chickens, their prices, their care, diseases and remedies.

All about Incubators, their prices and operation. All about poultry houses and how to build them. It's an encyclopedia of chickendom. You need it. Only 15 cents. Your money back if not satisfied.

C. C. SHOEMAKER, Box 968, Freeport, Ill.



**20 Reasons Why You Should Investigate the SANDOW Kerosene Stationary ENGINE**



It runs on kerosene (coal oil), gasoline, distillate and alcohol without change in equipment—starts without cranking—runs in either direction—throttle governed—hopper and tank-cooled—speed controlled while running—no cams—no valves—no gears—no sprockets—only three moving parts—light weight—easily portable—great power—starts easily at forty degrees below zero—complete ready to run—children operate them—low factory prices based on enormous out put—30 day money-back trial—10 years ironclad guarantee. Sizes, 1 1-2 to 18 horsepower. Send a postal today for free catalog which tells how Sandow will be useful to you. No go-betweens. Pocket agents' and middlemen's commissions by dealing direct with factory. (602)

(602) Detroit Motor Car Supply Co. 82 Canton Ave., Detroit, Mich.



FOR BOTH 13.85 **ALBERTA INCUBATOR 140 BROODER SIZE**

DUTY AND FREIGHT PAID

**POULTRY PAYS WELL**

by using our famous Canada pioneer hatcher of 20 year experience. Its safe, sure, simple, a child can operate successfully.

**Our Factory Prices Save You Half.**

Specially adapted for Canada climate, heavy double walls, Redwood natural color, dead air space, asbestos lined Copper Tank, self-regulator safty lamp all complete set up ready to use.

**15 YEAR GUARANTEE-TWO HATCH TRIAL**

Write for free catalog. Read the facts. Then compare. Investigate, you will decide "Alberta".

WE SHIP QUICK FROM WINNIPEG WAREHOUSE

Alberta Incubator Company, Box 886, Mankato, Minnesota


both lungs were nearly gone. At the hospital he met a ruddy-complexioned, healthy girl; they fell in love, and she undertook to nurse him back to health. In nursing him she contracted tuberculosis. She faded to a living skeleton, her condition keeping pace with his. For three years they occupied adjoining cots, each endeavoring to cheer the other, and at length, when their earthly days seemed few, decided to die as man and wife.

At Einsiedeln, Switzerland, a remarkable marriage took place in the principal church. In 1870 a wealthy Swiss couple living in the neighborhood became engaged, but on the breaking out of war between France and Germany, the fiancé left the country to serve under the French flag. The couple then drifted apart for the ensuing forty-two years; and, strangely enough, each married three times during this period, the husband losing three wives by death, and the wife three husbands.

A Kentucky couple, recently, after their wedding sailed immediately for China. The bridegroom did not care much for going there, but his bride had made it a condition before marrying him that the first five years of their wedded life must be spent in the missionary field in that country. The bridegroom said he would go to China or any other place to win her, and those who saw the bride said that he was wise.

A girl was engaged to marry a naval officer stationed at Shanghai, and their wedding fixed for the fall. The trouble in China breaking out, however, the young officer was refused leave of absence. Rather than put off the wedding, the young lady, accompanied by a married friend, crossed through Siberia and thence to China where the marriage was celebrated.

Lake Scene in Alberta

### The Escape

Little Mrs. Walter Burnett, coming downstairs in her new winter suit, glanced with shy delight from her husband to her sister-in-law. The Burnetts were young, and would have been poor had they not been so rich in other things than money. Mrs. Walter had not had a winter suit since her marriage, two years before, and the sensation of feeling herself again in the style made her pretty face under the brown hat as vivid as a rose. Her husband looked at her adoringly, and remarked that she was "a stunner." Her sister-in-law's approval was more classically expressed, but no less warm.

"Even your sister Sue can't find any fault with that," she said.

A bit of the brightness faded from Mrs. Burnett's face.

"Oh, Sue!" she said, with a laugh that she tried to make light. "It would be too much to expect Sue to like it. She always thinks the other thing would have been better."

The sister-in-law eyed her shrinking young relative sternly.

"Now, Elsie," she said with decision, "it is time to stop this."

"Stop what?" Elsie parried, feebly.

"This allowing Sue to spoil everything for you. She is a fine woman. I appreciate her thoroughly, but she has fallen into the habit of skimming the cream of everybody's pleasure by belated advice. Your only chance of comfort in that suit is to stop her before she says anything. Here she is, by the way, coming up the path this minute. Now remember—this is your chance to strike for freedom."

"Oh, I couldn't!" Mrs. Burnett faltered, as a clear voice sounded in the hall.

"Strike for your altars and your fires," her sister-in-law whispered, and then someone else was in the room.

"How do you do, everybody?" Sue called, cheerfully. "Isn't this glorious weather? Well, Elsie, so your suit has come home. I wonder—" Sue eyed the new suit consideringly, a frown creeping between her brows.

Elsie caught her breath, and glanced desperately at the two allies.

"Sue, please don't!" she faltered.

"Don't what?" Sue asked, in surprise.

"Don't say it—what you always do, you know—about thinking the green would have been better, after all. You see—" and there was a quiver in her voice, "it seems so nice to have a whole new suit, and I just love it, and I want to think I look nice in it, and—"

Her sister looked at her sharply. For a moment there was silence—then she laughed.

"What nonsense, child! I was just going to say that brown was your color," she declared.

### "With Shining Morning Face"

"This luminous paint," said a young father, according to the Philadelphia Record, "ought to be an excellent thing among families."

"How so?" asked a friend.

"Why," said the young father, "you just touch up the baby's face with it before retiring, and then you can see to give him his bottle without making a light."

### A Gentle Rebuke

It was late in the year for strawberries, but Mrs. Deacon was determined to have some for Sunday dinner. Over the telephone came the news that they were "very fine, ma'am, very fine indeed." Being, however, a cautious housekeeper, she decided to look over the fruit herself, as the grocer was not always to be trusted.

"They don't appear very good," she said, somewhat later, examining carefully a basketful. "They look,"—here she extracted one and tasted it—"they look a little green. I don't know. Just let me try one." She took another. "I guess I'll take one box, please. You don't put very many in a box, do you?" she inquired.

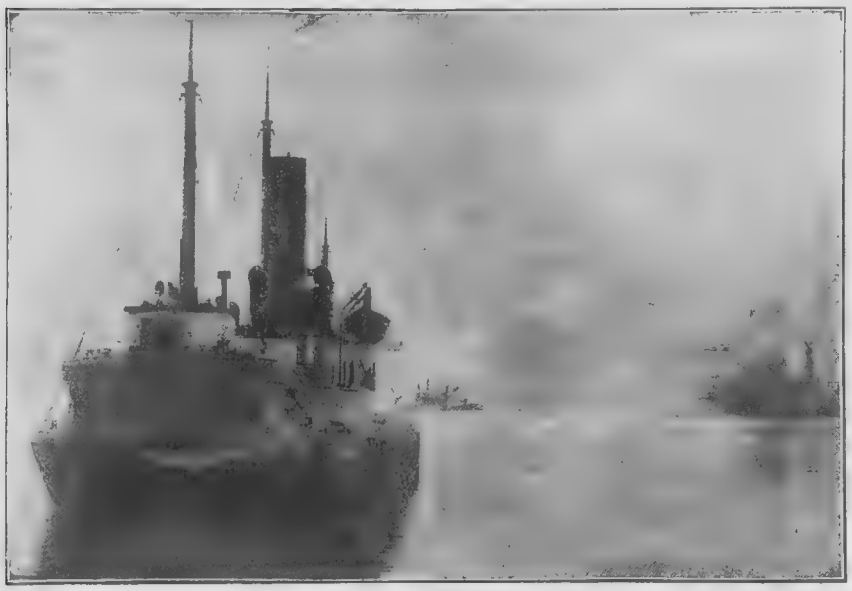
"There was," said the grocer, respectfully, "but there's been so many ladies looking 'em over that there ain't—"

"You may give me two boxes," said Mrs. Deacon.

# New Scenes from a New Land

By Bonnycastle Dale

SIXTY years ago these fiords and "inside passages echoed to the "tump, tump" of the warlike paddlestrokes of the Hiadas and Northern Coast Tribes—to-day all this wild, lonely coast is as safe as the streets of Winnipeg. Look at Prince Rupert, our starting place from the western end of the steel—we had come partly by packed train and partly by G. T. R. Here is a city not older than the little ones that race up and down its steep streets on their way to the brand new schools—everything man has done seems brand new out here, only Nature wears the sweet livery of age. We were going south on a C.-P.-R. boat, the "Beatrice" and one of the old white "squaw men," now becoming rare in this country, was climbing the gang plank with us. He bore the marks of the conflict and, but for the good Indian woman he married he would be worse sacrified—lazy adventurers, a lot of them, they just picked out a woman of the tribes to be their actual "helpmate" and she proved pure gold and brought up the family, and kept up "the old man." I greatly admire and respect these woman, and the good men too that contracted these marriages—but of the lazy ones—listen:



British steamer entering Vancouver

"Yes, I'm an old man now, and I have got to go all the way to Victoria to get something for my cough"—he had about a quart of "cough medicine" in his grip, the Captain told us he was under the "Indian Act," couldn't get a drink for love or money in Rupert, and he had just made his eldest boy sell his raincoat, and go and buy him a quart of firewater for the trip.

The trim "Beatrice" bore us through many a silent fiord where the sea lions and harbour seal were busy killing salmon, all these narrow channels of the "inside passage" were calm and peaceful. On the way down were two scholars of the native tribe of Coast Indians on their way back after the holidays to the mission and the boys' school, two fair looking youngsters, Anglo Saxon features, native eyes and hair—but the way those two did make love-spare my blushes, he held her hand all the time she was not using it to feed herself with—finally Fritz, inquisitive youngster, asked the Purser about this Love's Young Dream—it seems she was the daughter of a chief, according to the tribal rights property descends in the female line, the cigarette smoking youngster really belonged to a tribe near the mouth of the Skagit, on the U. S. side, but they were engaged and she was going to have a "Hyas Potlatch" in the winter season—how small the world is—this boy's father, some years ago, was walking ahead of my chum and I through some cedar bush along the Skagit, there was snow on the ground and the man knelt down to fasten his mocassin string—instantly the panther (felis concolour, the mountain lion or Cougar out here) which had been silently following him jumped from the bushes full onto the back of the native—up! leaped the startled man, up! —with the great animal on his back— and yelled at the top of his lungs—off leaped the great cat and ran swiftly into the woods. This was the second case only we had ever met of this great cowardly beast attacking, and if you notice it was only when the man returned to the Animal Kingdom position of "all fours," again becoming a quadruped, that the beast attacked—they will not fight even a tiny child in the upright, or belligerent position, man naturally assumes.

Just a word further about the animals on this coast, my Natural History work takes me into all the wildest places—and we sleep, night after night, either in a tiny tent, or under a spreading cedar—are we well armed you ask? I will tell you. When we first came to B. C. after reading the regular magazine writers of the east, I figured our armanent as follows: one armoured motor car, a rear and bow chaser machine gun, a few elephant rifles, as these same writers told me one grizzily had been often known to clean out a whole band of armed Indians, and about a ton of ammunition—really, our arms consist of one tripod, one small camping axe and two common pocket knives, and we have not had to use any of these yet in defense —this is the most blessed country I know of if it wasn't so "weepy" as Fritz says—it does rain a bit here and there on this coast, and we seem to be mostly "here" when it happens.

Oh! what remarkable people leave their civilized homes and settle at the ends of the trail. Our boat drew up alongside a tall pile built pier that shook like a forest before the blast as we "scrunched" along it, down the inlet came a boat manned by six children, rowing as regularly as men-of-wars-men, around towards the beach it shot, the bow grounded, out leaped the eldest boy and touched his hat, up went all the oars of the others erect into the air, the bearded wild looking man in the stern rose up and stepped along between the saluting oars, touched his cap to the youngster at the bow and walked swiftly up the wharf. He touched his hat to the Captain who replied in like manner and saluting the Purser he said: (these are facts I am giving you, not fiction remember). "I want to cable to King George, I have been subjected to the indignity of having papers served on me by these colonial authorities, please transmit the cable and, (in a lower voice) keep any money that is left over." Back to his boat strode the strange character, the boy saluted, the oars were raised, the man stepped in, the tiny officer followed him and off they rowed with military precision. Fritz hung like a burr to that Purser until he drew out all the facts—here was a well-born Englishman, living the lonely life of The-man-at-the-end-of-the-trail, until the silence and the loneliness of it all, and other attributing causes, broke down that thing we call the mind, and he became a monomaniac—in this case imagining he was the lone representative of his race and people, assailed by all the inhabitants of this new land. I met this boat's crew and young officer and wild commander once more, in civilization, they all came marching into the hotel where I was staying, later, as I came down the corridor


BARN PAINT—Guaranteed Pure

Green, Brown or Red Colors

5 Gals. for $5.00

Mail your cash order to-day

Sold and Guaranteed by

WINNIPEG'S RELIABLE DEPARTMENT STORE

ROBINSON & Co. Limited, 398-412 Main Street, WINNIPEG, Man.

Balancing Debts by Life Insurance

DID you ever think of Life Insurance as a means of counter-balancing unavoidable debt?

There are bushels of ways in which debt may creep upon a man, unavoidably almost, legitimate debt in many cases.

He may undertake to purchase a home, secure credit to extend his business, stand surety for a trusted but untrustworthy friend. Ill health may hamper him and swallow his savings. Crops may fail and business losses occur. Bills due may be unpaid. Expected gains may not materialize. Indigent relatives may need assistance.

All manner of calls tug at a man's purse-strings, and do their best to make the domestic balance sheet a poor exhibit.

But Life Insurance will restore the balance.

The Great-West Life Plans cost least and return highest profits. Ask for rates

THE GREAT-WEST LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

Head Office:—WINNIPEG

Selected Seeds for the West

NORTHERLY-GROWN ALFALFA

MONTANA TURKESTAN GRIMM'S VARIEGATED

GENUINE

BACTERIA CULTURES FREE ON ALL ORDERS of 25 lbs. and over of Alfalfa Red and Alsike Clover

The Winnings with crops from our seed, in the Saskatchewan Three-Year Alfalfa Competition almost equalled those of all other competitors combined, and firmly upheld the excellence of our stocks.

Our "LION" brand of BROME GRASS, WESTERN RYE GRASS and TIMOTHY reigns supreme.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE TO-DAY

A LOT DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU SOW

Steele, Briggs Seed Co. Limited

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

# War News Affected Her.

Many people who have been reading the terrible war news from day to day, especially those who have relatives at the seat of war, have become so nervous that it is impossible for them to sleep.

The nerves have become unstrung and the heart perhaps affected.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will build up the unstrung nervous system and strengthen the weak heart.

Miss Hildia Dicaire, Martintown, Ont., writes: "In August, 1914, I was out of school for my health. I was visiting friends in London, and heard of the war. It made me so nervous that I could not sleep, but after using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I improved greatly, and could take my school again. I have recommended them to many of my friends."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c per box, 3 boxes for $1.25 at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



Chiclets
REALLY DELIGHTFUL
THE DAINTY MINT-COVERED CANDY-COATED CHEWING GUM

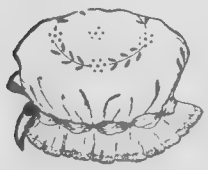


Dr. Vermilyea's
TOE-KOMFORT
(The Tissue Builder)
CURES FOOT AILMENTS
As a general all-round foot remedy for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Chilblains, aching feet, excessive perspiration, etc., it has no equal.
At Shoe and Drug Stores or by mail on receipt of price. Trial size 25c., extra large size 50c. Free sample on request.
Vermilyea Mfg. Co.
216 8th Ave. West, Calgary, Alta.



JEWELRY FROM FACTORY TO YOU
We manufacture all kinds of Jewelry to order. If you have an idea for any particular piece of jewelry, medal, badge or class pin write us for suggestions, designs and prices which we gladly send free of charge.
We also do all kinds of expert watch repairing. Our prices are the very lowest possible, consistent with good workmanship. All work guaranteed.
STAPLES MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. J, P.O. Box 1766, Winnipeg




Boudoir Cap, 10c
This pretty boudoir cap for embroidery is stamped on white lawn. With a finishing touch of lace trimmed edge and knots of ribbon this design makes a charming and dainty cap. Sent postpaid for only 10c.
Embroidery House, Dept. H.M.
60 W. Washington Street Chicago, Ill.

Be A Traveling Salesman
Experience unnecessary. Earn Big Pay while you learn. Write for big list of positions open, and testimonials from hundreds of our students who earn $100 to $500 a month. Address our nearest office. Dept. 536
NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION
Chicago, New York, San Francisco

FREE Fine Camera and complete outfit for selling 20 Large Colored Art & Religious Pictures or 20 pkgs. Beautiful Post Cards at 10cents each. Satisfaction Guaranteed or money returned. Order your choice today.
GATES MFG. CO., Dept. 341. CHICAGO


When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

from my room, I ran across the youngsters playing "duck on a rock," with real rocks too, in that palatial hotel, and they fled from my approach like little wild men, calling: "Father, there's a man in our hall."

Our good boat breasted the huge swells of Queen Charlotte Sound in excellent shape, it was not her fault that most of the passengers failed to respond eagerly to the dinner bell, in fact, that table was almost untenanted, then later when we all met, we all gave those ghastly excuses—one chose clams to lay the blame upon, another fell back on pork chops, one dear soul was sure the milk "was the slightest bit sour," and they were one and all offended when Fritz, boyishlike, broke out: "Why the whole lot of you were seasick, I was alright, only I drank too much ginger beer." Again we drew into calm island sheltered waters and in the dim failing light passed quaint Indian villages with their hosts of hideous carved monsters, high held on totem poles, keeping guard over sleeping tots, while the older folks gossiped and gambled and cleaned fish on the beach.

If any of my readers are in search of pleasant farming lands they would do well to search the valley of the Skeena and the Bulkley and Stewart. Here you can find excellent soil, fair climate and huge growth of native crops—look at the picture of the old lake bed literally covered hip high with wild flowers and wild grasses and vetches, we have seen acres of primroses and daises and wild peas, sweet to the scent for miles distant, flowing over your saddle bow in waves of ungarnered luxurance. But, like many other foolish people, we left these exquisite places without taking up land, because, at that time, it was hundreds of miles from railroad or neighbour, now the country is fast settling up.

We chose rather to live in that delightful clime—southeastern Vancouver Island—we have lived in many places, and trust to live in many more, as our work compels a constant change of scene, but of all the places, that glorious island ranks as without peer, you need a bit of money, it is no place for the poor emigrant, but for the man that sells out in the East and wants a really comfortable spot, little or no snow, quite a bit of rain, no very cold weather, we never saw it as low as zero—this is the place—I have no retainer, I can tell you of hundreds of sweet spots for a home from Halifax to Victoria, from choice I am now living on an island in the midst of a great icebound northern lake, but I never enjoyed the climate more than on Vancouver Island. Yet, on the mountain tops within a few miles of you, lies the eternal snow—southward in the U. S. rise the great Olympics, snow tipped the year round, to the west, the backbone ranges of the Island raise their snowy crowns, and across the Gulf of Georgia, with strong glasses, you can see the wondrous rosytinted snow peak of Mt. Baker glinting under the setting August sun.

There is an excellently beautiful tree upon the Pacific Coast a very riot of bloom, great saucer-shaped blossoms that scent the air—here the Dogwood tree grows to rank luxuriance. Another beauty we noticed on our trips southward along Puget Sound is the Madrona, an Arbutus, a tree that bears red fruit amid green leaves in winter, and sheds its rich bark from a red bole in summer—take some of these Puget Sound trips if you want to meet the new U. S. citizen. I have been in villages decorated for the 4th of July when not a single soul in the tiny berg spoke English as their daily tongue. I well remember Fritz and I dropping into a little waterside village and asking at the big white house on the wharf for supper and rooms for the night—a tiny girl bade us come in, there was a foreign curl on the end of her every word—a peasant woman met us in the hall and showed us to our rooms in the attic, later we took our places at the table—everybody ate their food so quietly, no word was spoken. Fritz, the incorrigable was silenced for once. It was uncanny this strange reserve—it was more than that, I detected tears in the eyes of the little girl that served us—then I heard her whisper to the girl that sat next to me: "We will never see Lena any more." I glanced across at Fritz, and, making our excuses, we left the table. "That's a minister in black," said Fritz. "I fear we have intruded." "I think there is some one dead," said the lad.

"Let's go into the store part and see the man himself." As we entered the store, where a little girl was buying candy marbles, six for a cent, the minister entered too, the merchant was busy counting out five cent's worth of these indigestion breeders. "I will go up to the church and get it ready," said the minister. "Twenty two, three, four," said the merchant, "all right, dosh is goot," twenty five, six, seven, eight, nine, thirty." "What can I do for you," turning to us. I tried to explain the embarrassing position we were in and offered to leave at once and pay for the supper.

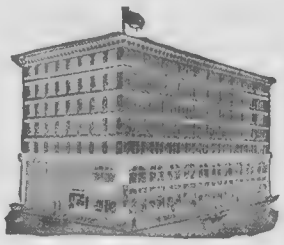
"Naw, you stay and sleep—dosh ish all right." By this time the wife was selling boots to a brawny Swede lumber jack. Fritz and I walked off up the sweet smelling mountain path wondering how these naturally religious foreigners had so swiftly absorbed the money-making mania of the Western continent. Fritz and I paid our bill before we retired, and at peep of dawn we silently passed the room where the little wax-like one lay, and, still wondering, resumed our pedestrian trip.

Constantinople, the Capital of Turkey, towards which the Allies' Navies are proceeding through the Dardanelles

Admission slips to the hospitals are pretty likely to be matter-of-fact records and more or less tragic, but occasionally, the New York Sun reports, a bit of unconscious humor is found in them.

A slip at Gouverneur recently reported that a driver of a hansom had received his injuries by "falling off a perch," and the man's name was Bird.

Another Gouverneur slip announced that the patient was hurt by "falling off water wagon"—a fall, it might be added, which is always dangerous.


Winnipeg Piano Co

Piano and Gramophone Specials

**A full size, guaranteed Warde Piano,** used only for demonstration purposes, cannot be told from new, a most handsome instrument: regular $400, only **$245; $10 cash, $7 monthly.**

**A Bell Player Piano,** 88-Note, almost new, guaranteed same as a new one, all modern expressive devices, rich tone, handsome design; regular $850, now **$485. $25 cash,** and three years terms to pay the balance.

**Bell Upright Piano,** in walnut case, with plain polished panels, full length music stand, three pedals, ivory keys, etc., regular $400 now **$185; $10 cash, $7 monthly.**

**Heintzman,** regular $400, beautiful Piano, now **$165; $10 cash, $6 monthly.**

**Nordheimer,** Louis XV. in mahogany case, almost new, only **$285; $10 cash, $8 monthly.**

**Mason & Risch Piano,** very elaborate design, taken in exchange on a Gerhard Heintzman Player Piano, in use about 2 years, regular price **$500,** now **$265· $15 cash, $8 monthly.**

**Three Edison Home Phonographs** and 12 records, **$24 each, easy terms.**

**Two Columbia Hornless Disc Graphophones;** regular $45, now **$22 each; easy terms.**

**Large Cabinet Disc Phonograph** in mahogany case, with 24 selections, was $200, now **$58; $10 cash, $5 monthly.**

Quarterly or yearly payments can be arranged.

WINNIPEG PIANO Co
333 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg



The Superiority and Prestige of the
Heintzman & Co. Piano
are stronger and more potent to-day than at any time in the history of these world-famous pianos.
Continuous leadership is a sign of continuous worth, and the HEINTZMAN & CO. is now, as always, the best piano that you can buy. Send for literature and prices and terms.
We have a number of secondhand and slightly used pianos at bargain prices, also
We are making some Special Prices on Church Organs
Write for particulars
J. J. H. McLEAN & CO., LTD.
Winnipeg's Greatest Music House
The Home of the Victrola
J. W. Kelly, J. Redmond, W. J. Ross, Sole Owners
DEPT. W., 329 Portage Ave., WINNIPEG, MAN.



SEE WHAT 10c WILL DO
SEND us 10 cents (*in silver*) and we will send your name to several hundred publishers who will send you for over a year free sample copies of the Leading Magazines, Fashion Journals, Household Magazines, Farm Papers, Poultry Journals, etc. *YOU WILL BE WELL PLEASED* with the small investment. Address the Magazine Circulating Co., Dept. E, Box 5240, Boston, Mass. *DON'T* fail to write *YOUR* address *EXTRA* plain.


When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly

# A War Ship in Action

Robert Williams, A.B.

(R. Williams, A.B., who served five years in the Royal Navy, and spent the last three years in Winnipeg as an employee of the T. Eaton Co., sends the following interesting and thrilling letter to his brother here.

Three days after the declaration of war, Mr. Williams, who was a native of Belfast, left Winnipeg to rejoin his old ship.)

H.M.S. Meteor

H.M.S. Meteor.

"Dear Brother—I received your welcome letter yesterday and am glad to hear of you all. I suppose you will have seen in the papers before now that the old 'Packet' has been in action. We had a hot time as we were under fire for pretty near five hours without a let up. We sighted the German fleet at seven last Sunday morning heading for our coast on another little raid, but as soon as they saw us they turned about, and made off at full speed for home. We (four battle cruisers, and some light cruisers and destroyers) made after them, and our boat being the fastest of the bunch was given orders to find out the strength and formation of the enemy. We got to within four miles of them, when they suddenly opened fire on us, and as we had all the information we wanted then we turned tail and reported to our flagship. It was a splendid sight to see our big ships, the 'Lion' and 'Tiger' come into action. After the big ships had been hammering at one another for about three-quarters of an hour our boat was again ordered to steam in between the enemy and our own ships, and raise smoke so that the enemy's range might be spoiled. You know these boats can raise dense clouds of black or white smoke at any time and can cover themselves completely in it. It fairly made some of the boys' hair stand up straight—there we were between both fires. The enemy's ships took no notice of us till we were about half way across and then they opened up. They were using shrapnel and lyddite, and you could see the shells coming closer and closer until at last they got us. It is a miracle that the boat still floats. We were hit about a dozen times, one shell, an 8.2, went in through the ship's side and burst in the foremost stokehold killing four stokers, another burst on the upper deck and part of it took away a chap's lower jaw, another went under my gun but failed to burst—it would have taken six of us if it had. The shell that burst in the stokehold was one of the last broadside that the 'Blucher' fired before she turned over. We were about 2,000 yards off then, and were going to torpedo her. It put us out of action, and we had to be towed into Grimsby where we landed our killed and wounded. We are now waiting to go in dock and get dished up a little, and I daresay we will get another few days leave."

## Where the Last Plants Grow

By Aubrey Fullerton

It may not yet be finally known what is the furthest north that wheat will grow and ripen, but we do know where the country begins that will grow nothing at all. The limit of vegetation is surprisingly near the top of the map, in a region that is commonly supposed to be utterly barren and desolate. But even on the islands of the Arctic there are grass-covered prairies and flower-strewn hillsides, and green things grow very close to the borders of the polar world.

The Arctic Islands, just north of the Canadian mainland, are worth knowing better. There are a great many of them, to begin with, and their area, not including Greenland, is at least five times that of the British Isles. Baffin Island, the largest of the group, is itself 211,000 square miles in area. The others, numbering into the hundreds, are of all sizes. Some of them are mere islets, bits of rock lifted above the water, but there are at least twenty that have each an area of more than five hundred square miles. Next to Greenland, Baffin is the largest island on the continent, and Ellesmere is nearly equal to the combined area of all the West Indies.

This Arctic archipelago, though unfamiliar to most people even by name, has been carefully charted, after many years of polar exploration, and one may find, for the trouble of looking at a map, an almost bewildering array of well-named islands, capes, bays, straits, and mountains. Nearly all these far north places have been named in honor of the explorers who found them. A great many of them bear Scandinavian names, for the daring Danes and Swedes have always taken a foremost part in Artic exploration.

The islands of the North are unlike any others. They bear witness to a mighty movement of nature's forces away back in creation times, when great upheavals and landslides and volcanic outbursts left them as their monuments. On some of them have been found beds of fossils, in which may be traced the forms of trees and plants now found only far to the south, showing that in the unknown past the top of the world had a much warmer climate than at present.

Only a thin layer of soil covers, in places, the limestone and crystalline rocks of which these islands are formed, and many of them are absolutely barren. Yet where there is even a sprinkling of soil there is usually some vegetation. On Baffin Island, for instance, are goodly sized plains and valleys well covered with moss and other Arctic plant life, on which great herds of caribou and musk-oxen feed luxuriously; and similar areas, on a smaller scale, are found on Ellesmere, King William, and others of the group. The low hillsides on King William Island are spread with what the explorers describe as "a variegated carpet of many-colored flowers." The Canadian Government's expedition of 1903-04 made a list of sixty distinct plants north of Hudson Strait.

The Eskimos of these island regions are, with their kinsmen on Greenland, the northernmost people of the world. Their numbers are uncertain, but are not large, Baffin Island having a population of about one thousand. They live in small camps or settlements along the coasts, and spend their whole time in a fight for existance, hunting the caribou and fishing for seals with a skill born of necessity. Sometimes, too, bands of Eskimo hunters cross over from the mainland to hunt the wild game with which the islands abound.

Very little is known as yet of the interior of the islands, the explorations having been chiefly along their coasts. Some of the islands lie low and flat, but many have coast-lines marked by high cliffs, with elevated tablelands beyond. Baffin Island's coast, for instance, is high and rocky, and its tablelands are from two thousand to three thousand feet above the sea level, reaching at the north end of the island ever five thousand feet. The interior of Baffin is, generally speaking, a rough plain, varied with rolling hills and valleys. In the southwestern part of the island are two large lakes, each more than a hundred miles long.

Perhaps the strangest thing about the Arctic Islands is that nature has stored several of them with valuable minerals that the rest of the world would gladly be able to use. There is so much iron in the coast hills on Prescott and Prince Albert Land that compasses refuse to act in their vicinity; mica exists on several islands, and on Baffin a mica mine is profitaby worked by a Scotch company that sends over a vessel load of miners every year; there is copper at a number of places; and lignite coal is of such frequent occurrence that it has been used by many exploration parties, while even its shipment for commercial use has been suggested. There are traces of gold, too, and placer mining may some day be worth while.

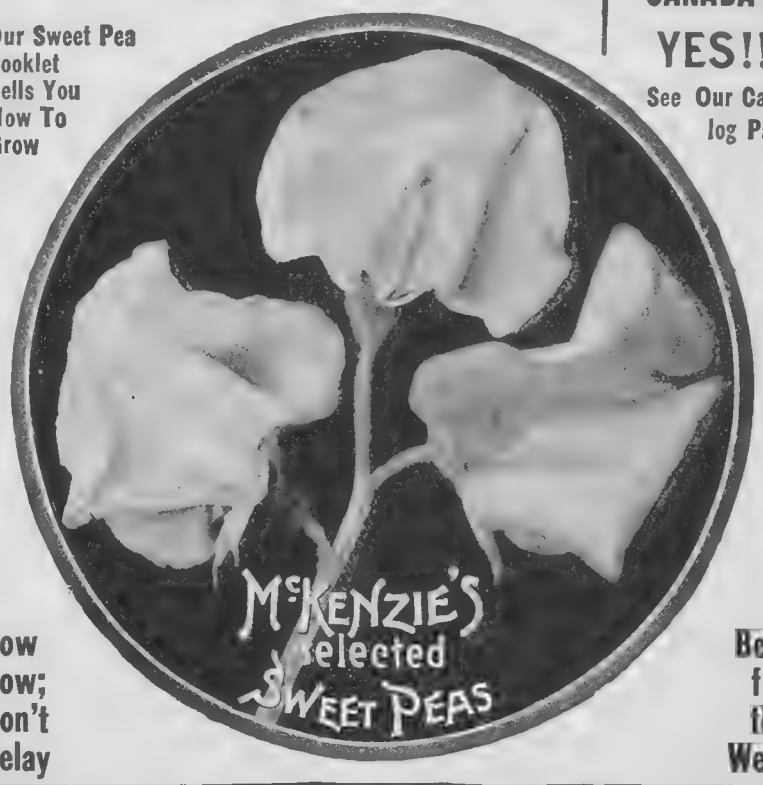

CAN SWEET PEAS BE GROWN IN WESTERN CANADA?

NOTHING SO BOUNTIFUL
THE MORE YOU CUT THE MORE THEY FLOWER

YES!!

Our Sweet Pea Booklet Tells You How To Grow

See Our Catalog Page 71




Sow Now; Don't Delay

Best for the West

12 Large Packets Selected Spencer and Grandiflora Types.....$1.00 post paid
McKenzie's Mixed Spencer....pkt. 10c, oz. 30c, ¼-lb. $1.00, ½-lb. $1.75 ,,
McKenzie's Eckford's Hybrids...pkt. 5c, oz. 25c, ¼-lb. 65c, ½-lb. $1.00 ,,

GROW YOUR OWN VEGETABLES
REDUCE THE COST OF LIVING

For $1.00 You Can Have This Collection Post Paid

Packet BEANS, Golden Wax
" ,, Matchless
" BEET, Extra Early
" ,, Covent Garden
" CABBAGE, Wakefield
" ,, Winningstadt
" CARROT, Oxheart
" ,, St. Valery
" CELERY, White Plume
" CORN, Peep o' Day
Packet CUCUMBER, White Spine
" LETTUCE, Prairie Queen
" ,, May King
" ,, Iceberg
" ,, White Cos
" ONION, Yellow Globe
" ,, Red Wethersfield
" PARSLEY, Moss Curled
" PARSNIP, Manitoba Prize
" PEA, Quite Content

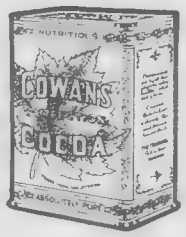
WRITE FOR OUR CATALOG, also
SPECIAL SEED GRAIN PUBLICATION

A. E. McKENZIE CO. LTD.
BRANDON, Man. CALGARY, Alta.
WESTERN CANADA'S GREATEST SEED HOUSE

Don't Be Without Cowan's

COWANS
PERFECTION
COCOA

Children particularly love the delicious flavor of Cowan's Perfection Cocoa, and its healthful purity and nourishing food-value make it the very best possible drink for them. For their lunch or at tea-time it is the very best thing to give them.




Quarter-pound
Half-pound &
one-pound tins

288

# The Supremacy of the Air

TELEGRAMS, AEROMAUTICS, SALISBURY
TELEPHONE NETHERAVON 12

ROYAL FLYING CORPS,
NETHERAVON,
WILTS.

[The enclosed article was written specially for The Western Home Monthly by my nephew, Mr W. E. G. Murray, McGill Rhodes Scholar, Oxford, England. On the outbreak of the war Mr Murray, who was then a member of The King Edward Horse, was injured while on active service on the western front and invalided home. After recovery he joined the Highland Light Infantry and is now an aviation scout for this famous regiment. This letter may interest your readers.—Hugh Mackay, M.D., Winnipeg.]

* * *

Six months of the world war have firmly established the value of aircraft, not as a superfluous auxiliary but as an indispensable factor in any of the vast undertakings which constitute a so-called battle. It was not until the British Expeditionary Force had suffered considerably from the activities of German aeroplanes that it was induced to attempt seriously extensive operations in the new element. As a result of this determination, the balance has swung round until to-day the British Armies have secured a great moral superiority.

German aeroplanes were solely for the purpose of reconnaissance and artillery observation. Their pilots and observers were expressly forbidden to encounter hostile aircraft except where literally inevitable. From the beginning the Germans have handled their air fleet on the policy of conservation, trusting almost entirely to anti-aircraft artillery to conduct an offensive against enemy aeroplanes. Taking advantage of the situation thus created, the British aeroplanes adopted a policy of daring, and offered fight on any and every occasion. Failing to realise the moral side of the situation, the German authorities refused to alter their policy, and would not hear of aggressive tactics on the part of their machines.

The climax was reached about the beginning of the New Year. By that time, owing to the vigilance of the British machines, German aeroplanes were very rarely seen to ascend in the day time. They began to come out at night; but of course this was of no use for a hundred obvious reasons. One cannot reconnoitre in the dark, and the odds are 20—1 that one will not make a safe landing. Hence during January there was the remarkable situation of complete air supremacy for the British machines. The unfortunate effect of the successful aircraft activity of the enemy in the early stages of the war was now reversed, and there is a great deal more in this than might be gathered at first glance. Not only were the Germans cut off from a most valuable source of information, but their troops could not avoid an appreciable depression as a result therefrom. It is one of the experiences of this war that the moral of front line troops depends principally upon the activity of supporting artillery and friendly aircraft. Infantry will advance under a terrific fire and will hold on to the end if it thinks its own artillery and aeroplanes are doing better work than those of the enemy.

One of the lessons of the great retreat from Mons, was that constant worry by hostile aircraft was most demoralizing. After a hard day's march, when infantry is about to enjoy some well earned rest, the buzzing of a hostile aeroplane and the bursting of a few bombs is a serious matter from more points of view than from the actual material damage done. But, on the other hand, when a force is about to launch an offensive or a counter-attack, there are few things more encouraging than the sight of a number of friendly aeroplanes circling over the enemy's lines, signalling the effect of artillery fire, and blowing up the enemy's ammunition columns.

It is no exaggeration to state that it is just such a situation as the latter which exists at present at the front. So complete has been the triumph of the Royal Flying Corps that it has ventured further afield and afforded valuable assistance to the French air service. The enemy seems to be about to change his air tactics, realizing at last that the supremacy of the air is a matter of cardinal importance and, indeed, of vital bearing on the future course of the world war. Nor is it by means of his Zeppelins or airships that he proposes to challenge our air supremacy. Even the Prussian now admits the complete myth of his Zeppelins. Only two are now on the western front and these are under such close observation that they dare not move from their powerfully armoured and guarded sheds. No, it is with armoured aeroplanes that the enemy propose to win back their air prestige. It is known that a huge fleet of these is now being constructed and that already about 250 machines are in readiness for their pilots and observers. They will have machine guns and powerful carbines and will be almost entirely devoted to air fighting. They will be a very important factor in the strategy of the hyper-offensive which the Germans are to launch on the western front about the end of March.

Hence, when the world war passes into its next phase, war in the air will become a terrible reality. No longer will it be a case of isolated combats; but there will develop squadron-encounters and a whole new branch of air manoeuvre and air tactics. The British Government is awake to all the possibilities of the situation and has acted with all the energy and effectiveness of the "K manner." Let it suffice to say, that steps are being taken to meet the new departure in enemy policy. The conflict will be deadly—the issue clear-cut—and on its outcome will depend much of the later strategy of the campaign. If the enemy overcomes his present inferiority by a gigantic effort, he will go a long way towards relaxing the iron grip of his present containment. If he loses, then he is out of the air for the rest of the war, and his capitulation will be appreciably nearer. As the war develops aircraft will be an increasingly dominating factor. Artillery becomes 500% more efficient under its direction. Intelligence is more reliable and more easily secured. Surprise on the part of the side that is "out" of the air becomes quite impossible. Those who are interested in the considerations of tactics and strategy will do well to follow the great battles of the air that are at hand. So far the Royal Flying Corps has as complete a mastery of its element as the Royal Navy has of the sea; nor will this mastery be easily won.

Lieut. W. E. G. Murray.

## The Safest Rule

It is tempting to indulge ourselves in
doing as we please,
In letting others do the work, and sitting at our ease,
To dream that fate will let us off from
effort and from strife,
To take and keep, with selfish soul, all
we can get in life,
To owe for every blessing, and never
pay a pin—
But there's bound to be a reckoning when
the bills
come
in.

The only safety for us lies in paying as
we go,
'Tis a rule without exception, for God's
world is ordered so.
We must meet each obligation, of no
matter what amount,
We must give and strive and labor hard
to clear up our account,
But it's worth the work it costs us, in
the honest peace we win,
With no trembling for the moment when
the bills
come
in!

# The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

One day, at the general meeting of the Grain Growe s of Saskatchewan, at Regina, the question of qualification for school trustees was up for discussion.

**True Democracy**

They were trying to frame a resolution which would permit of a woman sitting on the school board even if she were not on the assessment roll. Hon. George Langley asked if they did not think that all adults in the school district should vote for trustees whether they had property or not? Immediately one of the woman delegates said, "No it should be only the wives of ratepayers this privilege for women should be extended. We don't want the hired girl voting." A number of men in my neighborhood said, "Isn't that just like a woman?" A woman on the other side of the house, said. "But the women who are working for us today, are the mothers of the next generation and we do want them trained to vote, trained to a wider outlook."

American Nurses on their way to front to nurse the wounded of the Allies, had thrilling experiences as their ship "La Touraine" caught fire at sea. The good ship, though considerably damaged, safely landed her passengers at Havre

A little later the same afternoon the closer community settlement came up and one of the men who had despised the woman for not wanting the "hired girl" to vote declared, in no uncertain terms that "he was sure the Grain Growers did not want to be tied up in communities with Dukhobors, Mennonites and Galicians." By the way there were men of all these nationalities and religious beliefs as delegates to the convention. He had balled up the question in his mind, for this was not really the point at issue at all but what struck me was the total lack of any spirit of democracy in both the man and the woman. They belonged to an organization which ceases not day or night to cry aloud for its rights and a square deal, but is just a little inclined to the spirit of the off quoted prayer, "Oh Lord bless me and my wife, our son John and his wife, us four and no more."

The woman who would not let the "hired girl" vote belongs to the class who are so largely responsible for a good type of young women refusing to engage in housework as a profession and means of livelihood. As for the man, he must have sadly lacked in observation if he has not realized that there are many things which we may, with great profit to ourselves, learn from our foreign communities.

There can be no true democracy in Canada until we sink the spirit which prompted these two remarks.

"Under the storm and the clod to-day,
And to-day the hard peril and pain
To-morrow the stone shall be rolled away
For sunshine shall follow the rain."

It seems to me Joaquin Miller's exquisite lines are a very fitting Eastertide sentiment for the Canadian West, more especially this year.

**Easter**

Easter falls early, and there is not likely to be much in the shape of verdure to greet it, so far north, and the war is making "hard peril and pain" for so many of our citizens that it is difficult to cultivate the true Easter spirit of rejoicing; but just so surely as the snow and frost will ultimately give way to grass and flowers and the dear little Anemone Patens lifting their silver and lavender hoods to the sun, will this terrible war roll like a great stone away and be followed by the sunshine of a higher civilization, a better nationhood and a greater bond of brotherhood between the nations. With this thought in mind, Easter, while it will undoubtedly lack some of the joyousness of past years, should be a happy and a hopeful season, and a season in which we rise up and strive to bring joy to others. It has been said a thousand times that the present war is a testing time for the British empire, and this is true, but it is very specially a testing time for Canada and Canadians. As a nation, within an empire, our good things have come to us too easily; self government; the right of free speech; and untrammeled press have come to us without any of the sacrifices of blood and tears with which other nations have won freedom, and because these great boons have come easily we have regarded them lightly and the sense of individual responsibility for the welfare and the upbuilding of the nation has been sadly lacking, but in this war already Canada is paying her portion towards the establishing of true democracy as a world wide principle, and in the doing of that task is learning invaluable lessons on her own account. The Jew of old said, "Shall I offer to the Lord that which has cost me nothing?" Hitherto Canada's Easter offerings have had little of the savor of true self-sacrifice, but not so this year.


## Flowering Bulbs

### GLADIOLUS

These are most effective in the flower garden, the colors are magnificent and they are easily grown. Prices are here—we offer:

**Choice Mixed**—10 for 30c, 25 for 65c, $2.00 for 100.

**Groff's Hybrid Seedling Mixed**—10 for 40c, 25 for 75c, $2.50 for 100.

**Bruce's White and Light Shades**—10 for 50c, 25 for $1.00, $3.50 for 100.

**Childsi Mixed**—10 for 60c, 25 for $1.25, $4.50 for 100.

**Bruce's Superb Mixed**—made up by ourselves from all varieties—the best, 10 for 60c, 25 for $1.35, $5.00 for 100. If to be mailed add Postage at rate of 10c. for 10, 20c. for 25, and 50c. for 100.

**Named Varieties**—any color (see catalogue) 10c. to 50c. each; Postpaid.

### DAHLIAS

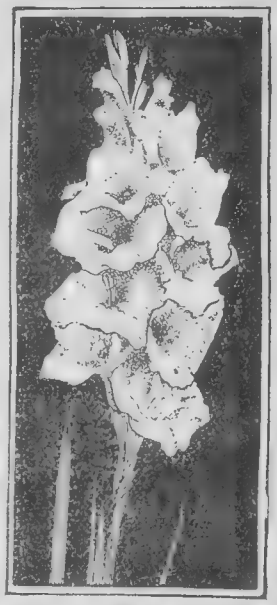
**Splendid Named Sorts**—all colors—20c. each, 3 for 55c, $2.00 for 1 dozen.

**Ordinary Varieties**—Mixed 10c. each, 3 for 30c, $1.00 for 1 dozen.

If to be mailed add Postage at rate of 5c. each, 50c. dozen. Where there are Express Offices, Express is cheaper than Mail for lots of over 6 Dahlias or over 35 Gladiolus.

**FREE**—Our handsomely illustrated 112-page catalogue of Vegetable, Flower and Farm Seeds, Bulbs, Plants, Poultry Supplies, Garden Implements, etc. Write for it.

**JOHN A. BRUCE & CO., LIMITED**
*Established 1850* HAMILTON, ONT.





## Back Home

THERE is someone interested in your success in Western Canada. Possibly it is a former neighbor who may be induced to visit you and see what these Provinces can produce. The opportunities Western Canada offers for poultry, butter, mixed farming and home making generally, might induce her to again become your near neighbor, and that is why we ask you to turn in her name and address. You are interested in the growth and development of this country; we are vitally interested in the settlement and production, and ask your co-operation to the end that we all may profit by encouraging the "Back to the land" movement. Farm products will command a high price especially for the next few years and only ten per cent of our soil is under cultivation. We will endeavor to interest your friend or friends if you will send us the names and addresses, and thank you for your co-operation in making our new plan a success.

Sit down and make a list of all your friends whom you think would be interested in Western Canada, and either mail the list to the Immigration Agent, Canadian Northern Railway, Winnipeg, or hand it to the nearest Canadian Northern Railway Agent.



## EWING'S RELIABLE SEEDS

WOULD you grow the smoothest, firmest tomatoes—the biggest squash—the tenderest green beans—the sweetest sweet corn—the crispest lettuce in the neighborhood? Then be as careful in choosing your seeds as in fertilizing and working your soil!

For over forty years the most successful gardeners in Canada have been planting Ewing's Reliable Seeds, and getting the keenest satisfaction out of the results.

*Try them yourself. Write now for our Illustrated Catalogue, and if your Dealer hasn't Ewing's Seeds, order from us direct.*

EWING'S RELIABLE SEEDS MONTREAL

THE WILLIAM EWING CO., LIMITED, 33
Seed Merchants, McGill St., Montreal.

# The Philosopher

### THE GREAT RENEWAL

What human being, old or young, well or sick, was ever indifferent to the coming of Spring, the most welcome season of all the four? All life responds to the great renewal, the annual miracle. The skies become softer, we hear the notes of the first adventurous migrant birds, the sun shines ever more strongly, the breezes are prophetic of summer, rather than reminiscent of winter, and there is a spirit of promise and of renewal over all the earth. It is, of course, the season which speaks most poignantly to youth; but who ever becomes so aged as not to respond to its influence? However long the count of the years that have added themselves, so rapidly, one after the other, to his sum of life, another Spring brings with it hope and a touch of youth. But this Spring has a shadow upon it, darkening its joy, a more terrible shadow than any preceding Spring has ever known since humankind has dwelt upon this globe. We can only hope that before the coming of another Spring the war will be ended, and that the great source of all life and its renewals will be giving its healing to the wounded spirits and broken hearts.

* * *

### HOCH DER ARITHMETIK!

How many people of German birth or extraction are there in the United States? When the war began, the talk was of six or seven millions. But the figure was inflated rapidly by the exponents of Kultur under the Stars and Stripes, who soon betrayed the fact that their Americanism was a very thin veneer over their pan-Germanism and inherited submissiveness to the Kaiser and the militarism of "the Fatherland." Soon the number was up to 15,000,000. In January the slithery Count Bernstorff, Ambassador of the Kaiser at Washington, touchingly referred to "the 20,000,000 people of German origin in the United States." Then Hermann Ridder, editor of the New York Staats Zeitung, placed the number at 25,000,000. Last month Congressman Bartholdt declared that one-third of the people of the United States were Germans by birth or descent. That would bring the number up to nearly 35,000,000. As a matter of fact, the United States census figures show that the total number of such people is 13,000,000 odd, and this includes those born in Germany, those born in the United States with one, or both, parents of German birth, and those born in the United States with one or both grandparents of German birth. The slogan of the hyphenated exponents of Kultur in the States is evidently "Hoch der Arithmetik!"

* * *

### TO STARVE THE GERMAN GUNS

Besides food for man and beast, modern warfare requires food for guns of all calibres, from the soldier's rifles to the great guns that throw projectiles weighing close upon a ton. There are other absolute necessities, such as rubber, oil and gasoline. But to consider, for the moment, only the food for the guns, it is important to note that the stoppage by the British sea power of all supplies of cotton to Germany means the cutting off of a material of paramount importance in the manufacture of ammunition. A military authority, writing in one of the English reviews, figures it out that from one shipload of 20,000 bales of cotton enough nitro-cellulose, or guncotton, can be obtained for 3,000,000,000 rifle shots, or fifteen days' shooting for all the German armies. Of the ammunition for the big guns cotton forms 75 per cent. It is computed that Germany and Austria have been using 945 tons of cotton per day to keep up their ammunition supply. As for copper, of which there must be at least 75 per cent in the brass used in cartridges and shells, the London Times makes it plain that an average of 1,300,000 German rifles firing an average of 20 shots daily have consumed 687,000 pounds of brass daily, and the machine guns and the heavy artillery, 125 tons, on an exceedingly conservative estimate, making a total of 430 tons of brass used daily. That is to say, more than 300 tons of copper a day. And the copper is absolutely essential; the projectile contents (chiefly lead) and the ammunition ingredients are only one part of Germany's problem. The container, the outer coating of cartridges and shells must be three-fourths copper; otherwise cartridges are not dependable in army rifles, nor are the big shells in the big guns, the copper bands at the base of the shells being imperatively essential for accurate gunnery. That is to say, Germany must have more than 100,000 tons of copper a year, to keep on fighting as they have been fighting thus far (to say nothing of the necessity of meeting the increase in the Allies' guns and rifles). Now Germany has been producing only 26,000 tons of copper a year, and Austria less than 4,000. If that amount could be even doubled, and not a pound of copper used for industrial purposes in Germany or Austria, it would still fall very far short of 100,000 tons. Hence the commandeering of the copper bottoms of kettles, boilers and other kitchen utensils and of all other copper that can be laid hands on, and the desperately ingenious attempts to smuggle copper into Germany and Austria. The rigid tightening of the Allies' grip on all communication between the outside world and Austria, whatever it will mean for the German and Austrian people, will mean gradual starvation of the German and Austrian guns.

### A REMARK BY THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT

The Duke of Connaught was reported not long ago as saying that every household should have a pet. But is it not a fact that few, indeed, are the households that have not a pet? Grandmother is the pet in one; the baby is the pet in the next. But, of course, this is not what the Governor-General meant. He was referring to such pets as dogs and kittens and other domestic animals. Nor are birds to be forgotten—which reminds the Philosopher of a parrot he is acquainted with, which is greatly prized by the household he belongs to, though the Philosopher, if he were a believer in transmigration, would be inclined to think the body of that parrot inhabited by the soul of some cynical mountebank or acrobat who had died of acute indigestion. There are houses in which a geranium is the pet. Who has not known a geranium in delicate health being made a pet of? There are pets and pets. Some people have a pet grievance. That is a pet which gets more petting than any other on the whole list. You don't need to have a real grievance at all, to start with, in order to have a full-grown pet grievance to end with. And it is a vigorous sort of pet. Your pet pup, or kitten, or canary, might die, but your pet grievance! It must be because of pet grievances that the word "pet" has a certain left-handed connection with sulking and grouching. A person who is sulking is described as "in a pet." But these reflections have carried us far from the very sensible remark of the Duke of Connaught, who is entirely right in saying that every household should have a pet.

* * *

### THE RIDERS OF THE PLAINS

The annual report of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police is, to look at the outside of it, just a Government blue book, like any other. But when you look inside it, you are pretty sure to find records of adventure and of energy and resourcefulness and high courage in the discharge of duty, set forth in the most matter of fact way, as being all in the day's work— as, in truth, they are for the "riders of the plains," whose fame as the preservers of British law and order is worldwide. When one of the Mounted Police goes after a lawbreaker, he is stopped by no difficulties or dangers. The history of Western Canada is rich in stirring records of the achievements of the Police. The annual report just to hand is, like all its predecessors, interesting as no other Government blue book is interesting. Among the matters set forth in it with official brevity is the pursuit, by Sergeant C. S. Harper and two constables, of a criminal into the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains and his capture, with the girl he was charged with abducting. Two horses were lost by falling down cliffs, and more than once the pursuing party was on the verge of starvation, the deep snow making progress difficult. But at last they sighted the smoke of the fugitive's camp, and after capturing him and his companion, began the return journey, which was as full of peril as the first one. The captors and the captured had to sleep in the snow in the open, and a guard had to be maintained all night. Going and coming took eighty-one days. The lawbreaker was turned over to the courts to be dealt with. It was all in the regular routine of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police.

* * *

### AS TO WOMEN'S HONESTY, AND MEN'S

Among the items of news in the papers during the past couple of weeks (outside the war news) which have struck the Philosopher as worthy of comment, but which he has not seen commented upon, is one which told of the absconding of a young woman who was employed in an Eastern city as a cashier. The item stated that her embezzlements amounted to a considerable sum. It is a rare thing for a girl or woman occupying a position as cashier, or any other post of trust, to betray her employers and abscond with the funds; indeed, the Philosopher, who has read the newspapers pretty attentively for a good many years, cannot recall another case of the sort. It has sometimes been argued that men have a clearer idea than women of commercial honesty and plain, everyday fair dealing. It has been argued that a woman is less likely than a man to return money, if she is overpaid by error, using sophistry to convince herself that there may not have been an error, or that she is not bound in duty to report it. It has been argued that a woman is more likely than a man to keep any valuable she finds, unless she actually knows the owner and can personally restore it. These things have been said, and others like them—by male writers, it must be admitted. But the fact stands that dishonesty on the part of a woman cashier is practically unknown; and the Philosopher is prepared to wager a reasonable sum that, if the truth is got at in this one case, it will be found that the embezzling was done for a man. There are many reasons, no doubt, why women do not embezzle. They have imagination to forsee the disgrace that discovery of such wrong-doing entails, and, as a rule, they have a religion of which honesty is a cardinal principle. Nor do they gamble. Who could undertake to give the number of the men, young and old, who began gambling with money not their own on cards, horses, wheat or stocks, and having lost, went on "borrowing" from the money in their charge, until they found themselves in the clutch of the law.

### PREHISTORIC MANITOBANS

This terrible war, which so eclipses all preceding wars in history, forces the mind into many an unaccustomed train of thought. As, for example, in regard to the ancient civilizations that were destroyed by war. Some of these were highly developed, others were but primitive, as in the case of the prehistoric people on this continent who vanished utterly, leaving nothing to succeeding ages but the mounds which afford the learned in such matters so fertile a field for theorizings. There used to be a mound within the present limits of the city of Winnipeg. It was investigated in 1879, and a number of human skeletons, pottery and implements found. There are other such mounds on the Red River, on the Rainy River, and in the Souris River country. They are relics of a race not Indian, but of Toltec origin, allied to the Peruvians; a peaceful race, that was wiped out by the Iroquois. It is strange to think that a large portion of this Western country was once occupied by people who developed a considerable measure of civilization, who had their own problems of existence, their own religion, their own arts and crafts, and who vanished ages ago.

* * *

### "BURN THIS LETTER"

There came recently to light in England some letters which had been received by King James the First and put away so safely that for three centuries they have lain undiscovered. One of them, which is both interesting and illuminative in more ways than one. It was written to the King by the Duke of Buckingham, the favorite whose influence over the first of the Stuart monarchs of England is a matter of history, and is as follows:

> "Here is a gentleman called Sir Francis Leake, who hath a Philosopher's Stone. 'Tis worth but Eight Thousand; he will give it me, if you will make him a Baron. I will, if you command not the contrary, have his patent ready to sign when I come down. He is of good religion, well born, and hath a good estate. I pray you burn this letter."

The letter—with its disclosure of the old belief in the philosopher's stone, believed to possess the property of converting the baser metals into gold, or of curing various bodily ills, and its disclosure also of how titles were bought three hundred years ago—was not burnt. Some historical writer ought to compile a book containing all the most important letters which those who received them should (in the interests of their own, or the writer's good fame) have burnt, but did not. An old politician said to a younger one: "Whenever you write a letter and end by a request to the man it is written to that he shall burn it, do not send it, but burn it yourself."

* * *

### VERY FEW WOMEN LEGISLATORS

An interesting (and, to the Philosopher, a new) argument is being set forth in the States by the opponents of woman suffrage. Why is it, ask those who are putting this contention forward, that in the States where women have the vote, women are not being a more conspicuous part in the actual work of lawmaking? A pamphlet which has come in the Philosopher's mail from Cambridge, Massachusetts, says:

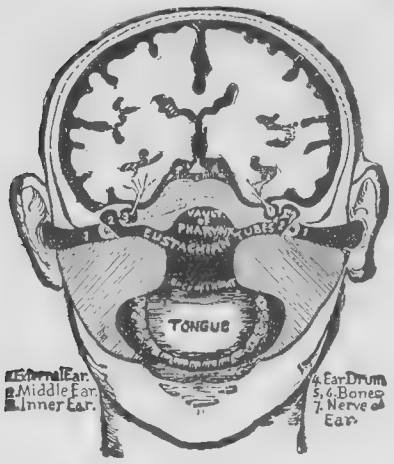
> "Men, they say, are indifferent to the interests of women and children. They care nothing about child labor. They do not think anything about sanitation, of food adulteration, or pure milk, or factory regulation, or the social evil, or dozens of other things which women have at heart. Give women the ballot, it is said, and all these things will be taken care of by the 'mothering influence' of women.
>
> "But, if all this is true, why is it that the suffrage States have not found it out? An examination of the official lists of members of the Legislatures in the nine States where women were voting last November shows a singular indifference to the value of women lawmakers."

Then follows this table of figures:

| | Members of Legislatures | Women Members |
|---|---|---|
| Arizona | 54 | 2 |
| California | 120 | 0 |
| Colorado | 100 | 2 |
| Idaho | 94 | 1 |
| Kansas | 165 | 0 |
| Oregon | 90 | 2 |
| Utah | 63 | 2 |
| Washington | 138 | 0 |
| Wyoming | 84 | 1 |
| | 908 | 10 |

This argument against woman suffrage may be summed up thus: Since only a little more than one per cent of the legislative membership in the woman suffrage States is composed of women, what becomes of the argument of the advocates of woman suffrage that there is need of woman's influence in lawmaking? But the plain and obvious answer to that is this: Woman's influence can be exercised without any women being elected as legislators, or seeking election as legislators. It can be exercised in electing men of the right sort. And what about the argument that if women had the suffrage, they would become numerously troublesome as office-seekers? The above figures seem to dispose of that argument. A certain man who is prominent in Canadian public life, and who is not an advocate of votes for women, said to the Philosopher not many months ago, "I must admit frankly that I have yet to hear the first solid and valid argument against woman suffrage."

# HEADNOISES BOOK FREE




## Ear Passages Where Trouble Starts

If you have buzzing, ringing noises in your head and ears, or a snapping in your ears when you blow your nose, write at once for the wonderfully helpful book on head and ear noises and how to treat them, now being given away absolutely free of charge by its author, the famous Deafness Specialist Sproule.

This book explains just what causes distressing head and ear noises, and shows how they are the forerunners of that terrible affliction—Deafness. It points out the way of escape and has already helped hundreds to get rid of their head and ear noises absolutely and permanently, and to regain clear, distinct hearing. From beginning to end it's full of medical information of great value to all sufferers from head noises, and it's illustrated with fine pictures of the head and ear passages where the trouble comes on.

Send for this book at once and learn of the successful New Method for the treatment of your head and ear noises. It's yours, just for the asking. Write your full name and address on the dotted lines and mail the Free Book Coupon to Deafness Specialist Sproule, 117 Trade Building, Boston.

FREE HEADNOISES BOOK COUPON

Full Name .....

Address .....

.....



## Manitoba Hair Goods Co.

**Wholesale and Retail**

**Hair Goods**

Special offering only for April. Regular $16.00 Switches for

**$11.50**

Regular $8.00 Switches for

**$4.50**

We refund your money if the goods are not satisfactory. **Send us your sample of hair right now.**

**344 Portage Ave., Winnipeg**



## $1.50 Rapid Vacuum Washer $1.00

The real, original vacuum washer. The washer that will wash anything—shirt bands, dirty cuffs, collars, anything in three minutes. That is what the RAPID does. For a short time only, we will send the RAPID postpaid for $1.00. But you must send this advertisement along with the dollar. Don't miss this chance—it won't be repeated. Send $1.00 to-day with this ad. If not satisfactory, your money will be returned.

FISHER-FORD MFG. CO.
DEPT. 23 TORONTO, ONT.


# Sunday Reading

### Which One Do You Need?

Half of success is in seeing the significance of little things.

Sympathy is a key that fits the lock of any heart.

The religion that produces no sunshine is all moonshine.

There are too many hungry for love for any ever to talk of suffering from loneliness.

Another man's burden is the Christian's best badge.

When your face spells failure it's no use talking of the glory of your faith.

There's no argument equal to a happy smile.

Stealing sorrow is as much a sin as acquiring stolen joys.

Love never knows how much it gives nor what it costs.

The song of sympathy never comes until the singer has been to the school of sorrow.

True spirituality can see the altar in the cookstove and the washtub.

It's the common virtues that make uncommon saints.

Success is not in an endeavor to do a great thing, but in repeated endeavors to do greater things.

The surest way to impoverish your heart is to hoard up your love.

The long look within ourselves will cure us of a lot of impatience with other folks.

A life is an empty lamp without the oil of love.

The only way to have happiness as a permanent guest is to keep your door open to the helpless.

You are not likely to cheer the hearts of men by looking down in the mouth yourself.

Many a man thinks his life is clouded over when the truth is he is burying his head in the steam of his own sighings.

A merry heart kills more microbes than any medicine.

To-morrow's burden is the only one that breaks the back of to-day.

Tears over yesterday's broken toys blind us to to-day's treasures.

—Henry F. Cope.

From "Levels of Living"

### While There's Life

A Scottish parson, remarkable for the simple force of his pulpit style, was enlarging one Sunday upon the text, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

"Yes, my friends," urged he with solemn earnestness, "unless ye repent ye shall as surely perish," deftly placing his left forefinger on the wing of a bluebottle fly that had just alighted upon the reading desk while the parson's right hand was uplifted, "just as surely as, my friend, I flatten this poor fly."

But before the threatened blow descended the fly got away, whereupon the minister further "improved the occasion" with ready wit, exclaiming,

"There's a chance for ye yet, my friends."

### No More Improvisations

A good story is told in the January number of the "Choir" of Mr. Alfred Hollins, the well-known blind organist. Mr. Hollins has a wonderful power of extempore playing, which, he confesses, he finds exceedingly exhausting, and for this reason never responds to the demand for an encore.

A short time ago Mr. Hollins gave two recitals at a church in the Midlands, one in the afternoon and again in the evening. At the second recital a crowded congregation demanded an encore, and so persistent were they that he made a short speech, in which he said: "I have already given two improvisations, one this afternoon and again this evening, so it is not possible for me to comply with your request at present; but if you will give your minister two texts, and he will extemporise upon them, then I will be willing to try a third." The congregation were not prepared for two sermons, and in this dexterous manner did he escape.

### The Politics of God's Kingdom

By the Archbishop of York

(The following extract from a recent address by Dr. Gordon Lang at Bradford may well form a footnote to our recent symposium).

The politics of the Kingdom of God are expressed in principles which may be called commonplace, such as these—the wealth of a nation consists ultimately not in its exports or its imports, but in the number of noble lives that are being lived within; the capital of a country, whether for use at home or export abroad, is ultimately the character of the citizens; the defence which a country needs ultimately most of all is defence against injustice, indifference, materialism, vice, and selfishness without which the public weal is continually assailed. It is a mistake to think that the kingdom of God is a world distant in time and in space. It is here now, in the hearts and consciences of men.

Again, the mistake is made of thinking that the kingdom of God is this world at its best, and is something to be evolved by the thought, the energy of men—a material Utopia. Even supposing such a material Utopia were realised, there would still be within it a blank which it could never satisfy; there would still be a desire in the midst of its citizens deep down, ineradicable belonging to their very nature, which not all their prosperity and comfort could possibly satisfy—man's primary need of God. The Kingdom of God is something that comes from above. It is not something to be evolved out of human nature, but something which is to come into human nature, to dignify, to strengthen, and to ennoble. It is not for man to make the city of God, it is for the city of God to make man.

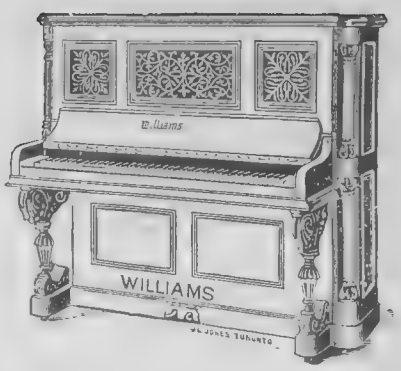
Whence are we going to gain that persistence, that earnestness which makes us see that intemperance, for instance, is something not to be tolerated? The flame of moral zeal must be kindled from above. From above comes not only moral zeal, but moral persistence.

### "I Am the Way"

We do not know when or where the wave of trouble is to sweep up against us as a great roller suddenly heaves up out of a tranquil sea; but just because of such awful surprises we build in cloudless days where the flood can never reach us, high up on the rock. That is the message of Jesus to many a life which wants to hear of other things, as the disciples wanted to know of that which Jesus did not reveal. Many a mystery of life and death is undisclosed by Him, many a problem which distracts the mind is left unanswered; but along the way He opens moves for ever the hope and peace of man. Not knowing whither we are going, we take our life and duty just as they come; and across all the uncertainties of joy and trouble, and achievement and regret, and life and death, that may await us, the voice of Jesus calls, "I am the Way!"—Dr. F. G. Peabody.

### Prevailing Prayer

The river that runs slow and creeps by the banks, and begs leave of every turf to let it pass, is drawn into little hollownesses, and spends itself in smaller portions, and dies with diversion; but when it runs with vigorousness and a full stream, and breaks down every obstacle, making it even as its own brow, it stays not to be tempted by little avocations, and to creep into holes, but runs into the sea through full and useful channels. So is a man's prayer. If it moves upon the feet of an abated appetite, it wanders into the society of every trifling accident, and stays at the corners of the fancy, and talks with every object it meets, and cannot arrive at heaven; but when it is carried upon the wings of passion and strong desires, a swift notion and a hungry appetite, it passes on through all the intermedial regions of clouds, and stays not till it dwells at the foot of the throne, where mercy sits, and thence sends holy showers of refreshment (Eph. vi. 18).—Jeremy Taylor.


# BARGAINS

## Pianos Players Organs Phonographs

UXBRIDGE ORGAN, FIVE OCTAVE, CABINET style, in walnut. A splendid bargain at $40. Terms $10 cash and $6 monthly.

GODERICH CHAPEL ORGAN—OAK CASE, new, selling for $70. Terms $10 cash and $6 monthly.

SHERLOCK-MANNING ORGAN, PIANO case, in golden oak. Regular price $140, almost new, selling at $70. Terms $10 cash, $6 monthly

THOMAS ORGAN, PIANO CASE, IN WALnut, beautiful design. A $150 instrument, slightly used, selling for $80. Terms $10 cash, $6 monthly.

PLAYER ORGAN—SHERLOCK-MANNING, a very fine instrument; can be played by hand or with player music rolls; regular price $275, partly paid for, selling for balance $185. Terms $20 cash and $7 monthly.

EUNGBLUT UPRIGHT PIANO—ENGLISH make, small piano, walnut case; selling for $125. Terms $10 cash and $6 monthly.

NEEDHAM & COMPANY, LARGE SIZE piano, in golden oak case; regular price $400; piano used about five years; selling for $200. Terms $10 cash, $7 monthly.

KIMBALL PIANO—LARGE GOLDEN OAK case, very elaborate in design, $450 piano taken in exchange, in very fine condition; selling for $225. Terms $10 cash, $7 monthly.

DOHERTY PIANO—MISSION CASE, ALMOST new. Regular price $400, selling for $265. Terms $15 cash, $8 monthly.

MASON & RISCH PIANO—VERY ELABORate design, taken in exchange, in use about three years; regular price $500; selling for $325. Terms $15 cash, $8 monthly.

EVERSON PLAYER PIANO—USED ABOUT two years, in nice walnut case, 65-note instrument, in perfect order; regular price $700; selling for $450, with 10 rolls of music and player bench. Terms $20 cash and $10 monthly.

NEW SCALE WILLIAMS PIANO—$500 INstrument, in use one year by leading music teacher in studio, selling for $360. Terms $15 cash and $8 monthly.

ENNIS PLAYER PIANO—EQUIPPED WITH all modern mechanical features. This player is an exceptionally fine instrument; regular price $700; partly paid for; owner going away, selling for balance, $435. We guarantee this player. Terms $20 cash, balance $12 monthly. Ten rolls of music.

ELECTRIC PLAYER PIANO APOLLO, A combination of the regular piano, player piano and the electric player, a $1000 instrument, perfectly new, but was used for demonstrating purpose, selling for $800. Terms arranged to suit. This is a home instrument, and also a great attraction for cafes or places of amusement, 20 music rolls free.

ONE COLUMBIA HORNLESS PHONOGRAPH and 25 records, regular price $45, sale price $26. Terms $7 cash and $5 per month.

ONE EDISON HOME PHONOGRAPH AND 20 records, used; regular price $78, sale price $28. Terms $8 cash and $5 monthly.

ONE EDISON HOME PHONOGRAPH AND 10 records. Diamond Point reproducer; sale price $45. Terms $8 cash and $5 monthly.

MAKE YOUR SELECTION WHILE THERE is a large choice.

MAIL ORDERS FOR ANY INSTRUMENT above must be accompanied by first cash payment.

## Cross, Goulding & Skinner
LIMITED

**323 Portage Avenue Winnipeg**

# What the World is Saying

### Retribution

Germany may yet have a touch of Belgium's experience.—New York Herald

* * *

### Furrow and Trench

Patriotism may be displayed in the furrow as well as in the trenches.—Edmonton Bulletin.

* * *

### Too Much Kultur in Their Systems

Our citizens of German extraction could do with a little more extracting.—New York Evening Post.

* * *

### Doesn't Seem Fair

A German editor gets six months in jail for ridiculing the Crown Prince, but the Crown Prince gets nothing for being ridiculous. It's hardly fair.—Hamilton Herald

* * *

### The Vastness of Russia

The problems Russia has to face in equipping, feeding and transporting her armies must dwarf the troubles of other countries. Russia is a world in herself.—Montreal Gazette.

* * *

### As to State Religion in China

There is some question as to what is the State religion of China, Buddhism or Confucianism. Gathered from the despatches we should say it was Confucian worse confounded.—Victoria Colonist.

* * *

### A Bad Family

The Crown Princess Cecilie is said to be the most popular woman in Germany. No doubt she is a very estimable lady; but she married into a bad family.—Montreal Daily Mail.

* * *

### The Turk is Done for in Europe

The Turkish minister, Talaat Bey, says that Germany was not responsible for Turkey entering the war. Well, he is throwing away an alibi that might come in handy some of these days.—Minneapolis Journal.

* * *

### A Land of Extremes

One of the most amazing things in this war is that Germany, a police-ridden country, has developed into an international criminal and outlaw. The same nation illustrates the extremes—too much law and no law at all.—Toronto Star.

* * *

### Politics and War

Clausewitz was right when he declared that war was merely an extension of politics. But though he meant the saying as a justification of war, sensitive and civilized people will take it as an indictment of politics.—Ottawa Citizen.

* * *

### Oxford and Cambridge at the Front

The cry, "Send us the best you breed," is being nobly responded to by the college men in Great Britain. Over two-thirds of the undergraduates of both Oxford and Cambridge have already enlisted, while a considerable portion of the remainder are members of training corps, and will eventually go to the front.—Canadian Journal of Commerce.

* * *

### How Much Wheat Will this Country Grow

Great Britain imported 185,125,000 bushels of wheat from August 1, 1913, to July 31, 1914. Russia exported 163,267,000 bushels and Roumania 45,643,000 bushels in the same time. How far is Canada going to help to make up the deficiency?—Lethbridge Herald.

* * *

### German Falseness

John Bull would prove himself a true humorist if he should ask Uncle Sam to guarantee Germany's good faith on anything. It's about as easy to guarantee the way a scrap of paper will blow in a March breeze.—Brooklyn Eagle.

* * *

### The Turkish National Policy

Turkey has the most curious policy that ever governed a nation. It is simple, and it has the beauty of simplicity. If you see trouble, get into it; if you don't see it, make it.—Chicago Tribune.

* * *

### Good Indians

While the Piutes were on the warpath in the back ends of Colorado and Utah, reviving the old days of fear and death and savagery, the Northwestern Federation of American Indians met at Tacoma to urge the suppression of the liquor trade among their race and to devise ways of helping the old and the needy. That contrast tells the story of a half century of progress, and the work will not be undone.—Collier's.

### Turk and German

Ambassador Bernstorff might call up the age-long massacres in Armenia as proof of "Turkey's traditionally tolerant attitude towards all religions." The Turk shelters other creeds almost as faithfully as Germany protected Belgium.—Kansas City Times.

* * *

### School Boys as Potato Growers

Has not Mayor Walters taken a big risk in offering $5 to every boy under 15 years of age who raises ten bushels of potatoes on a Garden club lot this year? The youngsters may earn the whole of the mayoral salary.—Hamilton Spectator.

* * *

### "Belgian" Means "Brave"

While Queen Elizabeth of Belgium was reviewing a couple of regiments, German aeroplanes were dropping bombs from overhead, but the review went on. The Belgians have lost their country temporarily, but their spirit is unconquerable.—London Daily Mail.

* * *

### Where Fodder Abounds

Ontario at the present time has twice as many beef cattle as Alberta, Manitoba and Saskatchewan combined. Enough fodder goes to waste in the black loam belt every year to feed them all for ten years.—Melfort Moon

* * *

### Again the Wriggling Dernburg

Dr. Dernburg argues that as the war has cost the United States a loss of trade amounting to $500,000,000, therefore the allies are warring on the United States. What he means, evidently is that if the allies had just kept quiet and let Germany lick them without a struggle, the whole thing could have been over in a month and business booming again long ere this.—New York Tribune.

* * *

### A Kultural Idea of Dernburg's

As we are intensely concerned with the true progress of civilization, Doctor Dernburg has evolved the ingenious theory that a war against Germany is practically a war against the United States. Why not change the official designation of this country to the United States of German-America, or the United Hyphen States, or something of that sort, and be done with it?—Providence (R.I.) Journal.

* * *

### The Other Way Round

How would it strike neutral powers if Britain should threaten to destroy their shipping unless escorted by a man-of-war? Would they be greatly impressed by the plea that hostile submarines made it difficult, and dangerous either to maintain a close blockade or to search ships for contraband? Would they regard it as a happy compromise to require neutral men-of-war to guarantee that the ships under their convoy were not bound for Germany and carried no contraband?—Springfield Republican.

* * *

### Belgium Must Be Set Free

When Germany set foot in Belgium, she put the British fleet between herself and all her oversea possessions and oversea commerce; and if she dreams of diplomatic arrangements or compromises which may leave her in possession of Belgian territory, she had better make up her mind that we consider our guarantee of Belgian territory to be as valid and vital at this moment as at the beginning of the war.—Springfield Republican.

* * *

### Patriotism and Hate

The avowal that the love of good Germans for Germany is inseparable from hatred of other countries shows how deeply the aggressiveness of German policy has sunk into the nation's mood. Only by constantly viewing their own country as in a natural state of challenge to all others can Germans have come to absorb the view that hatred is the normal manifestation of patriotism. It is a purely militarist conception.—London Times.

* * *

### The Duty of the Canadian Hen

Someone should stir up the Canadian hen and make her realize that we are at war, and that every part of the country should do its best. During the last fiscal year Canada imported 11,250,000 dozen eggs. The eggs came from Great Britain, Hong Kong, Japan, New Zealand and the United States. It is only a few years ago that we were exporting eggs to Great Britain.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

* * *

### Instability in China

News comes from China that the deposed Emperor, who is now eight years old, lives secluded in a pavilion in the Forbidden City in ignorance of the downfall of the ancient dynasty. Perhaps it is just as well for the young Pu-Yi. It might be dangerous for him to stray far from his quiet home just now. The political situation in the new republic is by no means tranquil.—Quebec Chronicle.

### Hats Off to the British Navy

Britain sends some of her most powerful battleships to pierce their way through the Dardanelles, guards her commerce on the seven seas of the world, and maintains sufficient fighting strength in the North Sea to keep the much vaunted grand fleet of the Germans huddled in the Kiel canal. Take off your hats, gentlemen, to the British navy.—New York Times

* * *

### Made-in-Germany News for Neutrals

The Germans cannot realize that there is any impartial opinion anywhere in the world. For them the world consists of the Germans, who are all good; of their enemies, who are all bad; and of neutrals, who would be German if they could and therefore wish to believe what the Germans wish to believe. Hence the manner in which the wireless news is composed. It tells the world what Germans wish to believe, assuming that all neutrals will believe it on evidence that would satisfy Germans.—Manchester Guardian.

* * *

### The French People

Before the war, many people considered the inhabitants of France decadent, enervated, corrupt. But the Gauls have shown themselves possessed of a type of manhood and of a measure of endurance of which any nation might be proud. They have shown themselves prepared, devoted, resourceful and self-denying. Their bitterest enemies may hate them, but must feel a very cordial admiration for them.—Detroit Free Press.

* * *

### Costliness of Sea Power

The staggering money-cost of modern naval warfare is indicated in some degree by the following authoritative estimate. If the twenty-nine Dreadnoughts now in commission in the British navy were sent on an eight-hour full-power coal-burning run they would consume 4320 tons of fuel, running up a bill of some $15,000. If a single Dreadnought battle squadron of eight ships were ordered to steam at full speed for twenty-four hours and to fire each gun and each torpedo tube once, the cost to the nation would be approximately $1,000,000, allowing nothing for the depreciation of material.—London Standard.

* * *

### A Forth Bridge Fabrication

An officer tells of an interesting sidelight on the false dissemination of news in Germany afforded by an incident on a ship conveying prisoners after the recent naval battle to Edinburgh. Steaming up the Forth, the bridge came in sight, and attracted the interested attention of the rescued German seamen, who inquired: "What great structure is that?" On being informed that it was the celebrated Forth bridge the men expressed their surprise and incredulity, and remarked that that was impossible, as the Forth bridge had been blown up by the Germans months ago.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

* * *

### Freak Legislation

In Kansas a bill has been introduced in the interests of pure complexions, forbidding the use of powder, cosmetics, false hair, etc., by women under 40 years of age. In Denver a curfew law for chickens and rabbits has been introduced. In Boston legislators are entertaining bills to tax bachelors, to abolish hay fever and to prohibit doctors and dentists from growing hair on their faces. Evidently the fool legislator is in his glory and has broken out like an epidemic to make the country wonder where all the fools come from.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

* * *

### Germany's Six Excuses

We know, and it is hard to see how the German people should not also know, that the Belgian invasion has been officially explained by German authorities in six separate and mutually contradictory ways. Belgium withheld a cargo of wheat from Germany. Germany knowingly violated international law, but had to do it for her own advantage. French soldiers had entered Germany, though not Belgium. French soldiers had entered Belgium, though not Germany. France would have invaded Belgium if Germany had not. Britain would have done it if Germany and France had not.—New York World

* * *

### The Insanity of Kultur

In his memoirs, Li Hung Chang, the Chinese viceroy, says that Bismarck said to him: "You have seen but little of us in your part of the world, for Germany as a unit is only a new nation, but the time will come when the German empire will dominate Europe. England, with all her bluster and show, has a hundred weak points, and she knows that a conflict with a power that is nearly her equal will mean her undoing. I hate the boasting Englanders." The Germanic dream about dominating Europe, about being the "blonde giant, avidly rampant" that Nietzche pictures has as much substance as most other dreams. Sometimes dreams lead to suicide.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

# The Young Woman and Her Problem

Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

### Fighting Her Way

Mark Twain said that the cauliflower is nothing more than educated cabbage. The American Beauty has been developed from the wild rose. Our beautiful apples have been grafted from trees that originally bore tiny bitter green fruit. All nature bears proof of the value of cultivation.

A girl who has to fight her own way is the most fortunate of girls. Last week I received a letter from a Canadian girl who is now working her way in Chicago. She expects to finish her course in College this year. I quote this from her letter: "At present I am working my way through school here—and am earning more than the price of my board and room. I'd like to whisper in every girl's ear, the joy I am having in feeling that I am getting something the world cannot take away—an education. Oh how I would like every girl to study. Some girls say they cannot afford it. Many a girl has worked a way through and many a girl can do it now. There is always a way if one just prays and works hard enough. I have always wanted to study but had no idea of the joy of it until now."

A girl of eighteen who received a prize of one hundred dollars for an essay she has written in a nation wide contest says: "I have had to fight my own way since I was fourteen years old. Perhaps that is why I won the prize. I had had so much fighting to do before I entered the contest that I was not afraid of obstacles. I mean to teach that I may encourage other girls who are fighting their way."

If you look into the lives of successful women you will discover that they put up a long, hard fight before achieving the goal of their success.

Obstacles sharpen one's wits. "When ambition runs high, obstacles do not discourage one."

Harriet Beecher Stowe said: "When you get into a tight place, and everything goes against you, till it seems you cannot hold out a minute longer, never give up then, for that is just the place and time that the tide will turn."

High and continuous courage is a compelling power. Castine Swanson was once a poor immigrant girl. She worked her way through school. When the home for working women in Boston needed a superintendent she was chosen, and today she is recognized as one of Boston's splendid women.

We can fight obstacles best by having our mind so full of high ambition that discouragements will not have power over us, because there is a mightier power within us.

* * *

### Why Some Girls Fail in Business

The head of the Women Telephonists of London who has about five thousand girls and women under her supervision, was recently asked to write of the things that prevent girls from succeeding in business. Miss A. A. Heap replied by giving these causes:

First—the majority of young girls look upon the business office as a mere stop-gap between that time and their marriage—or some other profession that they will like better.

Take your work seriously—realize its importance.

Second—Another grave defect in the business girl is her conservatism. She does not want to learn anything new the person who can do two things well is of more value in the business world than the person who can do only one. The possibility of obtaining a new situation is doubled by her knowing how to do more than one thing. Few young girls realize how much they might learn by observation.

Third—another defect is her unwillingness to accept criticism or discipline, and a desire to set up her own standard of excellence in her work. She suffers from too high appreciation of self.

Fourth—another defect is their habit of talking shop in public places thus disclosing important business secrets that injure their employers.

Fifth—Improper dress. Neat plain dress is the only suitable attire for business. Heavy colds and absence from business results from wearing filmy muslins with low necks.

Every month I receive letters from girls asking this question: "How may I be happy?"

You cannot complain and be happy at the same time. Life pays us back in our own coin. Those who serve are served. "One act of kindness each day would make the year a string of pearls." An immigrant girl told me last week that she did not like the people here. She is lonely and cannot find a permanent situation so she blames the country. One of the first lessons for a girl to learn is that of adapting one's self to her environment. It can be done. Wherever you are placed, shine out brightly. "Earth's real queens are those who see the royalty of loving service."

* * *

### Heroines of the Telephone

There is probably no class of young women more abused by the people whom they serve than telephone girls. The public seems to regard them as mere machines in place of real human girls, sensitive and responsive to kindly treatment. I wonder if it is possible to find more heroines in any other line of work than among the telephone girls.

There was the Belgian girl at Liege. When the Germans were bombarding the city, she sat at a private telephone over-looked accidentally by the besiegers when all other telephones were destroyed, and after each return shot from the fortress, looked calmly to see where it fell, and telephoned to correct the range: "A little more to the right." "Too far to the left." "Not so high." The Germans were amazed by the accuracy of the Belgian gunners and investigated. The girl was discovered, arrested and shot. Even the German officer who ordered her shot expressed his admiration of her unflinching courage.

But there are scores of telephone girls on our continent who have risked death to stay at their posts when duty called, through fire, earthquake and flood. Mr. George Walsh has recently collected records of telephone girls and these are some of the examples he cites.

When the Title Guaranty Building of St. Louis, twelve stories high, and full of people, caught fire, two girl operators—Julia Devine and Lorraine Davis—began to send warning to every office in the building. They kept at work

The young ladies of Gladstone, Man., give dramatic and artistic performances for the Patriotic Fund


**SANITARIUM TREATMENT**

Every known form of Sanitarium Treatment is in use at the National Institute. Each department is equipped with the most modern apparatus known to medical science.

**Electric Light Baths**

do not cure any one disease but when used in CORRECT combination with other treatment they do materially assist in relieving the system of toxic matter and so rid the body of poisons that prevent health from gaining its rightful heritage.

**SKIN DISEASES**

of all kinds are being treated with pronounced success—many cases from twenty to thirty years standing. RHEUMATISM, NERVOUSNESS, SCIATICA, INDIGESTION, including weaknesses of all kinds, respond equally well and a cure can be assured in practically every case.

**No Charge Whatever**

is made for the large illustrated booklet. Get one, it will not cost you anything and will explain how Modern Methods CAN and DO CURE disease when used in conformity with the highest Medical Authority throughout the world.

**NATIONAL INSTITUTE**

Carlton Block (Corner Carlton and Portage Ave.) Winnipeg.
Phone M. 2544. Open Evenings.

**GROCERIES**

After ten years of successful trade in the city, we have opened a large Wholesale Department for country orders (our country trade has been growing so large of late years) and have ready a full list of all kinds of groceries at lowest possible prices. Please send for catalogue and it will be mailed to you at once.

**PATERSON**
Wholesale Dept.
222 MARKET STREET, WINNIPEG

FREE Violin Outfi
for selling 20 pictures 20 pkgs. post cards 10c. Order your choic
GEO. GATES CO.
Dept. 641 Chica

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

**$1.00**

pays for The

Western Home Monthly

for Twelve Months.

The Best Magazine Value available. Send it to your friend at a distance.

**Twenty Year Guaranteed Aluminum Kitchen Utensils**

The original "1892" Aluminum utensils are the only 20 year-guaranteed kitchen ware. Not cast or stamped but spun from the solid metal. Indestructible and will last a life time.

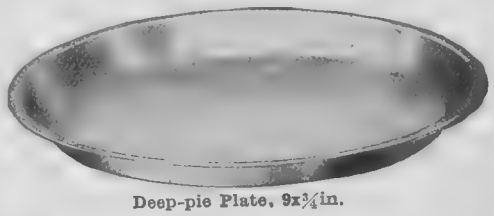
CATALOGUE FREE for the asking. It tells you why "1892" is the best aluminum ware made.

Charges Prepaid

We prepay charges on all orders of $9.00 and over.

Write to-day for our great Hoosier club plan. Remember we take everything back at our expense if you are not satisfied.

Send me prepaid sample pie plate, 9x¾ in., for which I enclose 20c. in stamps. Money to be refunded if I am not satisfied.
W.H.M.



Deep-pie Plate, 9x¾in.

NAME..... ADDRESS.....

**THE "HOOSIER" STORE**
287 DONALD STREET WINNIPEG, MAN.

# Wingold's Bargain Sale Catalog

Put your name and address on the coupon below and mail it at once.

## Will Help You Save Money

**This great Bargain Book names the lowest prices ever made on:**

**Woven Wire Fencing, Pumps, Cream Separators, Hardware, Blacksmiths' Outfits, Plow Shares, Graniteware, Washing Machines, Furniture, Sewing Machines Stoves and Ranges, Kitchen Cabinets.**

**Don't spend another dollar until you see how much you can save by sending to Wingold's. We sell only guaranteed products.**

March 17, 1915
THE WINGOLD CO.
W.H.M. Dept. Winnipeg
Please send me your Bargain Sale Catalog.
Name.....
Address.....
.....



# Doherty

THE STORE OF SERVICE
QUALITY AND SATISFACTION

## MUSIC IN THE HOME IS LIKE MOISTURE IN THE SOIL

**They both produce Health and Happiness.**
**A Home without music is indeed not a home at all.**

After a hard day's work how pleasant and restful it is to sit and listen to the delightful strains of the old and favorite songs—the bright snappy waltz music—the stirring patriotic pieces.

We want every home in our great western country to have a musical instrument of some kind.

We have a very large range to select from and at prices that are ridiculously low in comparison with the fine quality, finish and tone of the instruments.

We list below a few of our splendid offerings. We have many more that we will supply you with upon application.

DOHERTY ORGAN—Case in walnut; fair condition. Cost $150.00. Special $ 40.00
SQUIRE & SON—Upright, walnut case; a good practice piano. Easy terms. Special at..... $ 50.00
NEWCOMB PIANO—Upright, small size; rosewood case; in good condition; cost $325. For sale at less than half price..... $150.00
EDISON FIRESIDE—Golden oak, in fine condition. Complete with 12 records. Price..... $ 25.00
LARGE CABINET PHONOGRAPHS—Absolutely new. Same style as the hundred dollar machines. Large record cabinet in base. Mahogany or oak. Complete with 24 record selections. Easy terms. While they last..... $ 45.00

MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT
**DOHERTY PIANO CO., LIMITED, 323 Donald St., Winnipeg**

2.25 DELIVERED

WRITE FOR
# Big Free Catalog
NOW READY

SCOTTISH WHOLESALE SPECIALTY CO.
263 TALBOT AVENUE, WINNIPEG



**IF VISITING CALIFORNIA**

Remember our Los Angeles office is at your disposal Information and assistance in locating permanently or temporarily gladly given. Home newspapers on file for convenience of our visitors. We specialise in Fruit Lands.

**Harrison, O'Kelly, Burrows and La Fresnaye, Canadian Investments of California, Incpd.**
602 Security Building, Los Angeles, California.
Phone Home F1281, Sunset M6084 and 602 McArthur Block, Winnipeg

**FREE** Violin Outfit for selling 20 pictures or 20 pkgs. post cards at 10c. Order your choice. GATES MFG. CO. Dept. 741 Chicago



When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

**"PERFECTION" WATERPROOF APRON**
**SAVES YOUR DRESSES**

By keeping them dry and spotless. Absolutely waterproof and acidproof, and guaranteed not to crack or peel. Pays for itself at once as dress insurance. Send for one to-day; $1.00 post paid. Money returned if not satisfactory on receipt of apron.

**O. L. BOYD, 312 Boyd Building, Winnipeg**
LADY AGENTS wanted to handle this and other attractive goods. Write to-day.


after the smoke poured chokingly into their room, and until every person had been warned.

Rose Coppinger of Webbers Falls, Oklahoma, when a fire started that threatened to destroy the town, stayed at her post in the Pioneer Telephone Company's exchange after all the other girls had gone, frantically plugging hole after hole, calling up the farmers and business men of the surrounding country. She sent the alarm broadcast while the fire crept so close that the building in which she was at work began to tremble and totter—and she did not attempt to escape till the wires were useless.

When word came that a flood was bearing down on the town of Folsom, New Mexico, Mrs. Rooke, night operator, sent the warning to all the scattered farms in the lowlands: "Flood coming! Run for high ground!" Forty lives were saved, but the building in which she worked was carried away. The next day she was found with the head piece still strapped to her ears.

The work at its best is hard on the nerves but I imagine not the least cause of the nerve-racking experience is the sharp irritating cutting voice of women who delight in "calling the telephone girl down"; perhaps the impatient business man comes in for his share of blame too. Let us not forget that the girl with the harness on her head is human and a little consideration on the part of the public will insure better service.

* * *

Will the young woman who wrote to the writer of this page, and expressed the wish to communicate with any one who might be interested in her experience, kindly send her name to me, as I wish to write her personally.

P. R. HAMILTON.

### The Old Road

By Nancy Byrd Turner

A mile or more it keeps beside the highway,
Smooth as a river goes,
Sunken with time, a sweet abandoned byway
That trade no longer knows;
Whose boundaries are lost to them that pass,
Where one must search to feel,
Deep under tangled vine and fragrant grass,
Old scars of hoof and wheel.

Then with a bend it takes a waiting meadow,
And, if the year be spring,
Glows like a rainbow with the shine and shadow
Of many a glancing wing;
Glad bees and butterflies that cannot rest,
And, through the warm June hours,
Children knee-deep in daisies on its breast,
All overwhelmed with flowers.

Here, breaking sharp to let a brook go faster,
The slope is rife, with song.
If it be autumn, goldenrod and aster
Crowd in a listening throng;
By wet brown stones a few late violets hide,
Their little faces drenched,
And one bowed maple strews its red leaves wide,
Bright, ruddy flames unquenched.

Now, soft ascending creeping, solitary,
It threads the pine wood's rim,
Where holily, as in a sanctuary,
The sunlight filters dim;
Where the old road becomes a checkered aisle
That whispered anthem stirs
Till even the romping wood-folk pause a while,
Quiet as worshippers.

Hallowed—henceforth not quite a common byway,
Slowly it curves, to slip
Back with the measure of the marching highway
In gentle comradeship.
A mile or more. . . then, swerving, climbing still,
The long steeps safely past,
Far on the high crest of a brooding hill
'Tis somewhere lost at last.

So to have lived!—life's first endeavor finished,
Still on a happy quest,
Onward and up with joy all undiminished,
Still, eager, to have pressed.
Now by the busy roadway travel-trod,
Now in the open's light,
Now in a shadowed place apart with God,
Now—on the mountain's height.

So to have loved—the children in their Maying,
The toiler close at hand,
The dumb things round me; dreaming, blessing, praying,
A pilgrim in the land;
Striving no tender task to pass undone,
No happy trail to miss—
So to have left, when all the way was gone,
A memory like this!

### Unwise Modes of Punishment

Years ago, a little girl, wearing an old plaid shawl folded cornerwise over her shoulders and a Quaker bonnet with a green silk cape, left her home, one rainy Sunday morning, for Sunday-school.

Choking sobs and a tear-stained face marked her as a very unhappy child. Her appearance at Sunday-school in this unusual rig had been chosen by her conscientious mother as the most effectual mode of punishment at her command for some, to her mind, grievous offence of her little daughter. Nellie was an extremely sensitive child, and her mother reasoned that her dread of ridicule would cause this wearing of her oldest clothes on Sunday to be a punishment which she would not soon forget. And herein her mother's judgment did not err; for years afterwards the memory of that day of torture to her sensitive spirit would always stand out in all its unjust proportions whenever she saw a child being compelled to undergo the same harsh mode of punishment.

Is it just, or wise, to inflict such punishment upon carefree, happy childhood? Are there not other modes of correction just as effective, and at the same time less humiliating? To subject a sensitive person, especially a child, to ridicule, seems uncharitable and unkind, inasmuch as it has a tendency to render such a child awkward and self-conscious—traits no thoughtful mother would care to have her little one take on; for a child once made to feel that she is an object of criticism, ever after may carry about with her the effect of that one rude blow to her pride and self-esteem in a distrustful attitude towards every one with whom she comes in contact.

It is not necessary to mortify a child to make it aware of a fault. A few judiciously chosen words, or if more stringent methods are deemed advisable, a withholding from it of some anticipated enjoyment, may often have the same salutary results without the attendant mortification of this harsher mode of punishment.

There is a certain dignity to which every young person is entitled, and which it is often very difficult for an oversensitive boy or girl to acquire. One such instance as that cited in the opening sentences of this article may be the means of robbing such a boy or girl of a self-possession and ease of manner very desirable to one of a naturally self-conscious temperament.

In the instance just narrated, which is an actual occurrence, nothing was gained by the over-zealous mother save the stirring up of a rebellious feeling towards herself in the heart of that little girl, coupled with a certain self-abasement which in after years was sure to return in all its stinging force whenever memory rehearsed the scene.

"John, I understand that you have been saying mean things about me to your acquaintances."

"Why, dearest! Everybody knows that isn't so. Why, I tell everybody that it is you that has made me what I am."

"That's what I mean."


Use **PURITY FLOUR**
More Bread and Better Bread.


(See Back Cover)

# A Trip to the Peace River through Grande Prairie

As Told by an Early Settler in the West

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Irene Wilson,

MY parents moved to the West when I was a boy in knickers. Having early imbibed the spirit of the West, it was therefore quite natural that the life of a pioneer should appeal to me.

As civilization came westward, and the pioneer became a thing of the past, my thoughts turned to the north country, the last Great West. Varied were the reports of the country: some extolling its advantages, while others considered it practically useless.

I decided to see the country myself, so when the opportunity presented itself, on September 15th, 1914, I, with others, left Edson for the Peace River with a bunch of cattle.

Considering the amount of money the Government had spent on the corduroy road running north from Edson, I expected to find at least a good wagon road. Indeed, the Government has already spent enough on this road to build a good railway into the country; but the country from Edson to the Grande Prairie is practically waste land, full of bog mires and alkali and it does not seem that any amount of work makes a lasting improvement. There are Government men, who, like section men, travel the road all the time, fixing up the impassable places, but notwithstanding all their work, no one could imagine the condition of the roads without having passed over them. The cattle seemed to make better progress than the horses. Sometimes for a distance of two miles they would be wallowing through mud to their bellies. Over and over again, we got our horses into mud holes where we thought it impossible ever to get them out. Indeed, we considered ourselves lucky to lose only one horse on the trip. Carcasses of horses all along the trail will, for many years, remain as a monument to the condition of this road.

The country north of Edson is a rolling prairie, with some very high hills. A great part of the country is wooded with jack-pine and poplar; but there are practically no trees of any commercial value. The road winds in and out around hills and mud holes, and as the trees project over the road in many places, there is not a patch of sky to be seen. As neither wind nor sun penetrates, it is not surprising that, in these parts, the road never dries. All along, the roadside was strewn with tin cans and the ashes of dead camp fires. Sometimes we travelled through miles of burned country where there was not a blade of grass to be seen; nothing but burned and blackened trees. The monotony of such a country can better be experienced than described. We found it very difficult to get sufficient grass for our stock, while passing through this wooded country. The woods were alive with rabbits and at night saddles, provisions, etc., had to be hung out of their reach.

Stopping houses or half-way houses, are built along the trail so that one can generally be reached by night. Travellers as a rule carry provisions for themselves and horses, otherwise expenses are very high on the trail. The stopping house buildings are of log and consist of a bunk-house, a cook house, a stable and a cache. Those who carry their own hay and provisions pay fifty cents for standing room for a team, which gives them free accommodation in the bunk house, where they are provided with a stove to cook their provisions. Bread can be had from the cook house at twenty-five cents per loaf. Those making the return trip generally leave provisions for themselves and different caches where (free of charge) it is labelled and locked up, in readiness to be had on the return trip.

On the rivers which are too large to ford, there are Government ferries, which are operated free of charge until seven at night. After this hour, the charge is twenty-five cents for a team and ten cents for a passenger.

The Mail team, which is equipped with six horses, accommodates passengers into Grande Prairie for thirty-five dollars, and out again for twenty-five. One might almost as well walk the journey, for passengers are invited to dismount and walk at every mud hole, which is practically all the way. Nevertheless, the Mail team, on both trips, generally has all the passengers it can accommodate. Many make the journey on foot. The distance into Grande Prairie is about two hundred miles, and with our stock the trip took us almost a month. From there north to the Peace River, a distance of about seventy-five miles, travelling was easy.

When we reached the Grande Prairie, the trail was much better. So also was the country. But we had passed through so much worthless country that we were rather disgusted and perhaps failed to appreciate Grande Prairie as we should have done.

The rivers here are very beautiful. Like the mountain streams, the Saskatchewan looks like a river of beautiful green water. The Big Smoky, which is very swift, is also a beautiful river. The banks are very high and can be seen from a long distance. From the top of one bank to the top of the opposite, the distance to travel is five miles. There is a Government road built down the banks to the ferry on either side. As the bank is so steep, the road winds around and around, almost like following around a corkscrew. The rivers abound in fish, principally trout.

Turkish Forts armed with heavy Krupp guns, their Garrisons commanded by German Officers, guarding the Bosphorus against Allied fleet. A view of the batteries of Madjiar Kalesi and Kavak, one of the most important batteries on the Bosphorus. It is these modern fortifications equipped with the giant Krupp guns and in command of experienced German officers, that the Turks hope will hold back the progress of the Allied fleet on its approach to Constantinople.—Photo Underwood's.


A Hint of the VALUES in the C.S. JUDSON CO. LIMITED Gasoline Engine AND Farm Supply Catalog.

**$31.50** Gets This Perfect

1H.P. Gasoline Engine It Will Develop 1½H.P. And Is Complete Ready To Run

This engine is a brother to our "Handy Boy." It is an engine the farmer needs for pumping the water, and one that the women folks can use equally as well on the washing machine. It is the last word in gasoline engine construction. It is perfect in every detail, simple, reliable and economical and so very easy to start, that any boy or woman can operate it, and it only costs about two cents per hour to run it. It is sold on 30 days' free trial, satisfaction guaranteed. Complete with pumping jack and belt, **$36.50.**

**Over 500 Other Surprising Values**

You should have the C. S. Judson Co. catalog before you order an Engine, Grain Grinder, Cream Separator, Threshers' Supplies, Pump, Wire Fencing, Hay Tools, Hardware, Washing Machine, Churn, or other farm labor saving Devices. It is a reliable guide to highest quality, lowest prices and the greatest value for every dollar. It is beautifully illustrated in three colors, contains complete and accurate descriptions of labor saving machinery. You will find it easy to select the article you want and easy to compare our quality and prices.

**Send a Postal Now**

Why not send a postal card today and see for yourself the many different lines we list and the low prices. Read how and what they are made of; read our straightforward guarantee of absolute satisfaction, and then decide where you will buy your gasoline engine, cream separator, or other farm supplies for 1915. Better send for this free book now: a postal card will do.

**C. S. JUDSON & Co. Ltd.**

**WINNIPEG**



**SILKSTONE**
**FLAT WALL COLOURS**

SILKSTONE is a Wall-Covering—not a Wall-Paper—a permanent, hard-surface colouring that becomes when applied a part of the wall itself. It cannot tear or come loose. Its surface is soft, pleasing, inviting—cosy as the richest wall-paper—yet it is germ-proof—needs only pure soap and water to be washed clean as new. Made in 25 colours. Sold by leading hardware dealers. Booklets and suggestions free for the asking.

**G. F. Stephens & Co. Limited**
**Paint and Varnish Makers**
**Winnipeg, Canada**

21


Ask your neighbor to take The Western Home Monthly. It pleases every one—it will delight him or her also.

The Grande Prairie is less hilly than the country we had passed through. There is less brush and the soil is better. Hay did not seem as plentiful as it should be, but there are a few good hay meadows. I had often heard of the large bands of wild horses in this country, but the bands are small, so also are the horses. There are few deer, but moose are plentiful. Ducks are scarce, and prairie chickens are not as plentiful as further south.

Most of the better homesteads near the survey line have been taken up, but there are homesteads to be had further back. The homesteader's house, as a rule, consists of a small shack, sometimes of logs and sometimes of mud or sod. As a rule, the homesteader has just enough land broken to supply feed for his stock. As the roads are impassable for heavy loads during a greater part of the year, the settler does not plan on raising more than can be consumed on his own farm. Most of the work is done by ox teams, as they have proved more hardy on the long trips than horses. One sees many beautifully matched teams of oxen in the country. The settler sometimes finds it necessary to drill from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet for water; and the water is poor, mostly alkali. There is good water in the creeks. There is a beautiful country around Bear Lake, with plenty of hay. Bear Creek, which flows out of it, is large and muddy.

The climate in the north country is similar to the climate in the rest of Alberta. I do not think that the cold is more severe, or that the fall of snow is greater than in other parts of the Province.

The homesteaders, as a rule, are having a pretty hard time to make a living. During the past summer, the gardens, potatoes included, were a complete failure. They have little or nothing to market, and, in fact, there is no market, except the small local demand made by the influx of settlers. There are a few portable saw mills, which give employment to a few. As the farms are not large enough to require outside labour, there is no work to be had in that line. Many men left their homesteads in the spring, hoping to make a little money on railway or construction work to tide them over the present winter. On our return trip we met many of these men walking back to their homesteads. As we met as way-farers by the roadside, and exchanged the time of day, or perhaps boiled our kettle by the same camp fire, many were the broken-hearted tales which they related of a wife and bairns waiting patiently on the lone homestead, looking anxiously forward to the return of the husband and father with the summer's earnings. Alas, they were returning; but except for the small portion of beans and rice, which they carried to provide food for the journey, they had little else. Oft repeated were the tales of the futile search for work; and when work was to be had, in many cases, the employers had taken advantage of their men to such an extent that when the expenses were paid, there was very little left.

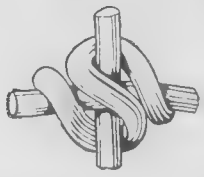
I did not have an opportunity of seeing the Peace River Country as thoroughly as I might have. The soil seemed more fertile than in Grande Prairie, there was more hay, less brush, and the country is more level. The water, also, is much better. I am convinced that when the railway penetrates the north country, the Peace River Country will be developed very rapidly. There is bound to be at least one large city in this country.

The Indian names and the Indian traditions still cling to the north country. Indeed, such names as Pieskwaskau (Split Tongue) and many others which might be quite familiar to the old settlers, prove almost too much for the vocabulary of a tenderfoot.

In summing up my trip through the north country, I would say, that although there is considerable good land there, the time has not yet arrived when it is advisable for homesteaders to locate. It is altogether uncertain when the country will be reached by a railway, and when that time arrives, there will still be good homesteads within a reasonable distance of the railway. Under present conditions, the trip into the country is very expensive, and provisions so high, (flour $8 per sack), that it is no country for a poor man; and a man who is supplied with money is not called upon to go through the privations and hardships which he necessarily must encounter in taking up a homestead at the present time. It is difficult to realize the vastness of the country which lies to the North, and, as the country is all to be divided into homesteads, it will eventually be the poor man's country, and there will be little speculating in the land as in the rest of the Province.


# IDEAL

THE "S" LOCK



THE "S" LOCK

**The Key-Sign of "Strength" and "Service"**

*Write for Catalogue and Prices to*

**The IDEAL FENCE CO., Ltd., Winnipeg**

**Quality Fence 18c. a Rod and up. We Pay the Freight**

WHEN Europe starts rebuilding, what will the price of Lumber be? Yet it is cheaper to-day than in years. Get our prices **NOW** on

# LUMBER

We sell to you in carload lots direct from the mill, meaning still further savings on freight and handling.

**Steel Shingles Steel Siding Cement**
**Plaster and all Builders' Supplies**

Order your twine, fencing, implements engines, vehicles, etc., from the pioneer farmer's company. Prompt and efficient service. We can handle your car of grain to your advantage.

**The Grain Growers' Grain Co. Ltd.**

Branches at REGINA, SASK. CALGARY, ALTA FORT WILLIAM, ONT.

Winnipeg - Manitoba

Agency at NEW WESTMINSTER British Columbia

EVERY SIZE — REMEMBER! IT PAYS TO BUY THE HAWKEY PLOW SHARE — EVERY MAKE

TELL YOUR NEIGHBORS — WITH THE RED LABEL IT'S A GUARANTEE — TELL YOUR NEIGHBORS

FULLY GUARANTEED $2.00 — NOTE OUR LAP WELD

WE SHIP DAILY — WE SHIP DAILY

ANY DEFECTIVE SHARES REPLACED

OUR SHARES WEAR & LAST LONGER

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE — H. R. HAWKEY & Co — WE SHIP DAILY

WINNIPEG — MAIL ORDER SPECIALIST — MANITOBA

Please send me free of charge Hawkey's Hardware Catalogue.

Name.....

Address.....


### A Doctor's Dilemma

Here is one of the most dramatic episodes that has ever come into my experience. My patient was a man of about forty or forty-five, big, handsome, sweet-tempered, highly strung, intelligent, and very likeable. There was no hope for him, he had a cancerous growth, but, though he was suffering intensely, he bore it all with wonderful patience, rarely murmuring, never complaining.

After I had watched him, however, for a short time, I came to the conclusion that some intense mental suffering was the probable explanation of his fortitude that it made him almost unconscious of physical pain. His mind seemed to be constantly dwelling on very dreadful, all-absorbing thoughts.

These thoughts, whatever they were, gave him no rest. He would battle with them until he was quite exhausted, and then he would beg us for drugs. This was the only time he ever complained. "I'm so tired, so tired," he would say. "Please make me sleep." But even in his sleep the struggle evidently still went on. Often he would moan pitifully, and sometimes cry aloud.

#### Doctor's Terrible Mistake

One day he was unusually weak and nervous and the black thoughts would not be drowned. He began by mumbling and muttering, and then he shrieked out: "Did he live, did he live? Oh, God, let me know, let me be sure. I cannot die until I know," broke from him. And then his voice grew weaker, and he sobbed: "I did not know. Oh, God, is that an excuse? I did not know."

Of course, we managed to quiet him, but I was more than ever sure now that my surmise was correct, and I decided that I would get to the bottom of the trouble, and, if possible, find the means of satisfying him. It has always seemed to me that in this troubled world it is every man's due at least to die in peace. And so with the interest and sympathy I had always manifested, it took only a few well-directed questions to bring forth his story.

As a young man, some twenty or twenty-five years before, he had studied medicine. He took his degree, hung out his sign, and his very first call was to a house where the little son of the family had been taken suddenly ill during the night. After examining the child, he pronounced the case bronchitis, ordered hot applications, and told the parents to keep the room very warm. But the next day the child was worse, and he continued to fail very rapidly.

Whether from inexperience, or carelessness, or the arrogance of youth, the young doctor did not even seem to consider the probability of a wrong diagnosis, but continued with the same treatment. The little boy was an only child, and the parents were almost frantic with fear. Finally they decided to consult another physician and called in a well-known child's specialist. The new physician hardly looked at the child before he pronounced the disease to be diphtheria. Then, noting the closed windows and hot packs, he said:—"Who did you have here, a horse doctor?" He worked over the child for and hour or more, entirely reversing the treatment, but he confessed to little or no hope for success.

My poor patient tried to make me understand his shame and humiliation as he slipped out of the room. He said that he had never been able to understand why he did not recognise the disease, for it is almost impossible to mistake diphtheria. At first he was alive only to the professional stigma, but gradually the possible consequences of his mistake overwhelmed him. He was horror-stricken. Perhaps he had killed the child. He could not tell, and he was afraid to find out. And he had been afraid to find out ever since.

The next day he left the city and for two years he tramped the earth trying to forget. When he returned back home, the family had moved and he made no inquiries about them. But he never practised medicine again. He decided that he was not fit to be entrusted with the fate of a human life. He opened a chemist's shop, but he never presumed on the knowledge of his lost profession and never allowed himself to advise even for the slightest ailment.

"I had only one case, you know," he said; "it was my first and my last." He was silent for a moment after finishing his story, and I confess I was too choked with pity to find anything to say. Then he turned to me, his eyes big with hopelessness and pleading. "Do you think he lived? Or, if he died," and he shuddered, "could his parents forgive me? Tell—tell me! I cannot face my God with this sin upon my soul."

That afternoon, when his brother came, I told what I had learned. Of course, the brother knew all about it, and then I unfolded my plan. He was to make every effort to find this family which had had the sick child, and if possible, to bring the father or the child to see the patient. If it was impossible to have one or the other come in person, then he was to bring in writing an affidavit either of the recovery of the child, or, in case of its death, of the parents' forgiveness, for I felt sure that after all these years they could not refuse to grant it to the man when they heard that he was dying and how he had repented and suffered.

The brother willingly agreed to follow my suggestion and to leave no stone unturned in his efforts to find this family. It is needless to go into the details of his search, which was successful. He found the father and learned that not only did the child live, but that when he grew up, he himself took up the study of medicine. The father and mother, moreover, had really almost forgotten about the whole incident. Neither the man nor his son was able to come to the hospital, but the brother brought to us a paper which plainly stated that the boy had completely recovered from the illness and that neither he nor his parents bore any malice toward the doctor for his blunder and freely forgave him for any worry he had unwittingly caused them.

I feel that once I have had a peep into Paradise, for I have seen a soul reclaimed. I handed my patient this letter, and as he read it a look of truly heavenly joy and contentment smoothed away all the trouble and worry he had ever known. He looked up at me and just whispered as if the news was too good to say aloud, "It's all right. The boy's alive. They've forgiven me; they've forgiven me. Surely my Lord will not be less kind. I think I shall rest now." Then he gave us such a happy smile and closed his eyes to sleep. He did not wake again, but the smile remained.


FREE — Stem wind and set watch, guaranteed 5 years, for selling 20 art and religious pictures or 20 pkgs. post cards at 10c each. Order your choice. GATES MFG. CO. Dept. 441 Chicago

# The Luck of the Nugents

Written for W.H.M. by W. R. Gilbert.

It had been a parching summer, quite unlike anything within the memory of the oldest man or woman. For Ireland, it had been very hot indeed, and the people had gone about wiping their faces and sighing for the good old days when it rained from Lady Day in spring to Lady Day in harvest, when the potatoes were washed out of the ground, and the oats beaten flat to the earth, grew musty and never filled, and the green grass lay in long swathes and refused to ripen.

It was something so unexpected as to seem unnatural and uncanny. "We'll be havin' the terrible winter for this" they said, and shook their heads over the golden abundance of the harvest and the great ricks of hay and the potatoes that were as dry as flour,—when other years they had been green and spotted. "Sure, a good harvest for every man," they said, "is as bad as a bad harvest. Ther'll be no prices goin' for anything at all, at all, sure, there won't."

Eily Carew was as unreasonable as any of them. She thought it the lonesomest summer she had ever known. She missed the sound of the waterfall in the glen below the Eagle's Nest.

The silence seemed grave-like to Eily Carew, in the Eagle's Nest, where everyone was old, except herself and Norah Molloy, who had been her foster sister and was now her maid. And since Norah spoke habitually in a soft little whisper, and glided about like a mouse, she did not add much to the liveliness, to say nothing of the fact that Norah's eyes had a way of filling with tears whenever they met her foster-sister's, and then each would sigh and turn away from the other.

The beautiful summer had succeeded the saddest winter, for the Captain, as he was known to all the countryside, otherwise Captain Terrence Nugent, of the Royal Irish, had gone out to the war, and the wedding was indefinitely postponed. Eily had longed to be married before Terrence went. She had thought that no one, not even Terrence himself, could know what a comfort it would have been to her if only she could have borne his name. But Sir Jocelyn, Eily's grandfather, would not have listened to such a thing. He had been against the engagement, not that he was not fond of Terrence Nugent at the time, but that he thought Eily ought not to be bound so young to a man, whose only fortune was his sword, and who had to let his whole mansion, Castle Clody, to rich Americans for an indefinite period.

The rich Americans, a Mr. and Mrs. Wells, their son, Hiram, and their daughter Pheobe, had called at the Eagle's Nest. It was an attention Sir Jocelyn had not desired; but no one would have supposed as much from the way he had come out of his dreams to receive the visitors in his most charming fashion.

The American young woman was very pretty and exquisitely dressed. She talked a good deal of Captain Nugent, and his perfectly immortal old house. While she chattered, restless as a moth, the old man's unworldly eyes watched her with thoughtful expression.

Why shouldn't Terrence marry her and let Eily alone? Why should they all go on being miserably poor? Eily was only a baby. She needn't think of marriage this many a year.

Despite his odd, unexpected prudence, and his grandfatherly jealousy, Sir Jocelyn had to acknowledge that Captain Terrence was a bonny lad. Golden-haired, grey-eyed, six-foot-two in his stockings, gallant, daring, a splendid horseman, a kind neighbor, it was no wonder he was the people's hero. When he rode at the races even the women clubbed their pennies together "to put a bit on the Captain's horse," and when Finn-ma-Coul fell at the double ditch at Punchestown, breaking his knees and nearly his owner's heart, there were a good many humble pennies lost as well as the Captain's last chance of retrieving his fortunes.

Captain Terrence had had no eye apparently for Miss Phoebe Wells. If Sir Jocelyn could have entertained such an idea he might have noticed that the heir of the Well's millions, a well groomed young man with somewhat Indian features and the young American's air of having always been grown up and old, lost something of his blase air when his eyes fell on Eily.

But Sir Jocelyn would never have thought of such a thing. While Castle Clody was occupied Eily kept to her own grounds. The Wells family would have been very glad to be friendly with the old baronet and his grandchild, but Eily, although a friendly creature by nature, shrank from the incessant rush and hurry in which the Americans lived; although she liked Miss Wells ever since the day when the American girl had surprised her in the hazel glen where she and Terrence had parted, and coming upon her suddenly, had given her a warm hug, exclaiming: "You poor little thing. I think it's downright too sad for this world"

Eily was often in the hazel glen. Sometimes when she had sat there quite a long time, Norah, her maid, would come to look for her. She would know of Norah's coming by the softly-breathed sigh which seemed just the echo of her own. For Norah's lover, too, was at the war. He was the Captain's soldier servant, Patrick, and he was own foster-brother to the Captain, and as devoted to him as Norah to her foster-sister.

Time hung heavy on Eily Carew's hands that dry summer. There was a restlessness upon her.

She would snatch a hasty look at the war news before taking the papers to her grandfather, always dreading to look, always with the same passionate relief when the beloved name was not in the list of casualties. And then the vigil of the hours began again, with the hope and the terror till another morning gave her short respite.

She envied now the thin stream that trickled over the stones and went down to Castle Clody. She often longed for the comfort of going there among Terrence's familiar things. She remembered his den, with the litter about it of pipes and hunting crops and spurs and silver cups and letters, and the pervading smell of tobacco over it all. When she had last seen it in company a pair of dogskin gloves had lain upon the table. She remembered the pictures of the racehorses on the walls, between the swords and pistols. It would have been almost like seeing him to have gone into the dear, untidy room once more.

She smiled to herself, remembering the St. Patrick in tent-stitch which had hung above the chimney piece. The beaded eyes had alarmed Mrs. Wells when she paid her first visit to Castle Clody, and she had assented eagerly to the suggestion that Captain Nugent's own modest suite of two rooms should be locked up while the house was let. "I shall feel safer," she said in her usual drawl, "if that very weird old gentleman is kept under lock and key. He might take to straying round the house after dark."

Under the St. Patrick had stood a tiny cup of crystal, a little gem of workmanship somewhat out of keeping with the plain contentment of the room. Captain Nugent liked to tell his visitors about it. It was a model of the Cup of Clody, which had been lost some time in the Elizabethan wars. With the cup the luck of the Nugents had disappeared. Ever since then they had been poor. Many people thought that they had had the greatest of luck in not going under like many another great family in those days. They had managed to keep Castle Clody during the centuries, even when the last Nugent fought among the mercenaries of France, and no one supposed he would come back to marry a wife and rear a son.

Sitting on the seat above the waterfall with her eyes closed, Eily Carew could see the dear familiar room as though she were in it. She remembered lifting the little cup, and looking into its depths with a kind of awe. The original Cup of Clody was supposed to have been an ancient communion cup, which had belonged to one of the old Irish Monasteries. It had been given to a Nugent who had saved the Monastery from pillage and the monks from death at the hands of Norsemen. It was made of pure gold, and a piece of unflawed crystal, which had been shaped to form the cup. The little model remained to show what the cup had been, the cup which legend said St. Patrick had drank from.

Eily must have fallen asleep in the sultry day. She awoke with a start, and realised that she has been dreaming of St. Patrick, and the Cup of Clody. And there was Norah coming towards her, holding a letter between her fingers—a letter from Terrence.

It was a long one and Eily ran through it eagerly. Presently she would read and re-read it. It would keep her alive till the next letter came. Something for her heart to feed on. He had been in one or two brushes with the enemy, but had escaped with only a scratch or two.

"I think I must still have some of the luck," he wrote, "and apropos of the luck, I had a mad dream the other night, I dreamt that St. Patrick stood in my tent door, the white moonlight in his face. It did not surprise me at all that he should be exactly as in the old picture, stitches, beads and all. He said to me: 'Search in the Clody under the middle arch of the bridge.' 'It is very deep, St. Patrick,' said I, 'and full of nasty deep places.' 'Search!' he said, looking tremendously stern. 'But for what?' I asked, while I quaked. 'For the Luck, to be sure,' he said. And then I woke. But so vivid had the dream been that I could hardly believe the old fellow with his mitre and crozier had not stood there."

"It would be a queer thing," said Eily to herself, "if the Luck had really disappeared in the river. And yet, why not? Wasn't it the most likely place to fling anything they did not want people to take from them? It would be safe enough in those deep waters. No one would have thought of going treasure hunting in the deep water under the Castle bridge.

She thought for a long time, with her chin in her hand. Yet,—who knew but what the dry summer might have included in its gifts to this ungrateful corner of the world the restoration of the Luck of the Nugents? To be sure there was only one Nugent at present; but—the rose crept into Eily's pale cheek—There might be others; herself and—God was good. Who could say what beautiful gifts he might be sending—He and St. Patrick. St. Patrick had always been held in special honor by the Nugents.

"I daresay it's all nonsense, Norah," she said. "You see it was only a dream of the Captain's. It isn't likely anything could lie there all these years without being discovered."

"Whist, Miss Eily" said Norah, with a shocked air, "Sure it isn't doubting the blessed St. Patrick you'd be?"

The two girls stole out of the Eagle's Nest at dawn the next morning, without disturbing the old people.

When they reached the Castle bridge the meadows were under a rosy and golden mist. The windows of the Castle shone like so many windows into heaven. Eily glanced up at them fearfully, as she stood with her skirts above her knees by the few feet of water that still flowed under the middle archway of the bridge. But the windows were all empty, except of light. The lazy servants would not be about for hours yet.

All round them the water weeds that had hidden the trout in their deep holes lay rotting in the mud. The holes revealed themselves, very little formidable that they were empty of deep water. To make sure Eily had a rope fastened about her waist. Her foster sister held the end of it on dry land. But she was not very much afraid, except of slippery and crawling things in the oozy slime.

After all, the precaution of the rope justified itself, for Eily, paddling about in the shallow water, stumbled on a hole and went down with a terrifying suddenness. Norah hauled at the rope and pulled her back to dry land, the green water and weeds drowning her face and hair.

She would have been a sight for the pampered retainers of the Wells family to see. Choking, gasping, gurgling, while Norah tried vainly to wring the wet out of her hair and her garments.

"But I've got it; I've got it" Eily cried. She had been clutching something tightly to her breast. It was so wrapped about with mud and water weeds that Norah had not distinguished it from the stuff with which her mistress was plastered from head to foot.

"Look at it, Norah; it's the Luck," she said, holding it for inspection.

It was indeed the Luck—very little the worse for its centuries of immersion. And where the Luck had lain there lay other things. Sir Jocelyn came out of his dreams in amazing fashion after his granddaughter had surprised him, coming in on him at his early morning studies, a shocking sight to see, but with the Luck clasped to her bosom. She had ran uphill all the way from Castle Clody; but Norah stood in the background, looking as radiant as though Patrick Mullaly were safe at home. And behind them pressed the old servants, their faces full of delighted wonder.

Sir Jocelyn himself supervised the digging out of the river bed. Where the Luck had lain, far below the accumulation of sand and weeds, the river had gathered during three hundred years, there were cups and dishes of silver and gold, jewels, gold pieces—enough to clear Castle Clody of its mortgages and set the Nugents on their feet again; perhaps not quite so much as might have fallen to Captain Nugent's share if he had the good sense to marry Miss Phoebe Wells; but enough.

And to be sure, he said, when safe and sound from the war he clasped his sweetheart in his arms, they had the Luck. The Luck became proverbial in later years. There was hardly anything Terrence Nugent put his hand to or set his heart on in which he did not succeed. He had the Luck which had been lost to his forefathers.

"And it's all due to St. Patrick," he said.

If you use the

**I. X. L. Vacuum Washer**

**Price $1.50 prepaid**

Washes anything and everything from a Horse Blanket and Overalls to the finest Laces without injury. Washed a full tub of clothes in 3 minutes Perfectly. Not only washes but rinses and blues.

**P.O. Box 486 Winnipeg** **Agents Wanted**

**SEEDS**

**FREE**—Helpful Booklet with each cake of Sulpho-Tobacco Plant and Animal Soap—25c size makes 1½ gals solution.

**SEEDS**—Speller's English Prize Winning Seeds. All standard kinds and specials. 6 kinds 25c. 12 kinds 50c
Pansies "English Prize," seed saved from prize plants ..... 25c
(Speller's Pansies, Prize Winners Vancouver Exhibition, 1914)

**FERTILOIDS**—The handy fertilizer in "pill form." 100 pills for 25c. A sure friend for amateurs.

Prices prepaid. Booklet free with $1.00 purchase of seeds. If in doubt as to selection leave it to us.

**J. M. KAINS & COMPANY**
**Dept. W,**
**611 North West Trust Bldg. Vancouver, B.C.**

**FREE** 5 Year Rolled Gold Plated Bracelet for selling 20 pictures or 20 pkgs post cards at 10c
**Gates Mfg Co.** Dpt **541 Chicago**

**TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY**

WHITE WYANDOTTES—Stock or eggs, prize winners, hardy and vigorous, heavy layers. War prices. H. Rundle, Brighton, Ont. 7

EGGS—From record egg-producing stock. White Wyandottes, Single Comb White Leghorns. Settings $1.50. Free delivery. Mrs. Howell, Langenburg, Sask. 7

BUFF ORPINGTONS—My pen heads weight varieties at Edmonton laying competition. Eggs, $1.50 and $2.00 per 15; $4.00 per 50. C. C. Ewing, Lacombe, Alta. 4

AMAZING INVENTION—Entirely new lamp burner. Changes any coal oil lamp into powerful gas light. Smokeless, odorless. Quebec agent sold 72 one day. Profit fifteen dollars. Sample. Valuable proposition postpaid, 35 cents. Great White Light Co., Dept. G., Maple, Ont. 4

SEND FOR PARTICULARS — Lands in Moose Mountain District Eastern Saskatchewan, close two railways, phones, etc. 100,000 acres to select from, easy terms, also improved farms, this month have excellent half section wheat land close to town to offer. Open prairie section on half crop plan to good buyer. Dermody & Dermody, Kennedy, Sask.

# Indian Place Names in Western Canada

Written for The Western Home Monthly, by Max McD.

THE Red Man's contribution to place names in Canada, and particularly in Western Canada, makes a considerable body in the aggregate.

Indian names now permanently attached to our rivers and lakes, towns and cities have a peculiar interest to us all. In them the Indian has perpetuated himself by a monument more eloquent and more imperishable than could be erected by mere human hands. It is a sound policy, and but a measure of justice to the original inhabitants, that seeks among Indian tribes, some now almost extinct, for the titles of provinces and cities, lakes and rivers, mountains and forests. Moreover, on the score of beauty alone, the debt is on the white man's side.

The descendants of the Indians have kept with great fidelity the names of their ancient localities, and have bestowed them upon our villages and cities as they have successively appeared. It is but a fit tribute to our Indian predecessors to record the baptismal names of our rivers, lakes and streams, and also of their ancient sites.

The capital of Ontario was formerly known as York. By the adoption of the cognomen of an Indian tribe, Toronto has gained a name of sonorous beauty scarcely to be matched among all the cities of the world. By a similar process, Ottawa has gained vastly by the change from its original name of Bytown.

Strong and virile, if not always euphonious names, are Assinaboine, Ontario, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Wisawasa, Niagara, Muskoka, Masquash, Mississauga, Temiscoutat, Washimeska, Asiwanan, Restigouche, Nipissing, Algonquin, Awoju, Shequindah, and Temiscaming.

Pleasing names to be found in the Canadian Gazeteer are Hiawatha, Minnehaha, and Nokomis; but these, perhaps, owe allegiance to Longfellow rather than to the Red Man from whose language they were taken.

In the list of lakes of the United States published in 1885 for the Fisheries Commission, two hundred and eighty-five Indian names. A larger proportion is shown in the rivers and streams. In a list of the principal rivers flowing into the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico, seven hundred and twenty-four have Indian names. If to these should be added the Indian names of the St. Lawrence valley, those attached to the waters of the Great Lakes in both Canada and the United States, the Saskatchewan, and the numerous other great northern and northwestern watersheds, and the lakes and streams of the Pacific Coast, the list might easily be doubled.

### Old Traders Responsible for Many Names in Far West

But in the names which Indians have themselves given to places in Western Canada is the curiosity of the Easterner aroused. When such localities as Whiskey Gap, Leavings, Pincher Creek, Porcupine Hills, Robber's Roost, Stand Off, Slide Out, Slide In, Medicine Hat, Jumping Pound, Freeze Out, Bull Horn, Jumbo Valley, Old Man, etc., are spoken, the stranger in the West begins to enquire how the selection was made.

It was in the early seventies that the monopoly of the Hudson's Bay Company ceased and the Dominion Government took over judicial rights in all that vast territory which lies between the International Boundary and the North Pole. The ending of this monopoly was a signal for an inrush of adventurers. Gamblers, smugglers, criminals of every stripe, struck across the boundary line from Montana and other northern states into the Canadian territory at the foothills of the Rockies. With out a white population, these rifraff adventurers could not ply their usual wide-open traffic.

The only way to wealth was by the fur trade; and the easiest way to obtain the furs was by smuggling whiskey into the country in small quantities, diluting this and trading it to the natives for pelts. Chances of interference were nil. The Canadian government officials were thousands of miles distant, without either telegraph or railway connection.

But the game was not without its dangers. The country at the foothills was inhabited by a confederacy of the Blackfeet Indians—Bloods, Peigans, and Blackfeet—"tigers of the prairie" when sober, and worse than tigers when drunk. The Montana whiskey smugglers found they must either organize for defence, or pay for their fun by being exterminated. How many whites were killed in these drinking frays will never be known; but all about the Belly and Old Man rivers and Fort Macleod, are gruesome landmarks known as the places where this and that party was exterminated in the seventies.

The upshot was that the Montana smugglers emulated the old fur traders, and built themselves permanent forts: Whoop-her-up, Kipp, Stand Off, Slide Out, Robber's Roost, and several others of less importance.

### Whoop-up Was First Smuggler's Fort

The most interesting stories connected with place names in Western Canada, centre around Whoop-up, a smuggler's fort on the Belly River near the City of Lethbridge. A gang from Montana built it in the early days of smuggling and Indian trading in Western Canada. Whoop-her-up was the name given the place by the Indians, but this, for respectability's sake, has been changed to Whoop-up, with an innocent suggestiveness of some poetic Indian title.

These pounds were ingenious constructions of trees laid one upon another, interwoven with twigs or wattled with branches and were used by the Indians for killing buffalo in winter time. In summer they chased these animals on horseback and killed them with bows and arrows

A little farther up the stream from the Pound on Jumping Pound Creek, is an old Indian camping ground marked by the familiar ring of stones that held down the covers of the teepees.

Readers of R. M. Ballantyne, Palliser, the two Henrys, and others, know why the buffalo jumped. A high ridge runs beside the creek for some distance, its crest flanked on either side with piles of stones in lines converging toward where the ridge ends in one of the small coulees that run down from the heights to the bottoms in all this land. When the Indians wanted meat they drove a herd of buffalo into the stone-pile funnel. Probably the stones alone served to keep the stampeding herd within the bounds of the enclosure. More probably, unmounted men, women and boys hid behind the piles until the charging van drew near, and then leapt up to fill the way of escape with menace of a new danger. Still there was the coulee, so like a thousand others down which bovine hooves have hammered tracks that lead to water; and down the coulee the herd tumultously poured. But the coulee ended in the fateful cliff. Scarcely would the danger be seen before the pressure of the herd would drive the leader over, and after him the frenzied herd to the last straggling calf.

Twelve feet deep their bones lie there to show how the Indian got his meat, and the Jumping Pound its name.

### Blackfeet "Old Man" at Source of That River

Among a people unspoiled in imagination by civilization and it conventionalities, it is natural to find a wealth of tradition and legend, of folk-lore and myth, of strange tales and wonderful happenings.

Apistotoke, sometimes called the "Old Man," is a Blackfeet deity, the Creator, or Former, or Maker of things and men. He gave the Indians their knowledge of games. From him, too, they learned to paint themselves in curious and fantastic fashions. "Old Man" built the mountains, caused trees to grow, made the Teton river, resting on a hill above it and leaving there his form in outline; then he walked northward, building the Sweet Grass Hills with earth and rocks that he carried. Now he covered the earth with grass and fruits, constructed some animals—"little brothers" he called them—and made of clay a woman and her son.

At the north end of the Porcupine Hills, "Old Man" stopped to make another tribe of men. The animals were following closely behind him, for they served him willingly, but the new people ate them. In order still better to appease their hunger, "Old Man" made buffalo enough to occupy the northern plains. This was roughly the country east of the Rockies for a hundred miles, and between the Yellowstone and the North Saskatchewan.

Still moving northward "Old Man" paused at the meeting of the Bow and Elbow Rivers to create another family and teach and provide for it. At Red Deer, he stretched himself on the earth for another sleep, and there to-day may be seen the imprint of his form. On waking, he moved still farther north and climbed to the summit of a tall hill. It was steep and he amused himself by sliding to its foot, the place being known to this day as "Old Man's Sliding Ground."

The Blackfeet to-day believe that "Old Man" has moved to the mountains in the West, beyond the vexing sight of civilization, and when he is sorely needed by his people he may come back. His home is at the source of the Old Man River. The source of this river is in the face of a rocky wall in the side of Sentinel Mountain and is believed to be the outflow of a subterranean stream. From it gush forth great waters so suddenly and in such volume as to fill one with wonder and amazement. To see a river spring into being, full grown, from the face of a blank wall, is quite calculated to lend an air of mystery and miracle to the surroundings.

The Bloods, then, chose no commonplace region for the dwelling-place of their weird and witty Old Man Creator.

### A Head-Piece Responsible for "Medicine Hat"

"Medicine Hat" is a name with a character of its own. It throws some light on the ways and thoughts of primitive people.

Medicine means more to an Indian than to a white man. We think of it as something diabolical that is good for us; but the Indian distinguishes as "good medicine" and "bad medicine," anything that will change his fortunes for better or for worse. Imagine that Lo is hunting antelope and meeting no success. Presently he finds the top of a tomato can, and shortly after he gets a crack at his game. Can he doubt that the piece of tin gave the luck? Not he. He wears that fragment of tomato tin around his neck with his other jewelry and it is "good medicine."

Well, several years ago, there was a Blackfoot Chief who lived at Seven Person's Creek, hunting sometimes, and making war on the Crees between times. He had much joy and profit in a head dress of feathers which he called his "medicine hat" for when he wore if he had good luck, if he had fortune.

One day he met the Crees near the present site of Medicine Hat. He fell upon them with great industry, smiting, slaying, scalping, fairly beaming with satisfaction. But just as he had the enemy in flight, a gust of wind whirled out of the West, and catching the magic hat, tossed it into the Saskatchewan. Instant was the effect. The poor Chief lost all confidence in himself and his cause, and with victory within his reach he forebore to grasp it, "skedaddling" over the plains in a panic, followed by his tribe. And thus befell the evil that leaves its record in Medicine Hat.

### Other Place Names of less Importance

There are many other place names of less interest that might be included in a list of those with which Indians are connected in the Great West of Canada. Just a few more, however, must suffice for the completion of this article.

In the Milk River Ridge south of old Whoop-up, is a defile through which the whiskey smugglers passed on their trips to and from Fort Benton. Once a posse of Red-coats, following a gang that had slipped out of Slide Out, came upon them in this defile and the smugglers had to surrender their whiskey. Since that day till this, the depression has been called "Whiskey Gap."

Few of the places named in the seventies have changed those names. Pity the day that some vandal brings about their abolution and they become Smithburgs and Jonesvilles and Browntowns like a hundred thousand other inanities between the Gulf of Mexico and Hudson's Bay.

This is not a scene in the British House of Commons. It is the opening of the recent session of the Japanese Parliament by Count Okuma. It proved to be the stormiest session that has yet been witnessed. The pro and anti-war parties were almost equally divided and when the question of the war arose the anti-militaristic element refused to vote the war credits and greatly embarrassed the government.—Photo Underwood.

# The God-Lonesome Man in Brasstown Valley

By Mrs. L. H. Harris

IT was a winter night, and when the stranger lifted the latch and entered Pappy Corn's house he found the old man sitting with his warped brownie legs extended to meet the warmth of a blazing log fire. His hands were clasped over his waistcoat, his chin rested upon his breast, and his lips were puckered sternly about the stem of his pipe.

"Mister," he said, when his guest was comfortably settled in the opposite chimney-corner, "did I ever tell you about John Harpeth?"

"No, you never did."

"He was known far and near as the God-lonesome man, beca'se he believed he'd been predestined to torment from the foundation of the world.

"We have had sinners here, same as you have on your side of the mountains, ordinary prodigal sons that went astray and come home again properly penitent; but he was the only one we ever had that didn't weaken durin' revival season, nor took backwater towards the kingdom of heaven even when he was sick and expected to die.

"He was ill-begot to start with, and I reckon he fell from grace when he was born. His mother was ashamed to show her face, and he growed up in her shadow, ragged, ugly, and too proud to speak to decent folks. Anyhow, by the time I'm fixin' to tell you of, he was a man grown, his mother was dead, and he was livin' in a little black house up on the only hill in Brasstown Valley, like a lonely young eagle. He always made me think of an eagle, walkin' around sorter awkward beca'se he had to wear breeches over his talons. He had the same high, slow-turnin' head, the same cold eye.

"He hated every man to his face, so to speak, and he knowed enough damnin' passages from the Bible to git along without doin' any cussin' of his own."

Pappy paused, cast a half-humorous half-appalled look upon his guest, and inquired:

'Mister, did you ever have a man level a blazin' hell-p'intin' Scripture at you, when you wa'n't armed with your Sunday feelin's nor nothin' to protect yourself?"

"No, I never did."

"Well, sir, it'll come nigher makin' you feel ha'r-hung and breeze-shaken above the pit of fire and brimstone than any sermon you ever listened to in your life.

"And the pizen use Harpeth had of the Scriptures was what caused folks here in the Valley to be afeerd of him, drunk or sober. Prim Mayberry 'lowed it made the goose-bumps rise on his back in June to walk along the big road below Harpeth's Hill and hear him up there in the cornfield quotin' King David's blasphemin' psalms ag'in' the Hittites as if he was prayin'. And Jonathan Snow was so afeerd of him he'd come a mile out of his way to keep from meetin' him and riskin' his speritual peace of mind ag'in' his selections from the Old Testament. That was beca'se Jonathan once took a lien on Harpeth's mule for five dollars when Harpeth was drunk and didn't know what he was doin'. The next day they accidently met at Stallin's' store, and Harpeth swore at Snow out of Jeremiah till the sweat busted out on the old man's forehead and his knees give away. Snow wanted to git out a warrant and have him took up fur breakin' his peace, but the sheriff laughed and 'lowed he couldn't arrest a man fur quotin' Scripture.

"Besides, Harpeth had good reason for his spite. Every time he got into a scrape or fell in debt, he'd slouch into the Valley, borrow money from Deacon Snow at a terrible rate of interest, and give a mortgage on his stuff to kiver the loan. So, while we all fattened and sung hymns down here, Harpeth, poor and drunk and God-lonesome, set up on his hill and watched us carry on. There's nothin' a man is such a dern fool about, Mister, as his immortal soul. If he don't spile it with devilment like Harpeth did, he'll do it with meanness like Snow's. Once, I recollect, I quit usin' strong language fur a month, and I'll be danged if I didn't begin to feel my oats, speritually speakin'. If I'd went on doin' without them carnal words in my conversation, I might have drawed up into one of them tomtit saints that cultivate their own moral natures by despisin'everybody else's. Now there was that old meetin'house rooster, Jonathan Snow, thinkin' he was all right beca'se he didn't git drunk nor fight and beca'se he had the impudence to believe that he was elected to salvation from the foundation of the world, same as Harpeth 'lowed he wa'n't elected. And every time he took a due-bill from Harpeth fur payin' him out of some trouble, he'd clear his conscience by astin' the prayers of all Christian people fur the pore lost sinner, as he called him. Then maybe he'd git down to lead the prayer, and fairly scarify him before the Lord.

"But Harpeth was far beyond the breath of sech words. And I can tell you it's no tame sight to see a man that fears neither God nor man act accordin' to the liberty of his sperit. Harpeth'd work all the week in his corn-field, as hard as if he had a wife and nine child'en to support. But when Saturday noon came, he'd ram his breeches in his boot-legs and start for Liquor Ridge on Blood Mountain. Now it's no cheerful sound to hear somebody passin' down the dark outside your home, callin' out terrible things ag'in' you from Moses and the Prophets. Them were the nights when Harpeth got even with the saints. They say Jonathan Snow used to crawl in bed and pull the kivers over his head when he heard him comin'. Fur he always took pains to give Snow a right smart serenade from Deuteronomy or some fur part of the Scripture where the language wa'n't good.

"But if the liquor went the other way to his head, as it was apt to do, he'd take up the idea that he was the angel Gabriel exiled from heaven. Then he'd set down on the horse-block in front of old Zion Church and sing all night. Seemed as if he had an inspired windpipe and was courtin' the very stars above his head. He could reach an octave higher than any prima-donna angel that ever sung before the throne of grace, and—I don't keer whether it's sound doctrine or no—I believe the Lord heard him."

Pappy arose, kicked the logs into a red blast of flames, and turned his back to the grateful warmth, which was his usual method of indicating a flank movement in the story he was telling.

"But the more lonesome a man air, Mister, the more apt he is to git Eve-hongry," he went on, coining his face into a witty smile and leering down at his guest. "Adam hadn't et his first meal in Paradise before the Lord knowed that was the seat of his trouble; and every man since then gits a tech of it soon or late. So it was with Harpeth. Him that had been conceived in sin and born to iniquity, that believed his Maker had something ag'in' him from the foundation of the world, that had been outlawed by decent society, turned his face in time to the last refuge that fails a man, the heart of a woman. And it's accordin' to these Scriptures I've jest been tellin' you that Harpeth fell in love with Rosie Mayberry, Prim's youngest gal. None of us ever knowed how it happened. Maybe he seen her hangin' about the berry-bushes on the mountains. She was a sad, white-faced little dove of a thing that was always strayin' off by herself, and lookin' up at you as if she'd jest pulled her head from under her wing. Or maybe she'd seen him standin' up there on his hill, a lonely figure ag'in' the sky-line, and maybe she thought pitifully of all the hard things she'd heard about him—the heart of every woman is jest a cradle at the bottom, Mister, and she'll tuck anything in it that is forsaken and needs carin' fur! Anyhow when Harpeth took to drappin' down by her like a ragged young eagle every time she went down the big road, she'd pink up and put on that dim, glorified look women have when they air bein' courted. Courtin', Mister, appeals to good women's speritual natures, same as it does to all men's carnal natures. So Rosie looked up into Harpeth's eyes, and was born again, born to love and that fore-knowledge of things that all women have.

"But when her folks found out what was goin' on there was a terrible row. Misses Mayberry was the first to ketch up with 'em. Late one evenin' she was waddlin' down the big road to Stallin's' store with a basket of eggs, singin' a hymn, and jest the personification of fat speritual peace, when all at once who should she see on the meetin'-house steps but John Harpeth and her Rosie! He was holdin' her hands and lookin' down into her pink sunbonnet as if he'd never been drunk or committed a sin in his life. Misses Mayberry give a squawk, run forwards, and snatched Rosie up as if she'd been a young chicken settin' by a hawk.

" 'You low-down rapscallion ' says she, drawin' out her head at him like an old hen with her neck-feathers up, 'to be tryin' to ruin a decent gal.'

" 'I wa'n't tryin' to do no sech thing!' he answers quick as a flash. 'We aim to git married.'

" 'As if that wa'n't ruin enough!' she 'lowed, draggin' her wings and pullin' Rosie clear around behind her. 'I'd rather see her dead!'

" 'I aint' talkin' about what you'd rather see; I was tellin' you what you air goin' to see!' he answers big as life, sorter clickin' his spurs to sass her.

" 'You come along, Rosie,' says she, draggin' the gal after her with one hand, and holdin' on to the basket of eggs with the other. And as they went down the road together, Harpeth called after 'em:

" 'See you again soon, Rosie.' That brung the old lady around in her tracks, and she shook her fist at him; but the pore gal was so 'shamed she dassent lift her head to look back.

" 'See you soon, Rosie,' he hollered in answer to Misses Mayberry's fist. And she mighty nigh flung a fit as they turned a curve in the road to hear him yell at the top of his voice:

" 'Rosie, I'll see you so-o-n '

"Prim took it worse'n she did when he heard what had happened. Air you acquainted with Prim Mayberry, Mister? He looks as if the Lord had hewed his head and face out of red oak, it's so dull and sunburned. He wa'n't the man to r'ar around in general, but Rosie was the very apple of his eye. So he sent Harpeth word if he so much as looked at her again what he'd do to him. But Harpeth didn't git it, of course, beca'se nobody dared to bring sech a message. And it was Rosie that give him his walkin' papers. They say she cried and took on terrible and helt out ag'in' her folks as long as she could, but at last she passed her word not to speak to him again.

"About a week after that I was out there in my crib shellin' corn when I heard somebody comin' along the path from Mayberry's house. I peeped through the crack between the logs, and seen Rosie steppin' very slow with her head down. The next minute Harpeth whirled around the corner of the crib from t'other side.

" 'Rosie, darlin'!' he says, as if the bees were buzzin' and the birds singin' and the flowers bloomin' in his voice jest fur her. And he reached out to take her, same as any man would have reached after his own. But she drawed back from him. She was one of them pore little angel-headed women that keeps promises, and she'd passed her word not to speak to him. So she stood lookin' at him, pitiful and white as if her very nature had been bleached of love. The tears came into my eyes at the sight. I picked up a red year of corn, hopin' it would do 'em some kissin' good, but it didn't. When Harpeth seen that look on her face, he stepped back and he says:

" 'You too?'—jest that way, and she knowed what he meant. It fell on her like a jedgment she didn't deserve, and she put her hands together flat, so, and helt 'em up before him like a pair of folded wings, and as if she was pleadin' with 'em to him. But he begun to laugh, not at her, but at everything—at man in his little day, and at God in His Heaven. It was the grandest, maddest, most awful laugh I ever heard; and Rosie trembled at it like a reed shaken in the wind. Harpeth looked down at her and seen her still shiverin' ,with her little white hands lifted and her face turned up to him like a prayer that never hopes to be answered, and I reckon it was too much fur him. Anyhow, he give a kind of sob, snatched her to his breast, kissed her, drapped her back to the ground, and was gone before she had time to turn red.

"Mister, I wisht you could have seen that gal then. As the petals of the rose fit the rose, so at last her name fitted Rosie. Her eyes were like skies in May, her yaller hair laid out in the wind like corn-tassels. She cast one glance up and down the path to make sure nobody was in sight, then she pressed one hand to the cheek where his lips had started the flower-garden, drawed it away, looked at it in a kind of sweet wonder, and then I'll be danged if she didn't kiss it! Well, sir, I ain't talkin' about the propriety of sech doin's in general, but with nobody there but me and God to know how it took place between 'em, I jest laid back in the shucks and thanked Him for lettin' Rosie have that little taste of love, even if she never had any more

"And fur a time it did look as if she never would; fur things went from bad to worse with her and Harpeth. Folks was down on her as if she'd been guilty of a kind of moral weakness beca'se she stuck to it that she was sorry for him, and that

Lady volunteers training in London against British invasion

she loved him beca'se nobody else did. 'Twa'n't a reasonable reason, and her pa and ma couldn't understand what made her holt to it so stubborn. But I knowed. It was the kiss that had been laid upon her like a true-love seal.

"As for Harpeth, he was God-lonesome now for true. He fairly roosted on Liquor Ridge, and he mighty nigh reformed all the other young bucks around here, beca'se they were afeerd to go up there where he was to git their whiskey. They say he had seven wild-cat stills all to himself, and every night we could hear him ragin' from one to the other around the hat-brim of the Valley.

"And when we all thought he'd done as bad as he could, he fetched a surge and done worse than possible. Things had been goin' on the way I'm tellin' you for maybe a month—him cavortin' on Liquor Ridge like he had the devil's own virus in him, and Rosie settin' down here on the do'step grievin' like an orphaned moonflower—when one Saturday, 'long towards night, Harpeth waked up there in his own house accidentally sober. And he found a paper in his pocket showin' he'd give to Jonathan Snow a mortgage on all his corn and fodder and cowpeas and two kilns of sweet potatoes for ten dollars, and he seen from the date that was the very day it was to be foreclosed. Well, sir, what with drinkin' so much and realizin' it meant ruin to be stripped bare of all he had, I reckon he went crazy and wa'n't responsible for what he done. Next thing come the sound of shootin' and yellin' from towards Harpeth's house. Folks jerked open their do's and run out to see what was the trouble. Every man and woman in the Valley come flyin' along Brasstown road the next minute, for there set Harpeth hill beneath a crown of fire, the house, barn, fodder-stacks all in a blaze. But we didn't git further than to the foot of it before we see Harpeth himself standin' at the top with a pistol in each hand, spittin' buckshot at us and yellin' like a demon. Somebody give a groan, and we dropped back out of range, drawed together in a bunch, and we was too astonished and skeert to speak, much less to dar' that burnin' hill with that burnin' soul standin' guard over it. I recollect it was in March. The snow had been fallin' all day, and every once in a while the wind would whirl a sheet of it around the red sight above us, and Harpeth he showed through it like a terrible black shadow. Presently one of the Stallin's boys 'lowed, says he:

" 'If that fool up there takes a notion to step for'ards a dozen yards he'll plug some of us sho'!'

"Lord, sir, did you ever see a passel of steers stampede? It was like that. We fair split the wind gittin' away fron there —old man Snow leadin' the race, with his long white beard behind him like the turned-down horns of an old bell-wether.

"But what we'd seen wa'n't no laughin' matter. I set here in my jouse thinkin' after I got home, beca'se I couldn't sleep. And I reckon I'd been studyin' over the doctrine of predestination, whether man or his Maker is the arthur of it, till nigh midnight, when I jumped clean out of the cheer to hear a knock at my do' and the sound of somebody singin' outside. I recognized Harpeth's voice, and I come mighty nigh flingin' a fit, I was so skeert. Then I riz and opened the do', and you could have knocked me down with a feather when I seen Rosie Mayberry standin' by him.

"She looked up at me out of the snow that was whirlin' around her as if she was mortally afeerd, and she says, ketchin' her breath in sobs:

" 'Pappy, Pappy, I heard him singin' his heaven song, and I knowed he'd freeze to death out there in the storm, and I went out to git him, beca'se I couldn't b'ar it and beca'se I'm sorry fur him!'

"I ketched holt of both of 'em and drawed 'em inside and shet the do'. Harpeth was still singin', with that rapt fool look on his face he always had when he 'lowed he was the angel Gabriel.

" 'You done right" I says, guidin' him to my cheer by the fire and fixin' to thaw him out; but she helt back, and directly she says:

" 'Pappy, you won't let 'em know I brung him here, will you?'

" 'No, honey, I won't tell,' I says. 'You come on now and git warm yourself.' But she was like a little white ghost of love, and tenderness pasted ag'in' my do'-jamb with the snow layin' over her like a bridal veil. And I understood she didn't want *him* to see her.

* * * * * *

"Then it happened. Rosie Mayberry come mincin' down the road with her Bible and hymn-book under her arm, and her face set with the fair Sabbath seal that seeh virgins wear. She hadn't heard a sound of what had been goin' on. But now her eyes fell on Harpeth drenched to the skin, his shirt open, bar'footed, and all she seen was his face.

" 'Oh, John ' she cries out, droppin' her books and runnin' to him, 'you air changed '

"Then we seen it too, as plain as if the Almighty's white dove had lit on him, the change in Harpeth's face.

" 'I—I—believe I am ' he answers very gentle, as if the wonder of it had jest come over him.

" 'You don't feel so terrible predestined now, do you?' she went on, holdin' to his arms and gazin' up at him with her little head throwed back like a bird's.

" 'Well, not the way I did ' he answers, still as if he was in a trance and was seein' her in a vision. Then she reached up her two hands, put 'em together ag'in behind his neck, and begun to laugh and to cry all at once, her face like a day in April that ain't sho' of itself.

"I sorter cleared my throat to remind 'em that we was still there. And, Mister, that was the first time she knowed it; she had seen nobody but him till that minute. Then she drapped her hands, and turned burnin' red. But he put his arms around her, helt her close, and looked over her head at us as serene as if he'd jest lit from his chariot of fire and didn't need to make excuses.

" 'I'm cold ' quavered old man Snow, settin' up and shakin' the water out of his beard. Harpeth reached down, took his dry coat, wrapped it around his enemy's shoulders, and went back to Rosie.

" ' If a man take your coat, give him your cloak also," ' says I to myself. The Scriptures air fulfilled. And so it was. Harpeth was changed beca'se he'd *acted* up to the law of Heaven. You can explain everything else, but I'll be danged if you can explain the peace that passeth all understandin' that a man gits, not beca'se he's a Methodist and believes in apostasy, or a Baptist and believes in election, or a Presbyterian and believes in predestination, but beca'se by some miracle of the sperit he acts accordin' to the higher dispensation. And while I don't take much stock in this r'arin' damnin' church divinity we hear some preachers tell about, I've never doubted the Power that could change a savage like Harpeth into a man. And that's what happened. From that day he was *different*, not accordin' to science or theology, but accordin' to them Scriptures which hint for immortal things of the soul. When he jumped into the creek to save the man that helped to ruin him, he jest by accident discovered the *law* of eternal life, same as a fellow once flung up an apple and discovered the law of gravitation.

"But we didn't figger on seeh mysteries that day. We was too happy. When we'd all been up and congratulated Rosie and Harpeth, and somebody had toted old man Snow off, Prim he 'lowed for us to come down to his house to dinner. I put Buck Stallin's on a horse and told him to ride fur the license as if his life was at stake, fur I wa'n't takin' no chances on that weddin'. And so in the afternoon the parson come over and tied the knot, Harpeth standin' up in Prim's own Sunday clothes, beca'se by this time he was so tame he'd have wor eMisses Mayberry's petticoat if anybody had insisted. And there ain't a soberer man nor a happier woman in this Valley today than them two, livin' up there in their new house on Harpeth Hill."

---

The man arose and gave his seat to a girl.

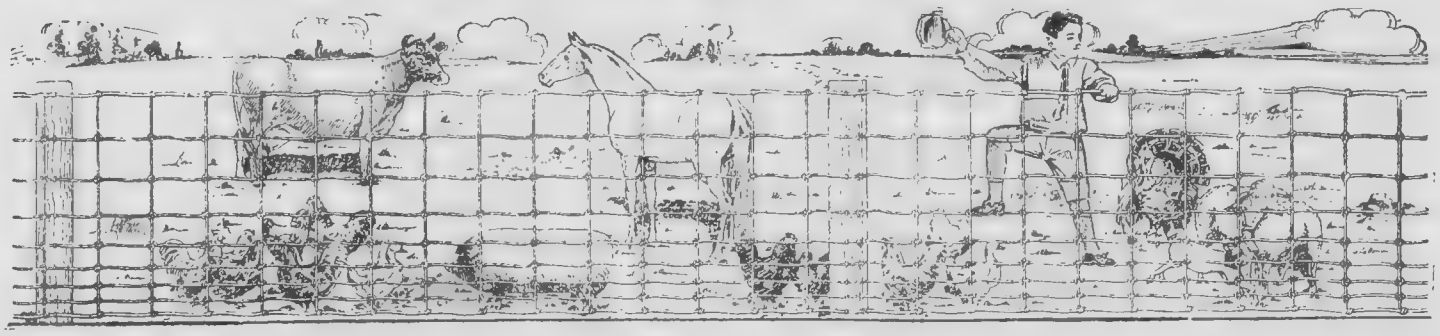
"Oh, thank you most kindly, sir," she replied.

"Don't mind her being polite," exclaimed a sad-faced woman. "I'm taking her to a sanitarium."

FREE Stem wind and set watch, guaranteed 5 years, for selling 20 art and religious pictures or 20 pkgs. post cards at 10c each. Order your choice. GEO. GATES CO. Dept. 241 Chicago


# BUY Hercules Woven Wire Fencing NOW at less than Manufacturers' Prices

**Increased Cost of Wire Means Higher Prices Soon**



Hercules Woven Wire Fence is the equal of any, regardless of trade name or price. Construction, style, quality and size of wire determine the value of any fence. COMPARE HERCULES wtih others for which many extravagant claims are made and be convinced.

## Hercules is the Best Fence Made—There is None Better

**"Hercules" Fence is made in Winnipeg.** You get a new, clean product, **Free from Corrosion.** Exposure to sulphur fumes and the elements at sea ports shorten the life of wire fencing very much. Why be satisfied with weather beaten stock when you can get the best fresh from the looms at **Less Cost.** "Hercules" Woven Wire Fence has a square mesh, stiff stay wires of great strength. We use only hard, tough, springy, open hearth galvanized wire. **Guaranteed Full Government Standard Gauge.** Our patent "Positive Lock Joint" possesses immense strength. It's easy to stretch over uneven ground. Will not buckle or sag.

**AT THESE REDUCED PRICES DEMAND WILL EXCEED OUTPUT. PLACE YOUR ORDER TO-DAY AND AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT.**

Specify the quantity and kind you want. Include a small deposit with your order and we will make up your fence and ship to suit your convenience. **WE GUARANTEE HIGHEST QUALITY, AND LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.**

## "HERCULES STANDARD FENCE."

No. 9 Top and Bottom wires. Intermediate line and stay wires No. 12.

| Cat. No. | Extraordinary Sale Prices Put up in 20, 30 and 40 rod rolls | Style | Space between line wires. | Weight per rod | Sale Price per rod |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| H123 | Hog Fence | 7 wire, 26 ins. high, stays 12 ins. apart. | 2,3,4,5,5,6 | 6 lbs. | 19c |
| H124 | Hog Fence | 7 wire, 26 ins. high, stays 6 ins. apart. | 3,3,4,5,5,6 | 7½ lbs. | 25c |
| H125 | Hog and Sheep Fence | 8 wire, 32 ins. high, stays 12 ins. apart. | 2,3,4,5,5,6,6 | 7½ lbs. | 23c |
| H126 | Hog and Sheep Fence | 8 wire, 32 ins. high, stays 6 ins. apart. | 3,3,4,5,5,6,6 | 8½ lbs. | 28c |
| H127 | Western Special Sheep and Hog Fence | 9 wire, 42 ins. high, stays 13 ins. apart. | 2,5,5,5,6,6 | 7½ lbs. | 27c |
| H142 | Stock Fence | 10 wire, 50 ins. high, stays 13 ins. apart. | 3,3,3,4,5,7,8,8,9 | 10 lbs. | 28c |

"HERCULES" HEAVY SPECIAL HOG, STOCK AND POULTRY FENCE. No. 9 Top and Bottom, No. 12 intermediate and line wire. Catalogue No. 1344. 50 ins. high, 15 line wires, stays 8 ins. apart, spacing 2, 2, 2, 2, 3, 3, 3, 2, 4, 4, 4, 5, 6, 7, weight 13 lbs. Price, per rod ..... **41c**

## "HERCULES EXTRA HEAVY FENCE."

Made of all No. 9 wire throughout.

| Cat. No. | Put up in 20, 30 and 40 rod rolls | Style | Space between line wires. | Weight per rod | Sale Price per rod |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| HH128 | Field Fence | 4 wire, 32 ins. high, stays 22 ins.a part. | 10,11,12 | 5½ lbs. | 17c |
| HH129 | Field Fence | 5 wire, 40 ins. high, stays 22 ins. apart. | 9,10,10,11 | 7 lbs. | 20c |
| HH130 | Field Fence | 6 wire, 40 ins. high, stays 22 ins. apart. | 6, 6, 8, 10, 10 | 8 lbs. | 25c |
| HH131 | Field Fence | 7 wire, 48 ins. high, stays 22 ins. apart. | 6, 6,8,8,10,10 | 9¼ lbs. | 28c |
| HH132 | Field Fence | 10 wire, 50 ins. high, stays 16 ins. apart. | 3,3,3,4,5,7,8,8,9 | 11 lbs. | 39c |
| HH132 | Extra High Stock Fence | 11 wire, 60 ins. high, stays 16 ins. apart. | 3,3,3,4,5,7,8,8,9,10 | 13 lbs. | 45c |
| HH133 | Sheep and Hog Fence | 7 wire, 26 ins. high, stays 12 ins. apart. | 3,3,4,5,5,6 | 11 lbs. | 31c |

# The Wingold Co. Ltd. Winnipeg, Man.

**Wingold's Guarantee of Satisfaction**

**USE THIS COUPON; IT PROTECTS YOU.**

Winnipeg.....1915

**THE WINGOLD CO., LTD.** W.H.M.

Ship me.....rods, Catalogue No.....
(Quantity Wanted) (Kind Wanted)
Hercules Fence at.....c per rod and
(Price)
.....rods, Catalogue No.....
(Quantity Wanted) (Kind Wanted)
Hercules Fence at.....per rod. I enclose
(Price)
M.O. or draft to the amount of $....., in payment for same. It is distinctly understood and agreed that should I be convinced on receipt of fence, that same is not all you claim, and not satisfactory as regards price and quality, I can return it, and you are to immediately refund purchase money and freight charges paid by me.

Signed.....

Address.....

## A Profitable Garden for 1915

Written for The Western Home Monthly
By Glenna Whitelock Wolfe

THE scarcity of vegetables every year and the high prices paid for garden products, especially during the Fall of 1914, should cause any woman on the farm to see that the raising of common vegetables during the year 1915 will prove more than profitable.

In any ordinary Western town there are always a number of people who are glad to regularly engage fresh vegetables from farmers. Almost every grocer, too, is more than willing to exchange groceries for fresh vegetables. It is surprising how grocery bills are thus cut down.

For any able-bodied, energetic woman, a half an acre of ground is not too much.

Select some low-lying well-enriched summer fallow, in size thirteen rods long and six rods wide. All rows should run lengthwise in a north and south direction.

The potato is always a paying vegetable to raise and should, therefore, be given a right goodly portion of the garden plot. Twenty rows of potatoes can be handled quite easily. As the highest prices for potatoes are paid in July and August, it is wise to select varieties maturing at that time, which is the earliest time possible in this latitude. As soon as danger of frost is over (usually the middle of May), early potatoes should be planted. Cut the seed potatoes one or two eyes to each piece. To prevent scab, soak the cut potatoes in formaldehyde preparation (two gills of formaldehyde to one-fourth barrel of water). The rows should be three feet apart and the hills should be not less than sixteen inches apart. Keep the soil around the vines mellow and free from weeds. Especially is this loosening of the soil of value in a dry season.

Onions are rather difficult to raise, but they are very profitable. Eight rows may well be given to them and the rows should be at least twenty inches apart. As to the variety of seed to be planted, let this be determined by the kind of soil and the location of the garden plot. Seed catalogues are a great help in solving this question. As frost does not injure onions, they may be planted as soon as the ground may be worked. The seed germinates more quickly if it is soaked in tepid water the night before planting. Drain off the water and mix with some dry soil, so that the seed may be handled more easily. Sow as thin as possible and cover to a depth of one inch. As soon as the faint green onion rows appear, cultivation should be commenced. Keep the soil well loosened and freed from weeds. As soon as the plants can be handled easily, they should be thinned, leaving a distance of three inches between each plant. As the season advances and the bulbs become quite noticeable, cultivate away from, rather than towards the bulb. In its ideal manner of growth, the onion bulb should almost all be visible above ground. Should onions be kept over winter, they should have the roots cut off, as this prevents sprouting.

Eight rows each (eighteen or twenty inches apart) of carrots, turnips and beets are none too many, when one considers the great demand there is for them. The thick, short orange-colored carrot is the best for market as well as for table use. The pure white or the purple topped turnips are seemingly in more demand than any of the others. The common red globe-shaped beets cannot be excelled. The middle of May is a suitable time to plant these. Sow as thinly as possible and never cover the seed more than an inch. Plants must be thinned out until they stand not closer than four or six inches apart in the row.

Of this garden, ten rows should be reserved for cabbage and three rows for her first cousin—the cauliflower. Soak the seed as described for onion seed and plant in the hot bed the early part of April. Sprinkle the hot bed with tepid water every evening.

When the plants are six inches high, they should be set out. While filling in soil around the plant, pour in about half a pint of water. "Two feet each way and a cloudy day," is an adage well to be remembered, in regard to setting out cabbage. For two or three days, the young plants will appreciate protection from sun. A shingle, placed in the ground on the sunny side of each plant makes a good protection. Cabbage and cauliflower require thorough cultivation. If possible, cauliflower should be given a richer soil than cabbage. Should worms appear in the cauliflower heads, Persian insect powder should be dusted on them.

Numbers of market gardeners have found that it is indirectly profitable to occasionally give a pretty bouquet of flowers to their customers, along with their regular weekly supply of vegetables. Nasturtiums, candytuft, ten weeks stocks and phlox are easily raised, make up into pretty bouquets, and are always appreciated.

## Quality in Hay

It is very generally conceded that, in the majority of cases, hay forms much too large a proportion of the diet of the farm horse, and it is the more essential, therefore, that the quality of the hay set aside for the feeding of the team should be beyond reproach. The farmer understands this as well, and perhaps better, than anyone else, but either necessity or what he considers motives of economy often prompts him to the sale of the best and the retention of the worst. There is no real economy in this. How much ready money was realised by the sale of a stack of good hay that ought to have been consumed at home, instead of a spoiled sample that was good only for litter, and had to be coaxed into the horses' stomachs by chaffing, spicing or steaming, is not the true test of economy. To obtain the necessary abulum from poor, badly saved hay the horse had to consume a much larger quantity, and this threw a great deal of extra work on the digestive organs, to their subsequent injury, which, in the end, means ill-health, loss of condition, and inefficient work. It is one of the chief causes of colic, which is so common a complaint in farm stables, and of broken wind, which impairs working capacity. It is significant that broken-wind occurs mainly among agricultural horses and ponies.

The opportunity given to the women of Western Canada to help immigration in the past has been very meagre. The opportunities in the West have been considered men's opportunities, and only men have been employed in the schemes for attracting immigration. This order of things is to be changed by the Canadian Northern Railway. All the women in Western Canada are to be given the chance to do something. The plan as outlined in the Canadian Northern advertisement on Page 21 is one which has this Publication's Editorial sanction, and we have every faith in it.

There are many women in the West who know that they could not be persuaded to return to live in their old home in the East and South, but would dearly love to have their old friends as neighbors. The chance of bringing this about is offered by the Canadian Northern Railway. Their plan is to bring old friends together in this new land. Won't you please help them? If you send in a list of names with addresses of your friends whom you think will be interested the Canadian Northern will do their level best to induce them to settle in your district. Sit down and write the list now.

# GLASSIFIED PAGE FOR THE PEOPLE'S WANTS

**If you want to buy or sell anything in the line of Poultry, Farm Property, Farm Machinery, or if you want Help or Employment, remember that the Classified advertisement columns of The Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you accomplish your object. Cost 3c. word, minimum 50c. Cash with order.**

### FRUIT AND FARM LANDS

WANTED—To hear from owner of good farm or unimproved land for sale. C. C. Buckingham, Houston, Texas. 5

WANTED to hear from owner of good farm for sale. Send cash price and description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn. 4

FARMS WANTED—We have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming lowest price. We help buyers locate desirable property free. American Investment Association, 26 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn. 6

### PONIES

SHETLAND PONIES—Write for particulars. J. Marples, Hartney, Manitoba. 5

### AMUSEMENTS, ETC.

JOKER'S NOVELTIES—Catalogues and samples, 10c. Frank Stone, Fredericton, N.B. 5

### MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

WRITE MOVING PICTURE PLAYS—$50 each. All or spare time. No correspondence course. Details free. Atlas Publishing Co., 351, Cincinnati, Ohio. T.F.

### STAMPS FOR SALE

STAMPS—Package free to collectors for 2 cents postage: also offer hundred different foreign stamps, catalogue, hinges; five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto. T.F.

### PATENTS AND LEGAL

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO., Patent Solicitors. The old established firm. Head office Royal Bank Building, Toronto, and 53 Queen St., Ottawa, and other principal cities. T.F.

### FOR SALE

BILLIARD TABLES—For farm homes, portable and stationary. The game of kings. $50.00 up, easy terms. J. D. Clark Billiard Co., Winnipeg. T.F.

BABY'S LONG CLOTHES SETS—50 dainty articles $5.50 carriage paid return mail. Lovely robes, day and night gowns, flannels, etc., finest materials. Everything necessary for instant use. Lists free. Mrs. Franks, 175 Alfred St., Nottingham, England. 9

### BUSINESS CHANCES

HUNDREDS CANADIAN GOVERNMENT POSITIONS, now open to Canadian citizens. Big pay. Examinations frequently. Common education sufficient. Sample examination questions and examination dates free. Write immediately Franklin Institute, Dept. S 177, Rochester, N.Y. 4

FREE FOR SIX MONTHS—My special offer to introduce my magazine "Investing for Profit." It is worth $10 a copy to anyone who has been getting poorer while the rich, richer. It demonstrates the Real earning power of money, and shows how anyone, no matter how poor, can acquire riches. Investing for Profit is the only progressive financial journal published. It shows how $100 grows to $2,200. Write now and I'll send it six months free. H. L. Barber, 471, 28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago. 10

### MISCELLANEOUS

BROTHER—Accidentally discovered root; cures both tobacco habit and indigestion. Gladly send particulars. P. M. Stokes, Mohawk, Florida. 5

WANTED—Salesman to sell Dirk's Red Mite Killer to general stores, druggists, and grocers. Also agents for same in every town and village. Marshall & Marshall, Niagara Falls, Canada. T.F.

SONG POEMS WANTED for publication. Experience unnecessary. Send us your verses or melodies to-day or write for instructive booklet—it's free. Marks-Goldsmith Co., Dept. 67, Washington, D.C. T.F.

DR. JANET E. FERGUSON, 290 Portage Ave., Winnipeg. Free consultation regarding your ailment. Correspondence invited. Nervous diseases, Goitre, Rheumatism, Infantile Paralysis successfully treated. T.F.

**BROADENAXE HAIR FOOD**

Grows hair like magic. Will not dye but nourishes the color glands to natural action. Directions for use on jar. Mail order price $1.00, postpaid. Broadenaxe Co., 29 Stobart Block, Winnipeg. (Mrs. M. Ferguson.) Established 9 years. T.F.

**SILK** All Fancy Colors—Large Pieces—just what you need for making Crazy Quilts, Cushions, etc.; large packet 10c., or 3 for 25c.

SEWING EMBROIDERY SILK—Large packet of best quality in assorted colors 10c., or 3 for 25c. We pay postage. Order now and receive our catalog free. United Sales Co., Station B., Winnipeg. Man.

### POULTRY AND EGGS FOR SALE

HIGH CLASS ROSE COMB RHODE ISLAND REDS—Eggs from beauties, $2.00 per 15. John Duff, Mekiwin, Man. 5

BARRED ROCKS—Fine vigorous cockerels. Well feathered. Bred to lay. $2 and $3. Eggs. Balmossie Farms, Ltd., Hafford, Saskatchewan. 4

WHITE ORPINGTON SPECIALIST—I breed winners and start beginners. 4 pullets and cockerel, $15.00. Eggs, $3.00 per 15. C. Schelter, Fonthill, Ont. 5

PURE-BRED White Holland turkeys and eggs. Will exchange one hen. Pure-bred Plymouth Rock hens and eggs. Mrs. Arthur E. Cox, Pincher Creek, Alta. 4

43 VARIETIES, poultry, pigeons, ducks, geese, water fowl, incubators, feed and supplies. Catalogue free. Missouri Squab Co., Dept. D.Q., Kirkwood, Mo. 4

RHODE ISLAND RED EGGS from selected stock, either comb, $1.50 per 15; utility, 15 $1.00; 50, $3.00; 100, $5.00; winter layers. Wm. Runchey, Byng, Ont. 4

WINNERS AT EGG LAYING CONTEST—Write to-day for mating list beautifully illustrated with photos from life. It is free. L. R. Guild, Box 16, Rockwood, Ont. 5

ALBERT MIDDLETON, Keystown, Sask. Breeder of S. C. White Leghorns. Bred to lay strain. Eggs for hatching, any quantity. Also a few choice cockerels. Prices reasonable. 5

BABY CHICKS—From Guild's famous laying strain of Barred Rocks, egg record 200, lay when five months old. Chicks 20c. each, eggs $1.50 per 15. Clinton Poultry Yards, Clinton, Ont. 6

ALBINO POULTRY FARM—Pure-bred White Wyandottes. Always prize winners at local fairs. Eggs from mature stock, $1.50 per 15; $6.00 per 100. Miss Ruth Lloyd, Morden, Man. 5

PAKENHAM'S SILVER CAMPINES won at Ontario Winter Fair (Canada's greatest show). Eggs at reasonable prices. Write for circular. W. E. Pakenham, Box 10, Norwood, Ontario. 6

PARTRIDGE ROCKS—Partridge Wyandottes, White Orpingtons, White Langshins, White Rocks, Buff Rocks, Black Minorcas. Eggs, grand pens, three dollars fifteen. Frank Webber, Guelph, Ont. 7

WHITE ORPINGTON SPECIALIST—Importer and exporter. International winners at Buffalo. I breed winners and start beginners. Pens of 3 pullets and cockerel. C. Schelter, Fonthill, Ont. 4

ROSE COMB RHODE ISLAND REDS, White Wyandottes, Single Comb White Leghorns, heavy laying strains. Eggs, fifteen, $1.00. Special pen Reds eggs, $3.00. Wesley Shanklin, Ilderton, Ont. 4

PURE-BRED BARRED ROCKS—My Rock hens made an average of 149 eggs each during 1914. Fine dark well Barred cockerels from this choice laying strain only $2.50. Satisfaction guaranteed. William La Chapelle, McTaggart, Sask. 5

BABY CHICKS, ducklings and hatching eggs, poultry and fruit form paying combination. Strawberry plants 100, 70c.; 1,000, $5; currants, 10c.; gooseberries, 15c.; raspberries, 5c.; rhubarb, 10c.; perennial flowers, roses, dahlias, pansies, etc. Carriage prepaid. Catalogue forwarded on application. Chas. Provan, Langley Fort, near Vancouver. 1-16

BABY CHICKS, DUCKLINGS and hatching eggs; poultry and fruits form paying combination. Strawberry plants, 100, 70 cents; 1,000, $5; currants, 10 cents; gooseberries, 15 cents; raspberries, 5 cents; rhubarb, 10 cents. Fruit trees, perennial flowers, roses, dahlias, pansies, etc. Carriage prepaid. Catalogue free. Chas. Provan, Langley Fort, near Vancouver, B.C. 10

SINGLE COMB WHITE LEGHORNS FOR SALE—Utility and show birds. Eggs and baby chicks. Winnipeg show, Feb., 1915, I won first, second, third cock; first, second hen; second, third pullet. Satisfaction guaranteed. Mating list free. J. J. Funk, Winkler, Man. 4

### HELP WANTED

WANTED—Reliable parties to do Machine Knitting for us at home. $7 to $10 per week easily earned. Wool, etc., furnished free. Distance no hindrance. For full particulars address: The Canadian Wholesale Distributing Co., Orillia, Ont. T.F.

AGENTS AND DISTRICT MANAGERS WANTED in all Western towns for our wonderful new, labor-saving, quick selling, household necessity. Every housewife buys. Permanent business and big money-maker for energetic men or women. Write Northwestern Agencies, 930 Somerset Block, Winnipeg. 4

AGENTS—We want a live one in your locality to sell our Made-in-Canada Toilet Soaps and Family Medicines. Greatest value ever offered, sells in every home. One hundred per cent profit for you. Write to-day for illustrated catalogue and price list. The F. E. Karn Company, Limited, Cor. Queen and Victoria Streets, Toronto, Ont. 4

# The Young Man and His Problem

### A GENTLEMAN

St. Paul describes a gentleman when he thus exhorts:—"Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things." Dr. Barlow says of the gentleman, "He should labor and study to be a leader unto virtue and a notable promoter thereof, directing and inciting men thereto by his exemplary conversation, encouraging them to his countenance and authority, rewarding the goodness of meaner people by his bounty and favor."

* * *

### PERMANENCE

Men usually prize possessions which have in them the quality of permanence. Gold does not corrode therefore it has unusual value; truth, beauty and goodness are imperishable, therefore they are universally prized. When Paul attempted to name the choicest gifts he selected those which never pass away, which abide. These were the gifts of faith, hope and love. Similarly when Jesus undertook to name the blessed ones he selected those who had enduring qualities—the humble, the penitent, the meek, the searchers, the merciful, the pure, the peacemaking and the self-sacrificing. It is not worth while for a man to live for anything less than the highest. The things that are really worth pursuit can be carried by a person into the next world. They are part of himself. One loses in human quality when he puts real estate above righteousness; dollars above devotion; social stand above self development. George Herbert never wrote anything more worthy than those lines he penned when a young man—

"Only a sweet and virtuous soul
Like seasoned timber never gives;
But though the whole world turns to coal
Then chiefly lives."

* * *

### SOCIALISM.

In the story of the early Christians it is said that "They lived together and had all things in common." This was the beginning of socialism, and no one could object to it for its essence was voluntaryism. It was a great mistake when people attempted to build it upon any other principle. A compulsory socialism cannot endure. In other words legislation without good-will behind it is bound to be ineffective. It is always possible to develop good-will in people by education of the right kind. The right kind of education has chief regard to moral growth.

So if any young man has good moral principle and honest conviction he need not worry unduly about his lack of scholarship. If he has good-will he will accomplish something for society. He will be a true socialist. And of such there cannot be too many. "We can only reach this richer and even beautiful life of co-operation and brotherhood through the deepening and broadening of our own social instincts. This better life is the expression of a better thought. The sentiment must go before the action. And since both sentiment and action are distinctly individual possessions it is in the human heart and the human body that society must be redeemed. The work of social realization must be carried on by a two-fold process, by the socializing and humanizing and perfecting of one's own individual life, and by an untiring effort to foster the social instincts in others—in one's relatives, one's friends, one's acquaintances, one's home community, one's country."

### OPPORTUNITY

A man goes through life only once. The journey can never be repeated. If there is anything to be seen or done there must be no dawdling. The fellow who is alert and watchful may be expected to win out. The old Roman maxim says. "Opportunity is bald-headed behind," meaning that if she passes by it is impossible for us to seize her. Just think what opportunities there are for young men in Western Canada—not only in business, but in political, religious and social life. It is nothing less than shameful for any young man to fail in his opportunity to leave an impress on the life of his community.

It was a simple school boy who made this resolution, "I shall never permit an opportunity to pass by of doing a kind action: I shall make political and social righteousness in my adopted country my personal concern. I shall make all I can so that I may do all the good I can."

* * *

### DEBT

There is no torture much greater than that endured by a conscientious man who find himself in debt. It was Horace Greely who said, "For my own part I would rather be a convict in a state prison, a slave in a rice swamp, than to pass through life under the harrow of debt. Let no man misjudge himself unfortunate or poor, so long as he has the full use of his limbs and faculties, and is substantially free from debt. Hunger, cold, hard work, rags, contempt, suspicion, unjust reproach are disagreeable, but debt is infinitely worse than them all. And if it had pleased God to spare either or all my sons to be the support of my declining years, the lesson which I should most earnestly seek to impress upon them is, 'Never run into debt.' If you have but half a crown and can get no more for a week buy a peck of corn, parch it and live on it, rather than owe a shilling. I speak of real debt that which involves risk or sacrifice on one side, obligation and dependence on the other—and say, from all such let every youth humbly pray God to preserve him evermore."

* * *

### UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE

All lead a life of unconscious influence. Our very faces and countenances are but reflections of our true character, and are silent but constant influences.

It is generally our unconscious influence that has the greatest effect upon others. A man may talk virtuously but if he live an impure life his unconscious influence for evil will destroy the effect of his words. The influence of character is the heaviest weight in the scale of life. A good life will preach when no word is uttered and will stimulate good in others when silently pursuing its own purposes.

A pure-minded and right-acting young man is the greatest force for good in a community. He is always preaching by his attitude, his chance remarks, his practices. This is particularly true if he is a leader in athletics. The captain of a base-ball team has more power in a community than the preacher or the teacher. He has therefore the greater opportunity and the greater responsibility. Nor can any young man avoid his responsibility by simply shirking it. Unconsciously everyone is preaching and teaching.

### FEAR

"That which makes people unhappy, which keeps many young people from getting married is not poverty, but fear of poverty." So said a wise man. People can be very poor and yet very happy, they can be very wealthy and yet poor. The only man who is really wealthy is he who has treasures locked up in his own soul. This must have been what he meant when he wrote

"Some have too much yet still they crave
I little have, yet seek no more,—
They are but poor, tho' much they have,
And I am rich with little store.
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give,
They lack, I lend; they pine, I live."

* * *

### SPORT

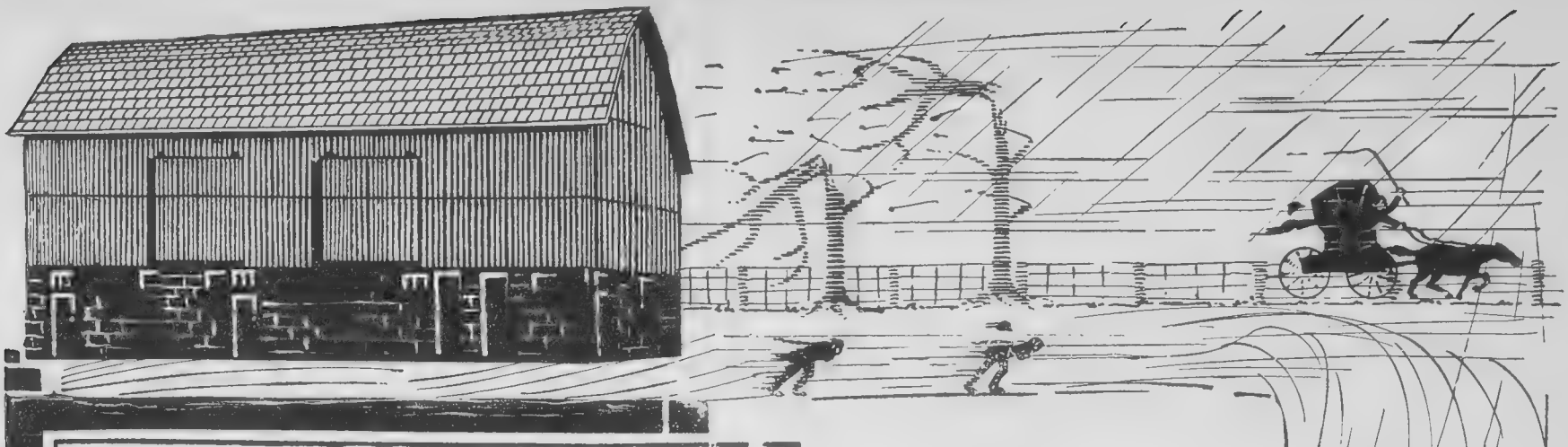
One of the easiest ways to tell a man's character is to examine his attitude to sport. If he advocates and practices honesty, fairness, good-feeling and if he takes his knocks and defeats in good spirit we call him a gentleman; if his thoughts of play are associated with gambling, drinking, and looseness of all kind he is a mere thing—not a true sport at all. The young men of Western Canada by engaging in healthy clean sport do much for themselves and their country; if they encourage the objectionable they are doing the greatest possible wrong. Sport should help a man's body and his mind, and it should develop the strongest and most lovable friendships. If it leaves bitterness behind it had better be done away with. I am anxious that this Western country shall continue to produce not only the best crops but the best men. To that end let there be clean sport. It is good to see men around the bulletin board waiting to hear the latest returns from the games: It is better to see them on a corner lot enjoying a game themselves. Let every man get into the game as a preparation for the noble serious game of life.

* * *

### GETTING INTO SOCIETY

Originally the world consisted of one couple. They represented in themselves the aristocracy and the common people, the wealthy and the poor, capital and labor. As their decendants grew and multiplied they divided into races, classes, creeds. Then there arose conflicts accompanied by ill will and bitterness. Some of the more highly-favored individuals and nations held themselves aloof from the others. Thus there were Greeks and Barbarians, Jews and Gentiles, the upper ten and the vulgar throng, the king who rules by divine right and the poor slave who has no human rights at all.—And yet, they can all trace their origin to that first couple, and this very fact should promote humility and kindliness. That it does not do so is well illustrated in a young Scotchman's description of good society. "A man first calls himself a white man, and shuts himself away from three-fourths of the race. Then he calls himself a Briton and reduces his inch of associates. Next he becomes a Scotchman and enters the company of the select few. A further division gives us the clan Campbell, and then the subdivision the Covenanters. And so on goes the division until a man finds himself turning round as it were on a pivot—all alone. And this he calls—walking in good society."

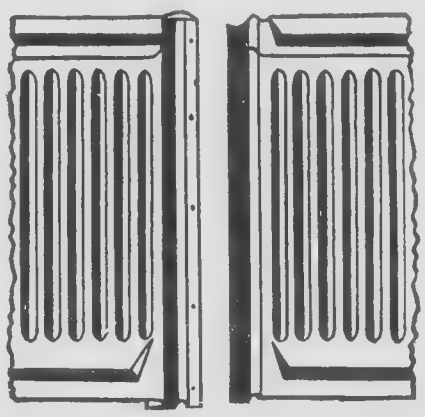
A Fine Manitoba Flock



# Let the Blizzard "Blizz"!

WHEN your buildings are "Pedlarized," you need have no fear of the power of the fiercest blizzard to harm your barns or their contents. A roof that is covered with Pedlar's **"George"** Shingles is, practically, one large sheet of metal. The most furious of windstorms cannot make it buckle, because each shingle is held in place by a row of nails at the SIDE—the very point where a wood shingle is most vulnerable.

Wood shingles warp and rot. When they warp, the nails are loosened and drawn out — when they rot, the first place to go is around the nails, the point of contact of wood and metal, where the rust gets its work in, leaving a hole large enough for the nail-



head to slip through. Without any warning, up comes a windstorm and — zip! What happens? Off come the warped and loosened shingles, leaving the structure worthless and unprotected — its contents at the mercy of the elements.

# Pedlar's "GEORGE" Shingles

are WIND-PROOF. They are securely locked on FOUR sides. As each shingle is nailed in place, the next shingle completely covers and protects the nailing flange from the weather. All four edges of every shingle are concealed and securely fastened. The wind simply CAN'T get underneath and pry them loose. There is no give—no straining — no possibility of loosening. The side locks are self-draining and self-ventilating, preventing the possibility of "sweating" on the underside, thus protecting the woodwork of the roof from moisture.

A "Pedlarized" roof is lighter than cedar—no heavy substructure is required. Barns covered with Pedlar's **"George"** Shingles, and sided with Pedlar's Corrugated Galvanized Sheets, cost less than if built entirely of wood, and have the additional advantages of being durable, fireproof, lightning-proof and rain-proof.

## MADE IN CANADA

*Write now for Booklet " W.H.*

Also get our quotations on Corrugated Iron Roofing, and Siding, Brick and Stone Faced Sidings, Corro Crimp Roofing, Silo Covers, Culverts, Eaves Trough and Conductor Pipe, Finials and Ornaments, Metal Ceilings — anything and everything in Sheet Metal. Address:

## The Pedlar People Limited

ESTABLISHED 1861

80 Lombard Street, Winnipeg, Man.

Executive Offices and Factories, Oshawa, Ont.

MONTREAL TORONTO OTTAWA LONDON

THE LARGEST SHEET METAL FACTORS IN BRITISH EMPIRE
PPP
PEDLAR'S PERFECT PRODUCTS IN SHEET METAL
MADE AT OSHAWA CANADA BY
THE PEDLAR PEOPLE LIMITED

# Make Vim-Food Tempting

## Let the Flavor Win the Child

It's a mistake to make oat food compulsory. The right way is to make it inviting.

Serve only the luscious flakes. Make this the wanted dish. Then this energy food, which you know a child should have, will be the food he loves to get.

That's the theory behind Quaker Oats.

We use just the big, plump, richly-flavored grains, and our process brings out their aroma. We get but ten pounds of these flakes from a bushel, but all the charms of the oat are in them.

This rare dish, with all its extra fascinations, costs no extra price. It's a pity not to serve it when vitality means so much.

# Quaker Oats

*The Best-Loved Oat Food*

In a marvelous way, Nature stores up energy in oats. Every dish contains a wealth of vim-producing power. Oats stand unique as animating food.

This is also the food for growth. It is rich in the elements of which brains and nerves are made.

Most mothers know this, and most children get it. But they rarely get enough. They know in but a small degree the spirit-giving power of oats.

**Large Package**
**30c**
Contains a piece of imported china from a celebrated English pottery.
**Regular Package**
**12c**

That's why Quaker Oats is important. It fosters a love for this dish. It leads to larger use. And millions of people, young and old, would benefit by that

Try serving these big white flakes. Note how folks enjoy them. You will always get this super-quality when you ask for Quaker Oats. That is why this brand, all the world over, holds the first place among oat foods.

**The Quaker Oats Company**

**Peterborough, Ont.** (870) **Saskatoon, Sask.**

# Care of Babies in the Spring

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg, A.B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins)

LORD CLARENDON, wise beyond his generation said, "It is not the quantity of the meat, but the cheerfulness of the guests, which makes the feast." If mothers with youngsters under two and a half years would ponder this truth many infantile maladies would be forefended and forbid by heaven. Most babies are in the same boat as Byron's guests:

"But 'twas a public feast, and public day—
Quite full, right dull, guests hot, and dishes cold,
Great plenty, much formality, small cheer,
And every body out of his own sphere."

That is to say, the fond mother and doting grandmother have never been known even in the saddest of hovels, to starve the budding offspring. Rather do they overfeed it and mar its health by too much, too rich, or too often given pabulum.

Experienced physicians are often considered austere, cold, and even brutal by unwise and over-solicitous parents. Watch must be kept upon the throat and breathing organs such as the lungs. In the late spring and warming summer a vigilant, maternal eye must look to the infant's herbivorous victuals.

The spring is really the frontier, upon which the watchmen of the child's physical revenue must be Janus-headed in order to look both before and behind, both at the kind and quantity of the food and the degree of temperature and purity of the germ-free air grandparents, who have forgotten that children finally restored to health, never tell tales of the perpetuated errors inflicted upon them by a less wise if older devotion. Yet, as some one recorded, the last, best fruit which comes to perfection, even in the kindliest soul, is, tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the unforbearing, warmth of heart toward the cold, philanthropy toward the misanthropic.

Therefore, doctors saturated with the triumphs of the newer things and grandmothers without records of their own multitudes of well-known unsuccesses, must be both tolerant to and lenient with each other. Fine feelings and super-sensitiveness, when the present comfort and future efficiency of a darling baby are the stakes, without the vigor of reason are in the situation of the end feather of a peacock's tail, namely, always besmirching something or someone with its inevitable mud.

In the spring the mother's fancy turns —or should so turn—to thoughts of a baby's food. Strangely enough, in the winter, the attention of the guardian of baby's well-being which enters the respiratory tubes as pneumonia is the child's Charon in the winter: as diarrhoeas and choleras are its shadowy Reaper in midsummer, the two demons must both be prohibited in the spring; must be eternally guarded against from February until July.

The baby's lingo is the "language of a cry." One of the curious responses of human instinct is to this but badly understood vocal expression of infants.

"The glorious angel who was keeping
The gates of Light, beheld her weeping;
And as he nearer drew and listened
To her sad song, a tear-drop glistened
With his eyelids, like the spray
From Eden's fountain, where it lies,
On the blue flower, which—Bramins say—
Blooms nowhere but in Paradise."

If then, the tears and the crying of the little tacker are to indicate some threatening danger, study its language from the moment of birth onwards. You as a human individual are equipped with a capacity to learn Italian, Japanese, Russian, and any foreign tongue, therefore seek ye the word of your babe. Once you are able to read those signs, colic or cold, anger or habit, hunger or engorgement, nervousness or some disturbance outside of its little body will be as clear to you as a written word.

If, then you, as a modern, sanely-living mother have convinced yourself the child has no sore throat; no dry hard cough, no fever, no sticking pin, which has wriggled its way from its catch into the infant's skin; no other ailment that can be on the instant alleviated or demands the urgent summons of your family doctor, then look you to the child's pabulum.

Starvation is luckily as rare among even the poorest infants as aviators are above the desert of Sahara. There is obviously no need for advice here, because the maternal mistake, abetted by the ever fearsome women relatives, is excessive feeding.

Here there is always a perennial danger, exaggerated like a traveller's narratives, in the hot day of spring, when the microbes in the milk, are not iced, parboiled, or Pasteurized as is often the case in the summer.

Without again repeating the necessary sermon to mothers that human milk is the only certain preventive of ninety-nine per cent of babyhood illnesses and anguish, it may here be taken for granted that the delinquency and dereliction upon the part of some mothers, nurses, or doctors, there is no breast milk at hand for the child.

The happiest substitute of an unhappy list of foods, dried milks, paps, condensed, evaporated and artificial milks, is the mixed milk of a herd of cows that have been tested with tuberculin and found free of the Great White Plague.

If the pretty, puckering mouth of the hungry babe could be given a weakened cow's milk only in the correct amounts and at the correct intervals directly from the breast of a healthful cow as it receives it from its mother's bosom, there would be few dysenteries, summer complaints, sick stomachs, and adult stomach disturbances in after life. Since, however, even the clean herd of cattle with disinfected skins, in cement and easily washed stalls, milked by white-robed, pure-handed milkmaids, fairly seeth with microbes, ere the best milk in the wide-world—Walker Gordon or certified milks—reaches the distant, infantile lips, there are more germs in the purest milk than there was wickedness in Sodom and Gomorrah.

It is these noxious dysentery bacilli, cholera germs, sore throat bacteria, and disease inciting microbes that are anathema to decent citizens. One tiny cholera or diphtheria bacillus dropped from the air into even the most perfectly clean or sterilized milk, will, before it reaches a baby on a hot day only a block distant, have produced offspring by the billions.

What then must happen to the artificially fed, bottle baby whose milk comes from a distant farm? It will ail or fall seriously ill. While the calves of those cows thrive and prosper: whereas even the babies on that very farm who drink the self-same milk grow sleek and fat, the distant city baby withers and falls away and may even succumb to the dreadful maladies so common in childhood.

Plainly, then, if such a child is given too strong a mixture of bovine milk or given too much or too often even a proper dilation of the milk, the vomiting and irritable stomach becomes lowered enough in tone to fall a prey all the more easily to the invading micro-parasites of childhood distempers.

Just think of it, one whole generation has passed since Pasteur, Koch, Soxhlet and others discovered that heat, if properly applied—so simple and available a device—will kill all bacteria. Although this has been in a measure used generously by some mothers to destroy the microbes in cow's milk, it has not been employed to the extent of stamping out all alimentary children's maladies. Yet there is more than a suspicion that this will do it.

The polemical bitterness between various organization and anti-organization physicians; between a group here and a group there as to the value of boiled milk or Pasteurized milk for bottle fed babies must now come to an end. The discovery a few months ago that boiled milk—and milk is not boiled by merely letting it simmer, it must be boiled

THE
**Best Is None Too Good!**

In buying cheap hair goods you run the risk of incurring serious scalp disorders.

Our hair goods are guaranteed to be composed exclusively of best quality hair and accordingly we do the largest business in hair goods in Western Canada.

Switches, any length or color, from . . . $1.50
Combings made up . $1.00

We carry a complete line of all hair goods and would like to send you a copy of our catalogue.

**Seaman & Petersen**
NEW YORK HAIR STORE
283 Smith St., WINNIPEG

**Hair Goods Salon**

Complete assortment of all the Fashionable Hair Accessories of the highest quality

Perfect matching is guaranteed by the experts in charge.

Send us your combings—we can make very pretty Switches, Cornets, Transformation, Puff Chignons, under ruff at moderate cost. Write us to-day for particulars. We can save you money.

**European Hairdressing Parlors** *Mrs. M. Hammill Proprietress*
102 Carlton Building
352½ Portage Ave. WINNIPEG

**FAT**

Is Unsightly, Uncomfortable, Unhealthy
**GET RID OF IT**
**I Can Help You**
to regain your vigor, health and figure.

**FREE** TRIAL TREATMENT
Send For It To-day

My pay comes when your weight is reduced, if you so desire. **My treatment has often taken off fat at the rate of one pound a day.** No dieting nor exercising. A safe and sane method that has many endorsements. **Dr. R. NEWMAN,** Licensed Physician, State New York, 58 Second Ave., New York, Desk 197

**SAVE HALF**
**The Cost of Your Dresses**

Make your dresses at home—using a Hall-Borchert Adjustable Dress Form for the fitting on. Save half the expense of tailor made gowns, and sacrifice nothing in appearance.

**HALL-BORCHERT**
Perfection Adjustable
**DRESS FORMS**

Learn what you can do with one of these inexpensive forms. Write for booklet "Dressmaking Made Easy"—It is FREE

**Hall-Borchert Dress Form Co. of Canada, Ltd.**
43N Lombard St. Toronto, Ont.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

thoroughly for fifteen minutes—is more thoroughly digested than either Pasteurized or fresh milk.

Thus its constipating effects are explained. The baby digests it so completely that there is nothing left to pass from her. A little orange-juice, milk of magnesia, or sweet oil compensates for this, and keeps the bowels active.

Little more need here be said. If boiling cow's milk kills the malady-producing germs which gather around the child's festive board; if boiling cow's milk aids digestion; then despite a few minor troubles, such as constipation—which is remedied in the manner suggested before—on the warm days of spring and throughout the torrid months of destructive summer, when practically all infant sickness and death comes from bacteria infested milk—boil your milk for fifteen minutes, place it at once on ice, and thus save a future lord or queen of America.

## Home Nursing

An elderly lady who lived with her married daughter was greatly annoyed by the noise and confusion of the daughter's town home, where children and company and pets made life a nightmare for her. She therefore begged permission to stay on in the farmhouse where she had been a boarder during the summer, and offered the daughter of the house a fair salary if she would be a sort of nurse-companion to her during the winter.

The girl undertook the task rather doubtfully, but she soon found the work delightful. In the long, quiet hours she read to her patient, played for her, played games with her, cooked savory dishes for her, and petted her as if she had been her own grandmother, instead of a stranger.

Meanwhile, the daughter in town was relieved to know that her mother was happy and comfortable; the mother, for the first winter in many years, was content, and the young girl received a fair compensation for her work as nurse, and gained in training and cultivation, for her patient was an educated and refined woman.

Parents of defective children often wish them to have quiet, with personal attention, but are not able to send them to an expensive sanitarium. The young girl who can meet their wishes is sure of good pay. In summer the parents can look after the children themselves at quiet resorts and in the country; but in winter, business and school and other necessary occupations and activities often make that impossible. There are many deficient children who are quiet, lovable and easy to care for, but who cannot stand the noise and confusion of the city.

The girl who undertakes this work must see that the child is regularly fed and cared for in every way; that it is amused and nursed and petted as much as is good for it, and that it is in the open air as much as possible. Many girls in charge of such children are able to do fancy-work, plain sewing or other things at the same time with the nursing, and thereby earn two incomes at once; but the second task must never be permitted to interfere with the real work.

Occasionally a tuberculous patient wishes to be cared for in a farmhouse, but such a case is too dangerous for the untrained nurse. Persons suffering from overwork, children who need the outdoor life, elderly people to whom town is a burden in winter, and delicate young girls who have broken down in business or social life are the best patients. No one suffering from infectious diseases should be taken, nor should a young nurse have the sole care of a hopeless invalid. Only those who are seeking cheerful company, long hours of sleep and rest, regular hours and simple food should be taken, and even then a single patient is enough for a nurse.

## Mouth-Breathing

A correspondent writes to ask, "Why do I wake in the morning with a dry, uncomfortable throat and a bad taste in my mouth, in spite of the fact that I scrupulously obey all the laws of bedroom ventilation?" The question must be answered with another: "Do you sleep with your mouth open?" If you do, you are sure to feel wretched when you wake, for all night long you have been doing yourself harm instead of good

The air you breathe should reach your lungs warmed and purified and moistened; instead of that, it has entered them cold and harsh and germ-laden. Can you wonder, then, that you wake tired and unrefreshed, that your throat is sore and hoarse, or that the night was made fearful by nightmares?

Mouth-breathing means a poor complexion, a seriously-altered expression of the face, and injured teeth. Many a young girl, once she has come to realize these facts, has cured herself in a few weeks or months. An appeal to her reasonable human vanity has accomplished speedily what years of nagging might have failed to bring about.

In some cases the cure depends upon the removal of mechanical obstructions to proper breathing. If the whole nasal cavity is filled with growths that only the surgeon can deal with, breathing except through the mouth, becomes impossible. But when a mouth-breather has learned that the nasal passages are not impeded, he must address himself patiently to correcting his bad habit.

He must take breathing exercises at regular intervals, and keep his mouth firmly closed except while eating or talking. To assist in breaking up the habit during sleep, he will sometimes find it a good plan to pass a light bandage under his chin and fasten it at the top of his head, or to close his lips with a little strip of surgeon's plaster.

## Lateral Curvature

The spinal column follows the curved line of beauty; no part of it is perfectly straight. The neck curves slightly forward, the part of the spine to which the ribs are attached bends in the opposite direction, and the lower portion curves forward once more. There are curves also to right or left, but these are normally very slight. When they are so great as to be noticeable, they constitute the deformity called lateral curvature of the spine, or scoliosis.

The curve usually begins to form in childhood and increases very slowly, without pain, so that it often exists a considerable time without being discovered.

The absence of pain has its unfortunate side, since it is naturally in the early stages, before the bones of the spine have changed their shape, that treatment is most successful. First of all, it is necessary to determine the cause, and remove it if possible, for the disease can never be cured while the cause continues to act.

The curvature may be due to a wrong sitting position in school—the result of bad lighting, defective eyesight, or badly constructed desks; to the carrying of heavy weights on one arm, as in the case of school children who take a dozen books home for study every day, or of the "little mothers" of the poor, who, themselves hardly more than infants, carry baby brothers and sisters round all day, or to the shortening of one leg, which throws the body to one side, and makes the child lean sidewise in order to keep erect. Other causes, such as disease of the lungs, which produces a falling of one side of the chest, have to be considered as affecting the results of treatment although they may be themselves incurable.

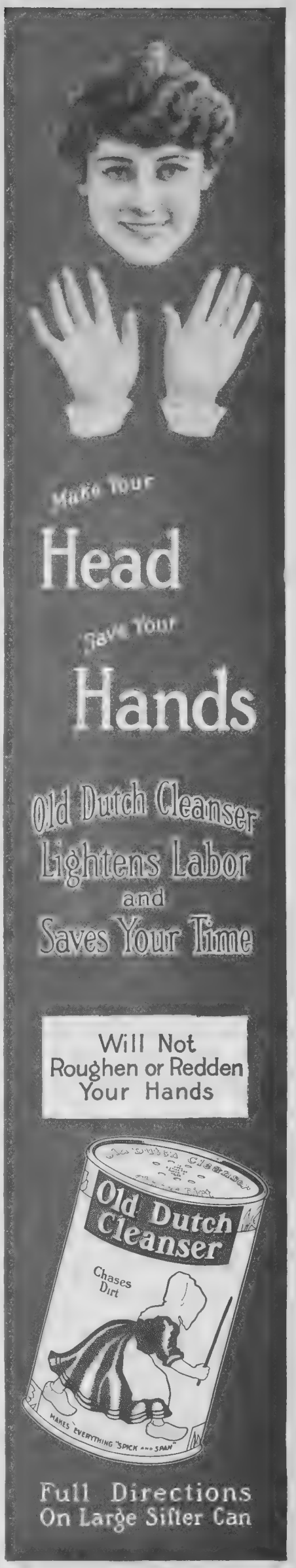
The treatment of lateral curvature, if begun early, offers much hope of permanent improvement, but it must be systematic and persevering if it is to be successful. It consists chiefly of systematic exercises that twist the spine in a direction opposite to that of the abnormal curvature. They tend to make the spine elastic, and strengthen the muscles so that they are able to hold the body erect after it has been straightened.

A story is told by the Chicago News of a Chinese mandarin who went to his doctor for advice. He could not sleep, had no appetite, suffered greatly from depression, and nevertheless was taking on fat at an alarming rate.

"We'll soon put you in condition again," said the physician. "What you need is exercise, good, hard exercise. Four times a week you may come here and put in the morning polishing my floors."

"But why not my own floors?" the mandarin inquired.

"Mine are larger," responded the doctor, smilingly.




**MADE IN CANADA**
*Write to Cudahy Packing Co., Toronto, Canada, for our booklets "Hints to Housewives"*

32nd YEAR SUTTON'S SEEDS 32nd YEAR

KNOW YOUR SEEDS

Fill the Empty Purse. Increase Your Income. Plant a Back Yard Garden.

PATMORE'S RELIABLE SEEDS
As Near INFALLIBLE as Possible to Attain

32 Years of Honest Selling is the Guarantee Behind Every Sale

THIS YEAR OF ALL YEARS
Make Every Cent Count. Every Hour Spent in the Garden is an Addition to Your Bank Acct.

TREES SEEDS PLANTS

PIN YOUR FAITH TO PATMORE'S
Who Conduct Large Trial Grounds and who are the Only Western Seed House who have Trial Grounds for Testing their Seeds Right Here in the West

Have You Ever Tried PATMORE'S SEEDS?
We Invite Comparison. Sow them right alongside the seeds you consider best. See for yourself—Prove for yourself—Be Discriminating—Be Exacting But Always Remember if you
INSIST UPON THE BEST
And are willing to be shown
THAT PATMORE'S WILL BE YOUR CHOICE

Write for our illustrated Catalog of VEGETABLE SEEDS, FLOWER SEEDS, FIELD CORN, FIELD PEAS, BROME, WESTERN RYE, TIMOTHY, ALFALFA, CLOVERS, MILLET
TREES — SHRUBS — PLANTS
GARDEN TOOLS POULTRY SUPPLIES

PATMORE SEED and NURSERY CO., Limited
BRANDON, Man. SASKATOON, Sask.
Western Canada's Reliable Seed House

PATMORE FIELD PLOTS AND TRIAL GROUNDS ONE OF THE TWO LARGE BRANDON GREEN-HOUSES.

32nd YEAR Nurserymen—Florist—Seedsmen 32nd YEAR

THE ART OF DRESSING WELL

AND HOW MAYPOLE SOAP
Furnishes the means for all.

To buy new things for every change in color is extravagant, and for most people impracticable. It is also unnecessary when by the use of

MAYPOLE SOAP

you can DYE AT HOME in fifteen minutes, to the most delicate shade or color, your Blouses, Laces, Silks, Satins, Gloves, Ribbons, Scarves, Feathers, Lingerie, &c.

NO MESS, NO TROUBLE, WON'T WASH OUT OR FADE.
24 Colors, 10c cake. Black 15c cake.

Sold Everywhere — or postpaid with free Booklet "How to dye" from

Frank L. Benedict & Co., Montreal

# How they do Things in Alberta

By Prof. W. J. Elliott, School of Agriculture, Olds.

IT IS A fact that in Alberta there are many young men who came to the new land of the West with their parents at a time when there were few schools, and at a time when the family purse was not stout enough to employ hired help Thus the boy got very little or possibly no public school training after coming to the province. These facts are to be regretted, yet they are part of the price that is paid by the "pioneer boys" who give their lives to help their parents win a home for themselves.

Alberta, like the rest of the provinces of this new Dominion, has literally thousands of boys who are to be the future farmers, and who are deficient as far as the public school standard is concerned. These boys range from 16 to 25 years of age. They will not go to the public school even though later financial success would make this possible.

We could not expect a boy of twenty years of age to stand in a class at the public school with a ten year old boy in knee pants. Then where can he go? The high school standards will not admit him; the colleges hold their standards of admission above his head. The facts are then, that the man who is to become the tiller of the soil and on whose shoulders the burden of Canada's prosperity must rest, will have to do without a training.—No, that will not be the case in Alberta.

Studying soil chemistry, Olds Agricultural School, Alta.

### Alberta's Schools

The Minister of Agriculture has established three schools of agriculture in the province that are primarily for the farmer's boy—for the boy who is to be the future farmer of the province. These schools belong to him. He has a right to go to them, and at them he meets others just like himself. There are no standards of admission, the only thing being a willingness and a conscientious effort to do on the part of the boy. The atmosphere of the school is an agricultural atmosphere, the instructors have the word "Practical" written high and clear above every lesson that is taught. The idea of the education is first to give the boy a clear view of the importance of his calling, so that he may grasp the idea that every business on the face of the earth comes second to that of agriculture. And, in the second place, the school seeks to give such information as will be useful to the boy as soon as he returns home. No lesson is given in the classroom that is not immediately followed by practical work in the laboratory, the stock judging room, the seed testing room or the blacksmith and carpentry shop.

### The Course of Study

Prime importance is given to live stock, as the permanent success of Western agriculture is wrapped up in this. The boys are taught to judge draft horses, dairy and beef cattle, the various types of hogs, etc., and while these animals are being discussed, matters are taken up with regard to the various Alberta feeds that are available and suitable. Next in importance to the live stock work comes the work of grain judging, weed seed identification and a thorough discussion of Alberta's soils and how to handle them. The iron and wood repair work is another very important phase of the education. A carpentry and blacksmith shop has been provided and all kinds of farm repairing is done by the boys. They are first taught the use of both iron and wood tools, the care of a forge and fire, etc. The boys make door hooks and chains, make clevices, whiffle trees, wheel barrows and wagon boxes. This includes the cutting out and making the wood work and the making and shaping of all irons for the same.

In addition to the above the boys are given a thorough course in Business English, and work in Chemistry, Physics, Botany and such subjects as are directly and closely related to agriculture. For instance, the boys are shown the cattle fed on the farm and learn that they receive certain proportions of oats and barley, cut oat bundles and wild hay. The boys then go to the classroom and an instructor in chemistry shows them the same oats, barley and roughage. The chemical composition of each is discussed in terms of feeding cattle. The boy learns that to put fat on animals he must feed the starchy foods like barley and wheat, and that to produce milk the oat is the grain that is used above all others. In this way, the discussion of the composition of the feeds on the farm is so interwoven with the actual work that is going on on the Demonstration Farm that he becomes familiar with the ordinary feeds on an Alberta farm, and, without knowing it, is actually studying the chemistry of cattle feeding. It is just in ways of this kind that all of the lecture work of the classroom is made of actual value to the boy in a practical way.

### Are the Schools Well Attended?

The natural question to ask is, "How were the schools of agriculture received by the farmers and farmers' sons?" When the principals were appointed and the staffs were being called together last fall, the Minister of Agriculture suggested that if 15 to 20 boys were received at each school, he would be entirely satisfied. The schools have certainly been appreciated by the farmers and the attendance of the boys has proven beyond the question of a doubt that these are the schools that the farmers want for the education of their boys.

In the three schools, 176 boys were enrolled for agricultural instruction. We doubt if there is a province or state on this continent that can show such a record. One hundred per cent of the boys came directly from the farms. In this way it will be clearly seen that the agricultural schools are not encroaching upon the work of the public schools or collegiate institutes. They have drawn their students from a class of boys who heretofore have received no instruction.

Blacksmith's Shop, Olds Agricultural School, Alta.

At the Olds school, 37 boys were registered the first day, and inside of two weeks a total of 61 boys was admitted. More seats had to be ordered and more equipment secured. Before Christmas the principals of the schools were advising the farmers not to send any more boys, as the schools had practically all that they could possibly handle.

Present indications would suggest that there will be in the neighborhood of 260 boys at these three schools next winter. The school term only runs for five months in the winter, beginning October 27th and lasting until the end of March. At the present writing, the Olds school alone has received signed up

Girl's Class Room, Olds School, Alta.

applications from 42 boys and 18 girls from last year's class who wish to take a second year; and, in addition, 33 boys and 6 girls have registered for the first year. This makes a total of 99 registered for next year's work at the Olds school alone. Indications are that by the time of the opening day the school will be refusing to register any more students. Indeed, the schools are regarded so highly by the farming communities that the Minister of Agriculture is literally besieged with delegations asking that additional schools be established at other points in the province.

### Household Science Branch

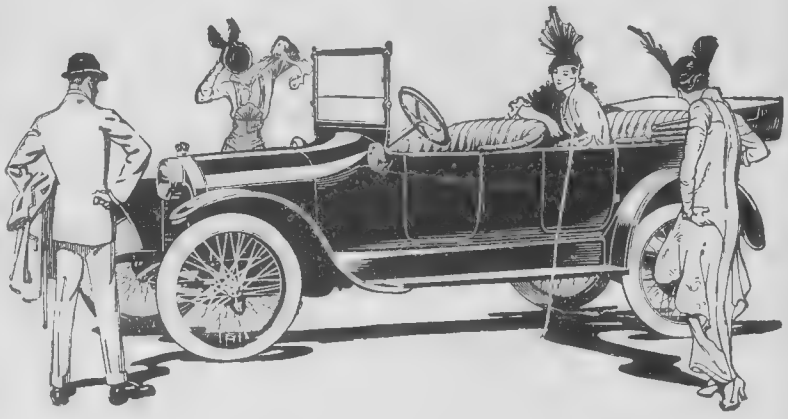
In addition to the work that is given for farm boys, a course is offered in household science for the farmers' daughters. The course is not limited to farmers' daughters, because girls from the surrounding towns as well are taking advantage of the same. This branch covers a study of foods, sewing, cooking, laundry work, hygiene, sanitation, home care of the sick, and work in home gardening, poultry and butter making. Here again the work is made as practical as possible. Somewhat of an idea may be gained of the practical nature of the work when it is said that Mr. Pat Burns, the noted cattleman and packer of Western Canada, after going through the buildings, and seeing the boys and girls at work declared that it was the most practical institution he had ever visited and offered on the spot $100 scholarships for the best stock judge, for the best grain and weed seed judge, for the best cook and the best lady sewer.

So apparent is the usefulness of the schools that already the Minister of Agriculture is planning large extensions in the way of buildings to accommodate next year's quota of students.

### Advanced Agricultural Course

It will be seen by the foregoing that the course as offered by the Alberta Schools of Agriculture is designed particularly for the boy who is going back on to the farm. There, of course, will be a small percentage of students who wish to go on for more advanced work. The Schools of Agriculture, therefore, fit in with a regular continuous system of agricultural education in the Province. The two years as given at the


# BRISCOE
## Touring Car or Roadster
### $1150 f.o.b. Winnipeg



Individuality stands out all over the Briscoe Car. It is not a copy bu a creation, possessing an air of exclusiveness that makes an instant appea to every buyer. Built to stand up indefinitely.

**CONSIDER THE BRISCOE**

Completely equipped silent Electric Starter, Electric Lights, One-man Top, Clear Vision Windshield, Speedometer, etc.—nothing to buy.

A liberal contract is offered to all responsible live-wire dealers who wish to increase their profits by the sale of the Briscoe Cars. Best territory is being allotted fast right now. Better get in touch with us without delay.

## Joseph Maw & Co. Ltd.

**FACTORY REPRESENTATIVES**

**112-118 KING STREET WINNIPEG**



# International Harvester Wagons

MEN who build wagons of first grade quality, throughout, work for a reputation. To many buyers all wagons look alike, nor is it possible even for an expert always to pick the better wagon of the two after a wagon is put together and painted.

This is why a good reputation is a most valuable asset to a wagon. Their good reputation practically assures the buyer that he will get his money's worth in a **Petrolia** or **Chatham** wagon.

In order to keep the reputation of the **Petrolia** and **Chatham** wagons up to the point where it belongs, all wood used is carefully selected, and then air-dried under cover. The lumber dries for at least two years, most of it three years, some of it —particularly the pieces for the hubs, which receive special attention—even longer. Air-drying produces tough wagon lumber because the sap dries naturally with the wood and binds its fibres together. It is this right drying of good wood which gives **Petrolia** and **Chatham** wagons the qualities necessary to live up to their reputation.

I H C local agents can furnish you with catalogues giving a great deal of valuable information about these wagons. If you had rather get it direct from us, drop a card to the nearest branch house.

**International Harvester Company of Canada, Ltd.**

BRANCH HOUSES

At Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Estevan, Hamilton, Lethbridge, London, Montreal, N. Battleford, Ottawa, Quebec, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Winnipeg, Yorkton

# Mason & Risch Pianos

"FROM FACTORY TO HOME"

17 WESTERN BRANCH STORES

In matter of daily life that do not at all concern the Nation's welfare, there is no selfishness in putting self-advantage FIRST.

Recognizing this basis truth, we decided that it was to our own advantage to do the musical world the greatest service possible by making "THE BEST PIANO BUILT." That ambition was realized, and the widespread popularity of the Mason & Risch Piano is proof positive of the fidelity with which the principle has been followed. Right in quality, right in workmanship, Mason & Risch Pianos are built for life-time service—and they GIVE IT!

Write us for booklet to-day

**MASON & RISCH LIMITED**

WINNIPEG



"CANADA'S GREATEST SEED HOUSE"

# STEELE, BRIGGS' SEEDS

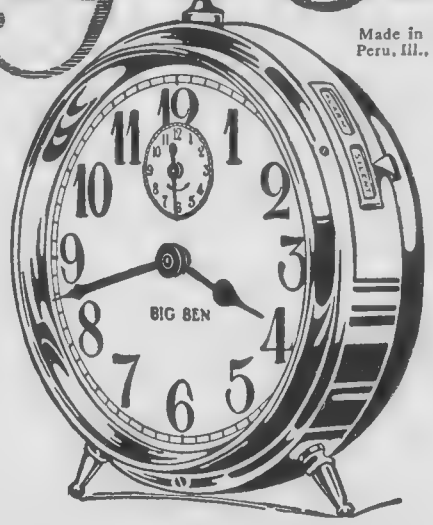
THE BEST BY EVERY TEST

FOR SALE BY RELIABLE MERCHANTS EVERYWHERE THROUGHOUT CANADA



# Big Ben

Made in La Salle and Peru, Ill., by Westclox




## —there's Big Ben

**What if some important job calls for a get-up long before sunrise?**

**What if the household must be astir for a prompt breakfast right on the scratch?**

**—there's Big Ben.**

**Big Ben will get you up and out either way you tell him—with a straight five minute call or ten successive taps at half-minute intervals.**

His pay for service is $2.50 in the States—$3.00 in Canada. If your dealer hasn't him, a money order addressed to his makers, *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois*, will put him in your employ.


schools are about equivalent to the two years offered by Guelph and Manitoba agricultural colleges, with particular adaptation to Western conditions. Students who complete the two years' course at one of the provincial schools will be admitted directly into an advanced degree course as offered by the Provincial University.

### Extension Work

The staff at each school is composed of thoroughly practical men, and during the seven months of summer when the school is not in session, these men devote their entire time to agricultural extension work. In short, this extension work may be said to cover any practical assistance to the farmers in the district covered by each school. It is needless to say that a good deal of this extension work is carried on through the farmers' sons who attend the school during the winter. The animal husbandry instructor has outlined a series of experiments to be conducted by 20 of the students along the lines of the summer feeding of hogs.

The agronomy instructor has an experiment outlined in connection with alfalfa, and approximately 20 of the students will undertake this experiment.

In addition to this, the students of the school have formed an experimental union, and under this union a great many varieties of grains and grasses will be tested out. The agronomy instructor of the school is the secretary of the union and will be in a position to give practical advice at all times.

### Cow Testing Associations

Cow Testing Associations are being started, and so great is the call for assistance in this line, that it will require the balance of the staff to visit the students and farmers once per month to weigh and test the milk of the cows that are entered into the cow testing association. It is an interesting fact to note that 20 of the boys of the school and 11 of the girls have signified their intention of keeping the records of the herds at home, with a view to securing the advantage of the cow testing association. It will thus be seen that the staff are kept directly in touch with the farming community surrounding each school

### Co-operation With Demonstration Farms

A point that might be brought out in this connection is with reference to the co-operation between the government demonstration farms and the schools of agriculture. The schools of agriculture occupy 20 acres of land on the corner of the demonstration farms. The balance of the land is handled under the direction of the Superintendent of Demonstration farms, who conducts each farm as a more or less commercial proposition. Herds of dairy cows representing the various breeds and including milking Shorthorns are found on each demonstration farm, and milk of superior quality is shipped to large centres like Calgary and Edmonton. The Demonstration Farms are not handled entirely in the way of experiment stations, but rather follow out the experiments of the various stations and test the grains, grasses, etc., in a commercial way. It is an interesting point to note that these demonstration farms are paying their own way, a thing that is perhaps very unusual with demonstration farms in the Dominion of Canada.

The students thus have a demonstration farm at all times run along ordinary farm lines and operated as a paying proposition. The instruction gained by observing the work as it is carried on is thus made all the more valuable. The manager of the demonstration farm gives instruction to the boys under the heading of "Farm Management" and, needless to say, his talks are borne out by the actual work on the farm.

### Economy of Equipment

The school of agriculture does not need to carry an expensive equipment in the way of the various classes of stock for educational purposes. The stock that is used for judging purposes is just the ordinary stock that is carried on the demonstration farm. A team of horses may be drawing straw, ice, hay, grain or anything on the farm, and at noon the harness is taken off them and they are sent to the stock judging room for the use of the students. In this way, the operation of the schools of agriculture is very much less than it otherwise would be.

Girls in Domestic Science Class, Olds Agricultural School, Alta.

It might be added that of the 20 acres under the supervision of the schools of agriculture, about 15 are set aside for experimental plots, where the various classes of grain, grasses, shade trees, shrubs, fruits and berries, are tested out in the interests of the farming community. All those who visit the demonstration farms and the schools of agriculture are high in their praise of the practical nature of the work that is given to the students and of the useful information and help that is available for the farmers living within the district covered by one of Alberta's schools of agriculture.

---

There are three ways in which a soil loses its moisture—by percolation, evaporation, transpiration through the leaves of the plant in the form of vapor.

Losses by evaporation may be reduced to a certain extent by mulching the soil. Mulches from a layer which is rather impervious to the movement of water. Generally speaking the average mulch is about three inches deep and is obtained either by using a harrow or some other form of cultivation. It is by the aid of mulch that the dry farmer is able to conserve sufficient amounts of moisture to produce crops.

Losses from transpiration cannot be controlled to any extent as they are governed largely by climatic condition, the principal agents being heat, humidity and air movement. In an arid climate losses of soil moisture become very large because of the dry air and intense sunlight. Consequently larger amounts of moisture are needed for the successful production of crops in an arid than humid climate.

# The Parkland Districts of Alberta

S. J. Widgley Edgerton

It is a prevailing idea in the Old Country and in many parts of Eastern Canada as well, that the great West from Winnipeg to the Rockies is one dead level treeless plain; wholly given over to the cultivation of grain; and that the only place where beautiful scenery may be enjoyed is in the great mountains that lie beyond.

River Scenery in Alberta

There is reason possibly for these incorrect notions, for grain growing has been boomed and extolled till strangers believe it is the sum and substance of the West.

Photographers delight to picture the great ploughing machines at work on the long furrows that terminate only with the horizon. Humourists have told of the touching farewells between the farmer and his family as he starts out to plough the strip of land that leads into the unknown.

Life's a Joke that's just begun

Yet the dead level plain is intersected with beautiful river valleys, rugged and wild; is dotted with thousands of lakes, many unnamed and little known; is crowded with wild fruit and wild animals, and beautified with fine trees on the hillsides and slopes. In the parkland districts of the prairie groves of poplar and willow, maple and birch, spruce and cottonwood, all help to make such a picture that will rival the finest parks in old established countries and which afford shelter and shade to herds of cattle and droves of horses.

The sportsman can find much in the bluffs that line the river banks and steep ravines, to interest him. An occasional bear, timber wolf or lynx will give a spice of danger, while deer and small game will furnish supplies of food and capital sport.

The naturalist, too, will find much to claim his attention. Strange birds and plants invite investigation and the possibility of fresh discovery is ever present to sustain the interest.

---

A traveller asked a priest: "What is the difference between an ass and a priest?" His Reverence, after some thought, gave it up. "Why," said the triumphant commercial, "the priest has a cross on his breast while the ass has one on his back." "Very good," smiled the priest. "Now allow me to propose a riddle in my turn. What is the difference between a commercial traveller and an ass?" The bagman made several guesses, but at last was compelled to admit he did not know. "Nor I either," said the priest.


# Deering Manure Spreaders

"WHEN I bought my first manure spreader, I was thinking more of my horses than I was of my land. I bought a 'light weight' machine. It went all right empty, or with a half load, but it warped and jammed so after a few full loads that soon the horses couldn't move it. A spreader must have some weight if it is to do good work and last any length of time. The spreader I own now is what some might call a heavy machine. The beauty of it is that it neither warps nor jams and it works as easy when fully loaded as it does when nearly empty. As my neighbor said when he bought one like mine, 'I could spread soft coal with it.' I find it is much better for the horses, better for the land, and better for my pocketbook."

This farmer owns a **Deering** manure spreader built for efficient work, and field-tested in every feature. The weight is put into places where weight counts. It helps to make the machine stiff and strong. It prevents jamming, twisting, warping and sagging.

See the Deering local agent who handles these machines and let him show what the features on **Deering** spreaders are put there for. Or, write us for information and we will give you our agent's name.

**International Harvester Company of Canada, Ltd**

**Brandon, Man.; Calgary, Alta.; Edmonton, Alta.; Estevan, Sask.; Lethbridge, Alta.; North Battleford, Sask.; Regina, Sask.; Saskatoon, Sask.; Winnipeg, Man.; Yorkton, Sask.**

**These machines are built at Hamilton, Ont.**



## MODEL IMPROVED CYCLE HATCHER

**Made and Patented in Canada. Beware of Worthless Imitations**

**HATCHES 50 EGGS—Price only $7.**

This little machine is a 20th Century Wonder, hatches every hatchable egg. Easily operated, fireproof; glass window so that thermometer is in sight without touching machine.

Made entirely of metal; weight 20 lbs. Securely boxed and ready to ship.

PRICE ONLY $7.00

Mail your orders now. You will want several of these machines before the season is over. Send for catalogue.

Brooder, hatches 50 eggs .....$8.50

Model 60 Egg Incubator, with automatic Lamp trip regulator. Price..$8.00

50 Egg, Hot Water Incubator .....$8.00

Model Portable Hover, 100 chick capacity .....$8.00

**THE MODEL INCUBATOR CO. Limited, 196 River St., TORONTO, Ont.**

**FREE** **BOYS,** don't pay $5.00 to $10.00 for a baseball outfit. Here is your 1915 National League style outfit—the complete equipment for playing every position on the team, and you can get it absolutely free. It contains this dandy big league solid leather catchers' decker, best 1915 style; a chrome tanned web thumb and raised heel solid leather fielders' glove; a Jim dandy first baseman's mit, and a new style short stops' decker, both these mits being laced all around just like you see the big league players using. They're beauties. Then you get a new 1915 steel catchers' mask, a strongly sewn full sized baseball, and there's a dandy pair of baseball shoes for every boy who earns an outfit. Get this outfit, boys, and you ll be the pride of the team.

Just write to-day for **32** of our magnificent Beauty Pin Sets to sell among your friends at only 10c. per set. They just sell like hot cakes. Just think—2 lovely engraved gold finished Beauty Pins on a nice card for only 10c. Most ladies buy half a dozen sets the minute you show them. You'll sell these few in next to no time.

Return our **$3.20** when the Pins are sold and we'll promptly send you, all charges paid, the complete baseball outfit just as you see it, and the dandy rubber soled baseball shoes, guaranteed to fit and give satisfaction, are yours too, if you will show your grand baseball outfit to your friends and get only three of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did. Get busy and write us quick, boys. Be the first to own the grandest baseball outfit in your town. Address: 17

**THE REGAL MANUFACTURING CO.** Dept. B 665 **TORONTO, ONTARIO**

"Does Everybody Wear Underwear Same as Me and You, Dad?"

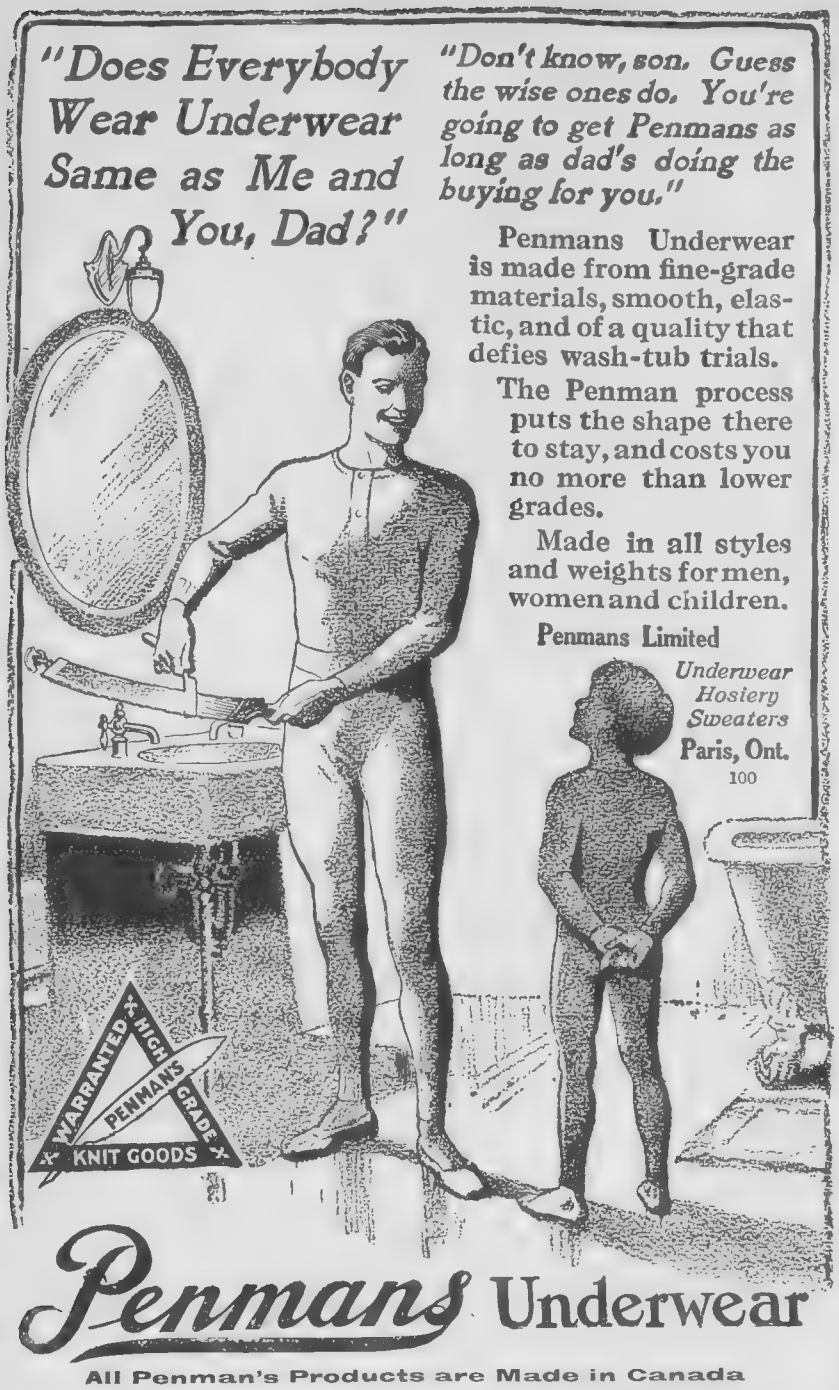
"Don't know, son. Guess the wise ones do. You're going to get Penmans as long as dad's doing the buying for you."

Penmans Underwear is made from fine-grade materials, smooth, elastic, and of a quality that defies wash-tub trials.

The Penman process puts the shape there to stay, and costs you no more than lower grades.

Made in all styles and weights for men, women and children.

Penmans Limited
Underwear
Hosiery
Sweaters
Paris, Ont.
100

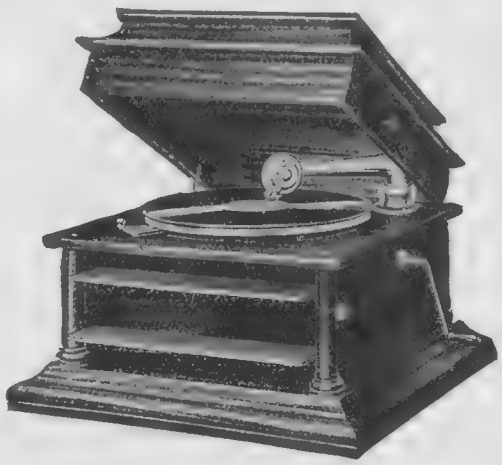



Penmans Underwear

All Penman's Products are Made in Canada

Columbia Note the Voice

Grafonolas
On these Terms are
Possible Luxuries

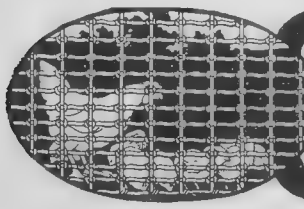


There are no dull evenings in Grafonola homes. With a Grafonola comes music for all—just the selection you want and when you want it.

EASY TERMS IF DESIRED

With each "Favorite" model (here shown) we supply 12 double disc records and ship the machine to you on a cash payment of $12, and the balance in monthly instalments of $8.
Write for catalogue of other machines and further details of mail order propositions.

WINNIPEG PIANO CO.
333 Portage Avenue Winnipeg



PEERLESS POULTRY FENCE
A Real Fence—Not Netting
Strongly made and closely spaced—making it a complete barrier against large animals as well as small poultry. Top and bottom wires No. 9—intermediates No. 12 wire—made by the Open Hearth process which time and other tests have proven to be the best. Send for catalog. Ask about our farm and ornamental fencing. Agencies nearly everywhere. Agents wanted in unassigned territory.
The Banwell-Hoxie Wire Fence Company, Ltd.,
Winnipeg, Man., Hamilton, Ont.

# About the Farm

## Ten Commandments for the Dairy Farmer

By Charles Cristadoro, Pt. Loma, California

### Keep Healthy Cows

Keep a reasonable number of cattle and whether the number be large or small, keep them tuberculin tested; and retest, preferably, every six months, segregating but not necessarily destroying reactors. The only way to keep the herd clean: feed no milk from reacting or even untested cows, and no milk returned from creameries, to calves or other stock, unless such milk be first heated up to at least 145 degrees Fahrenheit for thirty minutes (pasteurized), thus checking the spread of tuberculosis. This is not theory, but sound practice.

### Select and Keep Good Producers

Know what each cow produces over and above her keep, and promptly get rid of unprofitable ones. A 4000 and 8000 pound cow costs about the same to keep. One just pays for her keep, the other nets a profit of $50 to $60 per annum. Ascertain carefully, your best market, whether for whole milk or butter fat. Co-operate and reciprocate with your neighbors; nothing else pays quite so well as co-operation.

### Use Only Pure Bred Bulls

Keep and use only a pure bred bull. Upon this depends the upkeep and improvement of the herd. There is very little difference in the cost of raising calves of superior and inferior breeding, but there is a great difference in the profits obtainable from superior and inferior cattle. If necessary, go into debt for a good bull.

### Feed Liberally

Note that a balanced ration of 17 pounds gives as much butter fat as an unbalanced 21 pound ration, and that continuous silage is sometimes cheaper than pasture. A ton of alfalfa hay equals in food value 60 bushels of oats. Keep in mind that only 100 pounds of butter fat yearly per cow cost the producer on an average 35 cents per pound; and that 300 pounds yearly per cow cost 12½ cents about per pound. Thus does it pay royally to improve the herd.

### Produce the Feed

It pays better to market your hay and grain in the form of milk, butter fat, steers and hogs. Erect one or more silos, grow alfalfa, corn, sorghum, sweet clover, kaffir corn and soy beans. Beet tops, siloed with corn, have made excellent silage. Rotate your crops. Use silage and thus secure milk-producing fodder the year around, which will enable you to keep up your milk yield during the entire year. Silage requires one-eighth the storage space of hay.

### Use the Manure

Remember that $100 worth of hay (clover) contains $85 worth of plant food; that when this is fed to the cow, three-fourths of the plant food is returned in the manure. $100 worth of

"War to the end without Mercy"—Premier Viviani's Pledge for France

"The German torrent is checked," said Rene Viviani, the French Prime Minister, in an interview with a war correspondent. Viviani has been directing France's affairs ever since the war has started and he firmly believes that the backbone of German militarism is broken and that her military machine is gradually being crushed. "Germany planned this war, deliberately. If Germany really loved peace, she could well have avoided this conflict," said Viviani. The French Premier is working almost incessantly in his office at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. "We will war to the end without mercy," was another decisive remark of the French Government. Viviani works fifteen hours a day and has adopted the simple life in order to have as much time available to business as possible.

"HERCULES"

**Foot Scraper**

$1.50 MADE IN WINNIPEG $1.50

CLEAN FLOOR'S IN 1,000,000 HOMES AND BUSINESS HOUSES

Do you know that this scraper will save more money in one week than what it costs you; it removes the mud as efficiently as the snow and has a Heel Piece which is very effective. Price $1.50 delivered to nearest railway station or post office in Manitoba or Saskatchewan and $1.75 in Alberta

The
**Western Steel and Iron Co. Ld.**
Chalmers Ave. Elmwood, Winnipeg

**KEEP THEM WORKING**

A horse in the field is worth two in the barn. You can't **prevent** Spavin, Ringbone, Splint, or Curb from putting your horse **in** the barn but you can **prevent** these troubles from keeping horses in the barn very long. You can get

**KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE**

at any druggists at $1 a bottle, 6 for $5, and Kendall's will cure. Thousands of farmers and horsemen will say so. Our book "Treatise on the horse" free. 104

Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburg Falls, Vt.

**PATENTS**
Trade Marks and Designs
Write for booklet and circular, terms, etc.

**Featherstonhaugh & Co.**

Fred. B. Featherstonhaugh, K.C., M.G.
Gerald S. Roxburgh, B.A. Sc.

209-10 Bank of Nova Scotia, Portage Ave.
(Corner of Garry)

WINNIPEG

**MODEL**
**Implement Shed**
and
**Repair Shop**

The most convenient, time, labor and machine saving building ever designed for the farm. **Fire-retarding, Lightning-proof and Permanent.**
Fill in particulars below and we will send you **Free,** Plan, Elevations and quotation.

**The Western Metal Products Co.**
Everything in
**Sheet Metal, Building Material**
**Office 481 Toronto Street, Winnipeg, Man.**

Name.....
Post Office.....
Location of Farm.....
Station..... W.H.M.-1

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

cream contains but $1 worth of fertility while $100 worth of butter contains but ten cents worth of fertility. This makes it plain that feeding hay to the cow leaves nearly all its fertilizing constituents in the manure to be returned to the land, while had the hay been sold, this fertility would have been a total loss to the soil. Either use the manure daily upon the farm, or store it in a shallow concrete pit, at a reasonable distance from the barn or milk-house, and thus save the valuable nitrogen that the ground, sun and rain would help eliminate. Keep the pasture highly fertilized. The addition of lime phosphates, etc., to a cow pasture, has meant a large increase in the yield of milk. Mortgage your farm for a manure-spreader.

### Keep the Barn Clean and Well Ventilated

Keep the barn well lighted, ventilated and securely fly screened. Keep it clean. Nothing is more important than cleanliness. Keep the cows clean by care and abundant bedding. See to it that covered milk pails are used, and that the milk utensils are well washed and then scalded. Do not throw down hay to cows an hour before milking. See that the milkers are healthy and clean persons, who wash their hands carefully before milking. Remove milk pail, when full, at once from barn, and strain the milk through cotton or gauze or better, clarify it with clarifying machine. Even the best milk produced demands clarification and pasteurization to insure absolute cleanliness and safety at ALL TIMES. From first to last let care be taken to keep the milk clean and free from contamination of any kind. Never be without a dairy thermometer in the milk house, and use it.

### Keep the Cows Comfortable

Remember that the dairy cow is a daily revenue producer, and is the most valuable asset on the farm. She requires work, and is profitable in proportion to the attention she receives. She is a source of immediate income, and at the same time helps keep up the fertility of the soil. Also remember that the dairy cow is a mother, and that good care, kind and gentle usage, liberal feeding, and healthful environment are necessary if she is to give good profit from her motherhood. As you measure to the cow, so shall it be measured to you in return.

### Be Considerate to the Cows

During milking time use no profane language. Keep dogs and strangers out of the barn. Become acquainted with and know your cow. It pays. Under no circumstances permit a cow to be kicked or abused by the hired man—it never pays. It is mean and brutal as well. There always is some reason for a cow's being restless. Find the cause and remove it.

### Provide Shade and Wind Protection, Etc.

Provide ample wind protection, shade, salt and clean water. He who obeys all of these commands will reap abundant profits, for he who sets apart the gross product of a succession of single good cows regularly for 50 years, and keeps the accumulations at 6 per cent interest, will, at the age of 70, have to his credit not less than $30,000.00. Note well, that a thrifty steer may gain 500 pounds in a year which 500 pounds reduced to a dry food basis of weight amounts to but 60 or 70 pounds. A cow yielding 8000 pounds of milk per annum, will produce 960 pounds of dry food matter, milk solids. And note that the dairy cow has increased the total bank deposits of the state of Wisconsin three hundred per cent in ten years. A business asset.

## Pigs Must Have Exercise

There are differences of opinion as to the age at which pigs should be weaned, but the condition of the pigs and their dam, the kinds of feed available has more to do with thriftiness and their future growth than their age. As a rule, I let the little fellows run with the sow from 10 to 12 weeks. At that age the pigs should have learned to eat enough so as to practically wean themselves and the sow can be moved to other quarters and will hardly be missed by the pigs. Always shut up the sow, not the pigs, for if the pigs are shut up they will have a tendency to worry and will not do so well.

Great care should be taken at weaning time as that is the critical time in the little pigs' lives. Any direct change or overfeed may check their growth for several weeks. When the pigs are about four or five weeks old, a trough should be placed near where the sows are fed, and fresh feed put in for the pigs every time the sows are fed It will only be a very short time until the pigs will be waiting at the trough for their feed.

It is very essential to get the most growth out of the weaned pigs that they have plenty of exercise. This they will get while gathering forage which they should have. Alfalfa undoubtedly is the best, but if it is not available, a field of rape or oats should be sown for that purpose. The grain ration should consist of a thick slop of .4 per cent. middlings, 20 per cent corn chop, and 5 per cent tankage, with all the shelled corn they will eat twice a day and plenty of clean water at all times.

I have been using tankage in the ration for my weaned pigs for several years and find that I can get much better results in the bone, feet, and thriftiness by the use of a limited amount of tankage than I can with any other feed.—Independent Farmer.

## Poultry Alphabet

A utility bird is rarely worth doctoring, the axe being an excellent surgical instrument to apply to sick fowls.
Balanced rations supply maximum of nourishment with minimum of waste.
Cull closely, for it does not pay to board idlers.
Do not attempt too much to accomplish thoroughly.
Every insect left to mature will decrease the profits of the flock.
F-i-l-t-h spells failure.
Good stock is the best foundation but it must be handled with common sense.
Hens are not magicians; so cannot manufacture eggs unless given the proper materials.
Indolence and poultry-breeding make a combination which would bankrupt a wealthy financier.
Just a little observation will prove that the I-know-it-alls never make successful poultrymen.
Kindness shown to fowls pays in increased egg-supply.
Lice multiply rapidly in uncleanly surroundings.
May chicks, pushed to maturity, make fall layers to fill in the time when earlier hatched birds are resting.
No mixed flock can give the satisfaction of a single breed.
One's favorite breed is usually the best with which to win success.
Pullets should be separated from cockerels as soon as sex can be distinguished.
Quickly kill the chicks which are dwarfed or crippled when hatched.
Rush young birds towards maturity if you wish large profits.
Select breeders early and dispose of all other male birds.
Try to waste no feed, either by over-feeding, careless methods, or one-sided diet.
Unless you give your flock regular care, they do not pay to keep.
Very few poultrymen know so much that they can learn nothing from the experience of others.

## Facts About Silos

Some false statements about silos and silage:—

1. Silage ruins a cow's teeth.
2. Silage causes tuberculosis in cattle.
3. Cattle fed silage do not live very long.
4. Silage acid eats into the walls of concrete silos.
5. Silage does not keep well in anything but a wooden silo.
6. The only good silo is——kind of a silo.
7. Silage is the cheapest feed that can be produced on the farm.

Some true statements:—

1. Good silage sensibly fed does not injure any kind of stock.

**You Can't Cut Out**
A BOG SPAVIN, PUFF or THOROUGH-PIN, but

**ABSORBINE**
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

will clean them off permanently, and you work the horse same time. **Does not blister** or remove the hair. $2.00 per bottle, delivered. Will tell you more if you write. **Book 4 K free.**

W. F. Young, P.D.F., 138 Lymans Building, Montreal, Can.

**Artificial Limbs**
MADE IN WINNIPEG
We can fit you at short notice with the best that money can buy. Write us for full information.

**J. H. M. Carson**
357 Notre Dame Ave. Winnipeg

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

MANY BRANDS OF BAKING POWDER CONTAIN ALUM WHICH IS AN INJURIOUS ACID. THE INGREDIENTS OF ALUM BAKING POWDER ARE SELDOM PRINTED ON THE LABEL. IF THEY ARE, THE ALUM IS USUALLY REFERRED TO AS SULPHATE OF ALUMINA OR SODIC ALUMINIC SULPHATE.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER
CONTAINS NO ALUM

THE ONLY WELL-KNOWN MEDIUM-PRICED BAKING POWDER MADE IN CANADA THAT DOES NOT CONTAIN ALUM, AND WHICH HAS ALL ITS INGREDIENTS PLAINLY STATED ON THE LABEL.

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL.



# Automatic Electric Lighting for Your Farm Home

## Lister-Bruston Electric Lighting Plant

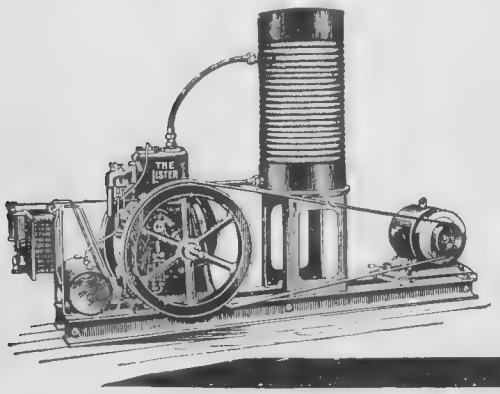
Ideal for Farm Homes, Churches, Moving Picture Theatres, Hotels, Etc.

**Starts Itself. Stops Itself**

It generates electricity automatically and does away with the necessity of large expensive storage batteries. With the exception of keeping it clean, lubricating, and filling the supply tank, no attention is required. The cost is low, space required is small and no foundations are necessary.

## Non-Automatic Plant $550 and up

This plant will light 8 or 10 room farm home and stables and outbuildings. It requires no expert attention, and is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. Simply crank the engine, which starts easily, and you have light. Let us send you further information. Write to-day to




**R. A. Lister & Co.**
**Limited**
**Winnipeg**



BOYS LEARN TO SHOOT

# FREE

Every Canadian boy should learn to shoot. Develop steady nerves, keen eyes and a firm hand by learning to handle a rifle and revolver. Every bright, live boy can have this magnificent King Air Rifle and a harmless Vacco Revolver for target practice, absolutely free. Get them to-day.

Our rifle is a beauty; the genuine, powerful, accurate KING, grand for target practice, sure death to small game—a rifle you'll be proud of. Has best walnut stock, polished nickel barrel, scientific sights. With it we give every boy one of the famous Vacco Revolvers with harmless rubber tipped vacuum arrow that sticks to everything it hits. This revolver gives you grand target practice and is absolutely harmless. We will also give you a fine red, white and blue target.

Write to-day, boys, and we will send you, postage paid, just thirty sets of our magnificent Beauty Pins to sell at 10c. a set. Just think—two lovely engraved gold finished Beauty Pins on a fine card for only 10c. Most ladies buy four or five sets on sight. You can sell only thirty in half an hour after school. It is as easy as fun. Return our three dollars when the pins are sold and we will at once send you the fine King Air Rifle and Vacco Revolver just as represented. We arrange to stand payment of all charges. Hurry, boys—send your name and get in on this great offer to-day. Address:

14

THE REGAL MANUFACTURING CO. Dept. A 619 TORONTO, ONTARIO


2. Silage acid does not injure well constructed concrete.

3. Silage is kept perfectly in all common types of silos that are well constructed.

4. A larger proportion of the corn crop can be utilized in the form of silage than in any other form.

5. Silage furnishes the much needed succulent feed in Winter.

6. Silage is very valuable as a supplement to pastures, especially during the hot Summer months when pastures are likely to be short.

7. The best corn silage is made from corn cut when practically mature, that is, when kernels are well dented but stalks and leaves still green.

8. The higher the silo the better the silage will keep, other things being equal.

The Joke is not on me, I have my teeth

9. The important thing in silos is not of what they are made, but how they are made. Smooth, strong, water-tight and air-tight walls are the chief requirements in a silo.

10. Freezing is prevented more by keeping the upper part of the silo closed and by keeping the outer edge of the silage lower than the middle, than by thick or double walls.—A. D. Wilson.

### Grow

When the farmer gets tired of doing good work and sags back, the world gets tired of helping him and sags back too.

The hind legs of a mule are not more apt to fly up and hit a fellow in the face than is the earth to kick when she is not used right.

That is why it pays to put the very best there is in us into every kind of farm operation we perform.

The farmer who means business does not need to post notices on the trees in his front yard "Honest work done here!" Nature does it for him. The good fence he builds tells the story. Every crop he grows advertises the fact, whether the farmer knows it or not. Even the cows that go down the lane in the morning and bring back great bagfuls of milk sing the same song: "We're working for a man that believes in giving to us the very best there is in him, and we're trying to make it even."

Some things the good farmer never gets tired of doing. You know what they are. He never gets tired of making his best better. He never gets tired of building better barns, making the old home more comfortable, growing a little better crop this year than he did last.

Some farmers never stop growing; some do. What is the difference? Just here: Some think, others do not. Some go out every day to see what more they can do to make the old farm more beautiful, others have no ambition that way. Some put their very lives into the work they are doing—every furrow is plowed just the best possible, every acre is made as productive as it can be, every little thing wrought out as if it were the pivot on which fortune is to turn. Others go around the place with their faces down toward the earth, sick of it all, wishing they had something "worth while" to do.

### Poultry Notes

The loss of feathers on the front of the male bird's neck, is generally due to some feather pulling. If his wattles are long, he is apt to get some of the morning mash on them, as well as on some of the feathers on the neck. A hen noticing anything on the wattles of a male bird generally picks it off, and if there should be anything on the feathers near the wattles, it would be natural for her to pick at them also, and in this way may gradually get the neck bare. In cases where the head and back of the neck are bare, and upon which is found a substance like dust, it is due to scurf. For this trouble nothing is better than to first give a teaspoonful of castor oil, after which give, daily, a little condition powder in the food. Anoint the parts with vaseline or petroleum jelly. The loss of feathers on the backs of hens is usually caused by sharp claws of the male bird. File the nails a little blunt, and remove the afflicted hens to separate quarters, feeding a little sulphur in the soft food and anoint the skin with vaseline or petroleum jelly.

# Young People

### The Bur and the Nut

Prickly-Bur said to Hazel-Nut,
"Ho, ho! I have children three,
And I've shut them tight away from sight,
Where the girls and boys can't see.
In a green-spiked cell I have hid them well
At the top of the chestnut-tree!"

Then Hazel-Nut said to Prickly-Bur,
"Hush, hush! I hide but one,
But I've wrapped it round all safe and sound,
And I think my work well done,
For I've tucked it away from the light of the day,
From the rain and the dew and the sun!"

But Jack Frost came with his magic wand
Of delicate hoar-white frost,
And he said, "My will o'er valley and hill
No power has ever crossed."
And he found the cell that was hid so well,
And the children out he tossed.

Then he spied the hut of the Hazel-Hut,
That she thought no one could see,
And threw on the ground what inside he found,
While he laughed aloud in glee;
"Ho, ho! My will o'er valley and hill
No power has ever crossed,
Hear, Prickly-Bur! Hear, Hazel-Nut!
It is I—the King—Jack Frost!"

### A Wonderful Land

By Annabel Hadley

Oh, Grandma-town is a wonderful land,
With paths that lead to—everywhere;
Where children wander hand in hand,
Some silken shod, some little feet bare.

There are stories for boys and stories for girls,
Of fairies and fluffes and "boog-ley boos,"
Of little Bo-Peep with her hair in curls,
And Cinderella with tiny glass shoes.

There are kisses for bruises and hugs for pains,
And the sweetest of cookies to drive away tears;
There are walks that lead through flowery lanes,
And lullaby songs that banish fears.

There are stories of goodies in Grandma-town,
A room full of dollies short and tall,
Or animal toys with soft coats of brown,
And there's grandma herself, which is best of all.

### Bubbles

By Belle Lawrence.

"It isn't so much fun playing soap-bubbles?" sighed Ted, as he laid down his pipe and strolled over to the window.

"O dear," cried Bessie, "Frankie's broken my pipe-stem, and I can't blow nice ones at all!"

"Well, well! What's all this about?" asked a deep voice, and the children saw Uncle Ned standing in the doorway.

"Now what shall it be to-day?" he said, as the children gathered round him.

Ted suggested Indian stories, Frankie preferred to hear about wild animals, and Bessie insisted on fairy stories, as both the former frightened her. But as Uncle Ned was about to protest, fearing trouble ahead, his eyes rested on the abandoned pipes.

"Why, let's have some soap-bubble tricks!" he exclaimed. And as Uncle's suggestions were always met with instant favor, they all clambered into chairs round the table.

"Now first," said he, "we'll see if we can't make a soap-bubble blow out a candle."

While Ted was despatched to the kitchen for a common tin funnel, he took from the mantel a wax candle, lighted and placed it in the center of the table. Then he took the funnel, immersed it in a bowl of soapy water, and blew a soap-bubble. Oh, such a large one! The largest one the children had ever seen.

"It is almost as big as the world, isn't it?" exclaimed Frankie, clapping his hands.

Next uncle took the small end of the funnel with his finger and placed it very near the flame of the candle. Then he removed his finger, and the flame grew dim; it fluttered and spluttered, and finally went out, and the beautiful big bubble burst.

The children began to beg for another trick.

"Just one more to-day," laughingly exclaimed Uncle Ned, "and this shall be known as the 'Dance of the Soap-Bubbles.'"

First he selected a piece of strong paper, which he held before the fire, and then rubbed briskly with his hand. On the baize covering of the nursery-table he quickly blew three soap-bubbles, and then placed the paper just a little distance above them.

Suddenly before the astonished eyes of the children the bubble began to stretch itself toward the paper. "O my!" exclaimed Frankie. "Looks almost like an egg!" In fact, this was the shape it was taking. Which ever way Uncle moved the paper the bubble followed. Soon he had them all hopping and dancing about on the table. And such fun as the children had watching them!

"How I wish I could do that?" sighed Ted.

"And so you may," said Uncle Ned, "but you must be careful that the paper does not get too near the bubbles."

After many failures, the children were able to make the bubbles dance gaily. Ted whistled a tune, and declared they "almost kept time."

### With Father's Music

Bragdon, the composer, was working on his symphonic poem when the baby's lusty cry was heard from the nursery. Bragdon bore it manfully for five minutes, expecting baby's mother to come to the rescue. Then he opened the door and shouted up-stairs:

"What is the matter? Harry, are you teasing the baby?"

"No, papa."

"You must be doing something to make him cry."

"No, papa—truly! All Ethel and I did was to try to sing him to sleep with your lullaby."

### Face Pictures

We write our lives upon our faces deep,
An autograph which they will always keep.
Thoughts cannot come and leave behind no trace
Of good or ill; they quickly find a place
Where they who will may read as in a book
The hidden meaning of our slightest look.

Reach for the things above—to those who climb
Steps ne'er are wanting; ever the sublime
Allures us onward, and our lives will be
Just what we make them, to eternity.
What they now are, the face will surely show,
Like footprints on a field of untrod snow.

Time deepens all the lines, or dark or fair—
Lines carved by grief, or chiselled deep by care.
Thoughts into actions very quickly grow,
Actions are seeds which everyone must sow.
They reap the richest harvest of good deeds
Who sow but loving words, most precious seeds.

**600,000**
**Seedlings and Cuttings For Sale**

this spring and in order to encourage apple growing I will give away free this spring 1,000 Hibernal Apple and 1,000 Transcendent Crab Grafts. These are grafts and should grow two feet this season. I will also give away free 500 Iris, one of our most beautiful and hardy perennials. My price for Willow cuttings is $4.50 per 1,000; $38.00 for 10,000, express prepaid on all orders of $3.00 and over.

I have a fine stock of trees, shrubs and fruits Anything that is not satisfactory may be returned at once and I will refund the money. My prices are 35% less than agents' prices. Send me your address and I will send you my price list with full printed instructions.

**John Caldwell** Est. 23 Years **Virden, Man.**

You

Mail us your films ONCE and you will ALWAYS

**6 Exposures 10 Cents**

Ten and twelve exposures **20c.** Brownie Prints **35c** a doz. 2½ x 4¼, 3½ x 3½ 3¼ x 4¼ **40c** a doz. 3¼ x 5½ and 4 x 5, **50c** a doz. Post Cards **60c** a doz. Money or Post Office Order to accompany. Promptest delivery guaranteed.

**MANITOBA HALL STUDIO**
**Room 2, 291½ Portage Ave., WINNIPEG**

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

# The 1914 War Illustrated

The most complete illustrated account of the great war yet seen in Canada. The book itself which is beautifully got up with four colored patriotic covers, consists of some 50 pages with about three hundred illustrations with full descriptions. Facts and incidents leading up to the declaration of war are also accurately described.

The large Maps accompanying the book are admitted to be the finest, and most comprehensive ever run off a Canadian press. With the aid of the War Illustrated you are able to follow the war intelligently and find at a glance the positions of the various armies in Flanders and Eastern Prussia. The photographs include several essentially Canadian ones, which are now published for the first time, and should be very valuable in after years.

## What Others Say

"I have just received a copy of The Western Home Monthly War Supplement, and have glanced rapidly through it. It surely is most interesting, and a book that will be greatly welcomed. I thank you for it."

H. W. Daly, D. R. Dingwall, Ltd., Winnipeg.

"We acknowledge with many thanks receipt of 1914 War Book issued as a supplement to your periodical. The writer has only had time to glance over the War Book but from a cursory examination it appears to me a supplement of this kind will undoubtedly increase the good will of all toward your paper. With many thanks for your courtesy."

John S. Barlow, The Western Canada Flour Mills, Ltd., Winnipeg.

"Permit me to acknowledge with deepest gratitude the receipt of a copy from your hands of the 1914 War. The work indeed is a creditable one, and should be still more appreciated by our children's children in years to come. Not only your color plates, but your black and white electros, all of which I presume are made under the same roof as your paper, The Western Home Monthly, add justice to any claims that might be advanced for "Made in Winnipeg" goods. Again my heartiest appreciation for this superb collection of most interesting pictures."

Gordon E. Hunter, J. J. Gibbons, Ltd., Winnipeg.

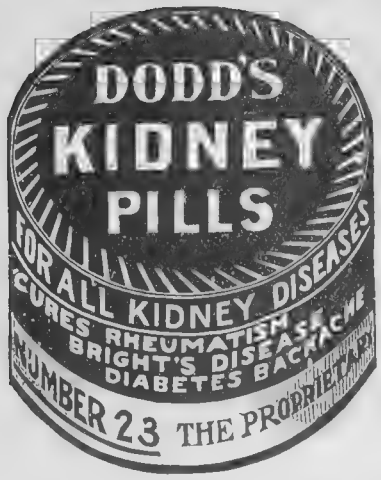
"Re your War Illustrated—this is one of the best publications of the kind that has reached our Office. The copy we have received has been handed around."

John H. Noble, The Oxbow Herald, Oxbow, Sask.

## How You May Get a Copy

You may obtain a copy of this War Book by sending in one **NEW subscription** to The Western Home Monthly at one dollar **OR** if you are already a subscriber to The Western Home Monthly you may send us **25c.** (which is exactly what it costs us) and a copy will be forwarded you. BUT REMEMBER. The supply of these books is very limited—so better write at once—to-day—and secure your copy.

Address all Orders, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg




# GREY 35 YEARS--CURED IN THREE SHORT WEEKS

**I Will Tell You Free How To Restore Your Grey Hair to Natural Colour of Youth and Look Years Younger.**

**No Dyes or other Harmful Methods. Results in Four Days.**

Let me send you free full information to restore your grey hair to the natural colour and beauty of youth, no matter what your age or cause of your greyness. This same simple means not only succeeded with me, but with thousands of others. One hundred name of 76 who had been grey for 35 years restored his hair in less than one short month to the natural colour of youth, so that not a grey hair can now be found. I myself was prematurely grey at 27 and feared because I looked old. I restored it to girlhood's color through the advice of a scientific friend. I look younger than I did nine years ago and am a living example that greyness need no longer exist for anyone.

And so I have arranged to give full instructions absolutely free of charge to any reader of this paper who wishes to restore the natural shade of youth to any grey, bleached or faded hair without the use of any sticky or injurious dyes or stains and without detection. I pledge success with both sexes and all ages no matter how many things have failed.

So write me to-day. Give your name and address plainly state whether lady or gentleman (Mr., Mrs. or Miss) enclose 2 cent stamp for return postage and I will send you full instructions to restore the natural colour and appearance of youth to your hair, making it soft, natural and easily managed. Write to-day and never have a grey hair again. Address Mrs. Mary K. Chapman, Suite 384 N. S. Banigan Bldg. Prov. R.I.

# The Home Doctor

## Nine Rules for the Children's Care.

1 Don't forget that lowered vitality makes children much more liable to catch any infectious disease that may be going. Try to keep them strong and healthy.

2. Don't let the baby-soother remain in the mouth when baby is asleep, if it has been necessary to give it to him asleep, remove it whenever he goes to Slumberland.

3. Don't, if you are a nurse, ever hide anything that may have happened to a child in your care—such as a bad blow on the head, a bad fall, etc. Very often something can be done at once in case of a bad accident, and perhaps save the child's life, whereas, if left, it may prove very serious, if not fatal.

4. Don't tell children creepy and gruesome stories just before going to bed. Indeed, such stories are better not told at all.

5. Don't forget that fat is very important as a preventive of consumption. Butter fat is the most digestible form of fat.

6. Don't, on any consideration, let your children wear any garment that constricts the chest. If the little one's clothes become too small, make them bigger or get new ones, but never keep on using restricting garments.

7. When travelling, don't allow the children to run and shout up and down the corridors of a train, and more about the compartment, trampling on the toes of others. It is so inconsiderate.

8. Do not punish a child who is unwell, however trying he may be. Sometimes in school children, overstudy will produce nervous exhaustion and ill-temper.

9. Dont' cut children's nails if you have time to file them, which needs to be done twice a week; and if you do cut them soak them in warm soapy water for five minutes first. The cuticle at the base of the nails should be pushed back after drying.

## Twisted Neck

Torticollis, which is derived from two Latin words, means literally "a twisted neck." It may be a symptom of various conditions, some serious and others of slight importance. It appears, for instance, in spinal caries, and in that case it is the direct result of the destruction of the bones of the spinal column. Myositis is a disease of the muscles that starts with inflammation, and ends in a permanent hardening of the muscular fiber. When it attacks the muscles of the neck it causes a chronic condition of wryneck.

Fortunately, however, the usual attack of "stiff neck" lasts only two or three days, although it is the cause of a good deal of pain. Women and children suffer from it more often than men. It is said that exposure to a draft will often bring on an attack, and neuralgia in one or more of the nerves of the face frequently accompanies it. At the height of the attack, the usual uncomfortable accompaniments of a "cold" will be noticed—a feeling of lassitude, with a furred tongue, headache and sometimes slight fever.

It follows that the same remedies that would be adopted for the ordinary cold will be of use, in addition to local treatment for the relief of the pain. Most people find warm applications very helpful, and as the pain gradually lessens, vibratory massage, or gentle massage with the hand, often gives relief.

An acute attack of stiff neck is painful but unimportant; but a chronic torticollis, whether painful or not, is generally a serious matter, and often leads to deformity. That is especially the case with children, in whom it may indicate the onset of tuberculosis of the spine. When a child has a stiff neck that does not yield readily to ordinary household remedies, a physician should make a thorough examination at once.

British "Tommies" use Dogs for Scouting.
The dogs of Major Richardson have been found to be very valuable for Red Cross and sentry duty. They are able when scouting in the field to detect the approach of the enemy much quicker than an ordinary soldier. The picture shows the dogs waiting to advance. Photo Underwood.

## Open Windows

When the children are restless, constantly waking up or complaining of headache in the morning, find out if they are getting their due allowance of fresh air in the sleeping hours. There cannot be the smallest objection to fresh air, even the baby of one month old can sleep with slightly open windows. When there is plenty of ventilation, children rest more quietly, and therefore thrive better in every way if they have fresh air. And open windows should be the rule in the bedrooms and nursery.

If Mary is pale, or Jackie refuses to get up in the morning, the cause is very probably due to sleeping in stuffy rooms, and the rule of fresh air, day and night, makes a great difference to a child's good looks and health.

## The Care of Sponges

All sponges used for children should be frequently scalded and kept scrupulously clean. Never use a dirty sponge for the delicate skin of a young child if you wish it to keep clear and free from blemishes.

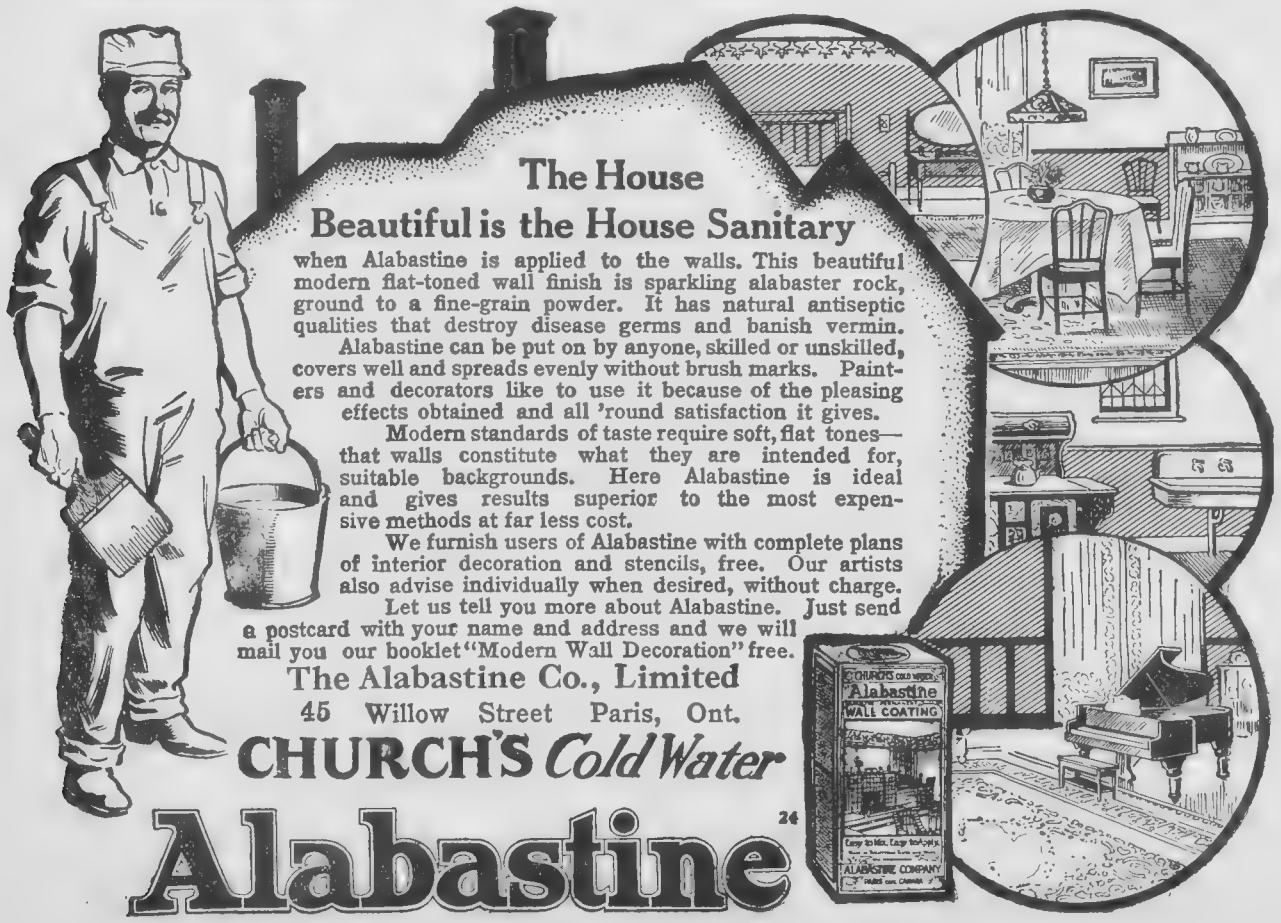
## The Shape of the Mouth

A child who has hurt the outline of its mouth by constantly sucking the thumb should, as soon as it is old enough, go through regular lip exercises, and a clear and careful enunciation should be insisted upon. This will help to give the mouth a better shape.

## Little Girl's Arms

I met a mother the other day who told me she was terribly worried because her daughter, a pretty debutante, had such red arms. "She always had rough arms as a child," she said, "but I never troubled about them." That was her mistake. She could have cured them easily enough before the skin got thick and coarse. A rub, night and morning, with a loofa well soaped with olive oil soap, followed by drying with a rough towel to stimulate the circulation, and then massage with cold cream, will work wonders.

**It Rubs Pain Away.**—There is no liniment so efficacious in overcoming pain as Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. The hand that rubs it in rubs the pain away and on this account there is no preparation that stands so high in public esteem. There is no surer pain-killer procurable, as thousands can attest who have used it successfully in treating many ailments.



# Household Suggestions

### The Bread that Mother Used to Bake

There is a good deal of truth in the rather tiresome jokes about the impossibility of getting bread such as "Mother used to Bake." There are many reasons why we, however expert and scientific in our cooking, cannot hope to match the bread of a generation ago. The difference is in the material not the method. We can no longer get the old rich brown graham flour with a flavor all its own; cornmeal is altered in consistency and flavor and buckwheat is not the same at all.

The chief reason for the change in the quality of graham flour may be found in the changed method of making it. Formerly this flour was produced by grinding up the whole wheat, without extracting any part thereof, thereby insuring the flavor, the color and the nutritious quality that made the product so highly prized a few years ago. It is now the custom to separate the product in the grinding; to use half of it—the better half, of course—in the manufacture of high-grade white flour, and only what is left for the graham. Then, having reduced the quantity of the graham flour by taking away so much, the millers make up the deficiency by adding thereto the requisite measure of ordinary flour of low grade. This is why graham flour has deteriorated in quality. The manufacturers claim that they were forced to put a cheaper article on the market—and they did.

Cornmeal also has lost much by the new process of making it. The grain is now ground by the steel roller process, whereas it was formerly crushed by buhr stones, and however great an improvement this machinery may be in facilitating the work of the miller, its introduction has in no wise improved the flavor of the meal. But the principal cause of the deterioration of cornmeal is the division of the product, as in the making of graham flour. The whole corn is no longer used. The hard, flinty part of the grain, which formerly went into the product along with the rest of the kernel, is now carefully extracted and used as a separate commodity, and finds a ready sale.

Still another circumstance has operated in a less important way to lower the gustatory quality of all milling products. This is the substitution of the roller process for the buhr stone in the making of flour. It is the testimony of millers that, everything else being equal, the flour produced by the roller process has not the same quality of taste as that made in the old-fashioned way.

In the making of buckwheat flour there is no separation of the parts. The grain is ground whole. There is no reason for any division of the product, and the presumption is that all buckwheat flour is honestly made—at least, since the pure food laws became operative.

A low grade flour, probably corn flour, or something just as inexpensive, is added to the buckwheat in sufficient quantities to materially increase its weight without making it unmarketable, and this mixture is put on the market at the price of pure buckwheat.

Possibly one day our Household Leagues will deal with this, but in the meantime we can only do our best by careful cooking to make our breadstuffs palatable, and comfort ourselves with the thought that even mother's baking was not always good.

### Hot Scotch Rolls

Boil and mash fine one large, mealy potato. Scald one pint of flour with boiling water; add one teaspoonful salt, one heaping tablespoonful of sugar, the white of one egg, and half a compressed yeast cake dissolved in warm water. Set to rise and when very light add sufficient flour to knead it thoroughly. Do not knead too stiff. It can be thoroughly kneaded without sticking to the hands and yet not be too stiff. An hour before bed time work in two ounces of butter or lard. Roll it up in woollen cloths and let raise until morning. Then make out in rolls, if possible, an hour before you commence breakfast. Let get very light and then bake ten or fifteen minutes.

### Cream of Celery Soup

Wash three or four roots of celery. A better way, however, is to save the green portions of celery for soup, leaving the white inside part for eating raw. Chop the celery fine, using the better part of the green leaves. You should have one quart by measure. Cover this with one quart of water, and simmer gently for twenty minutes. Press through a colander. Put a quart of milk in a double boiler. Rub together two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour; add, and stir until smooth and thick. Add a rounding teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of white pepper; add the celery mixture. Strain the whole through a fine sieve, and serve at once.

### Cream of Corn Soup

Score each row of grains on six ears of corn; then, with the back of a knife, press out carefully, and throw the cobs into a kettle. Cover with a quart of water, bring to boiling point, and strain. Add to this the scraped corn. Rub together two tablespoonfuls of butter and one of flour; stir into the mixture, and bring to boiling point. Add a pint of hot milk, a rounding teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of pepper. If canned corn is used allow one can to one quart of milk, one tablespoonful of flour and two of butter, with the prescribed seasoning.

### Cream of Tomato Soup

Put into a saucepan a pint of strained tomatoes; add a sliced onion, a bay leaf and a small piece of mace. Cover the saucepan, and cook for five minutes. Put into a double boiler a quart of milk. Rub together two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour; add to the milk, and stir until thick and smooth. Strain the tomatoes into a soup-tureen, add a saltspoonful of bicarbonate of soda, season with salt and pepper, stir, and, while this is frothing, add hastily the thickened milk; stir just enough to mix and serve. There is not the slightest danger of this curdling if you add the milk quickly. This soup cannot be reheated. If necessary to keep warm any length of time, keep the materials in separate vessels, mixing at the last moment.

### Cream of Carrot Soup

Grate three good-sized carrots; cover them with a pint of water; add a slice of onion and a bay leaf; cover, and simmer gently for thirty minutes. Remove the onion and bay leaf, and add a quart of milk. Moisten a tablespoonful of cornstarch in a little cold milk, add it to the soup, and stir until thick; add a rounding teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of white pepper, and just at serving time stir into the mixture two tablespoonfuls of butter. Serve this soup just as soon as it is made.

### Omelette Souffle Chocolate

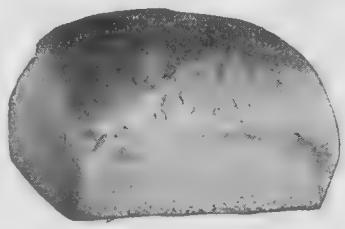
Cream two ounces of castor sugar with three yolks of eggs, add one tablespoonful of finely grated chocolate and a few drops of essence of vanilla, then add lastly the whites of five eggs beaten very stiff. Turn into a souffle pan coated with clarified butter, bake in a moderately hot oven, dish up, and serve at once dredged with castor sugar. This will take from ten to twelve minutes to bake.

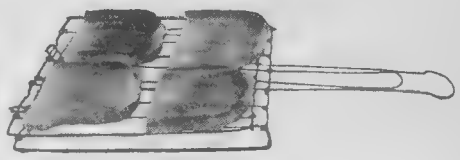
### Filippini Banana Omelet

Add half a gill of cream to eight eggs. Season with half a teaspoonful of salt and two saltspoonfuls of white pepper. Beat with a fork for two minutes. Fry two peeled and sliced bananas in melted butter for five minutes. Toss the pan frequently while the bananas are frying; then turn the eggs into the pan. Beat them for two minutes and then let them rest half a minute. Let the omelet stand for a moment and then turn out on to a hot dish and serve. This omelet may be used as an entree at luncheon.

**Nights of Agony** come in the train of asthma. The victim cannot lie down and sleep is driven from his brain. What grateful relief is the immediate effect of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. It banishes the frightful conditions, clears the passages, and enables the afflicted one to again sleep as sound ly and restfully as a child. Insist on the genuine at your nearby druggist.

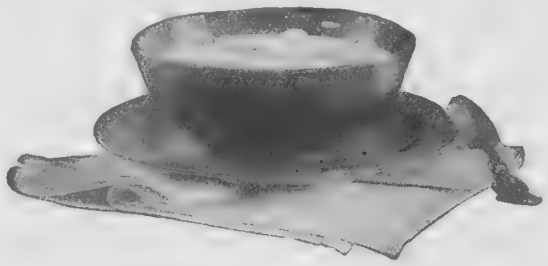

# Single Cooking Double Cooking





Sometimes wheat is simply baked, and in a moderate oven. That breaks up some part of the food granules. But those granules, of course, are mainly starch in any white flour product. Much of the wheat is omitted.

When ease of digestion is wanted the baked bread is toasted. That breaks up more of the granules. That's why toast is suggested for breakfast. And why doctors prescribe it for maximum nourishment with minimum tax on the stomach.



# Triple Cooking

Puffed Wheat is baked in superheated ovens—at 550 degrees. It is toasted by rolling for one hour in that fearful heat. So it's baked and toasted in a matchless way.

Then it is steam exploded. A hundred million explosions—one for each granule—are caused in every grain. Thus every wholewheat atom is fitted for digestion as it never was before.

That's what Prof. Anderson's invention means in a hygienic way. And that's why millions of mothers serve Wheat and Rice in puffed form to their children. You will do it also when you know the facts, especially between meals and at bedtime.

**Puffed Wheat, 12c**
**Puffed Rice, 15c**
*Except in Extreme West*

# Thin, Airy, Flimsy Bubbles

These are enticing morsels. They seem to melt like snowflakes. The grains are eight times normal size—four times as porous as bread. The taste is like toasted nuts.

They are more than breakfast dainties. Use them as confections. Use them like nut meats in candy or ice cream. Let children eat them salted, like peanuts, when at play. And by all means serve them in your evening bowls of milk.

Folks delight in these grains. All folks easily digest them. And every atom feeds.

**The Quaker Oats Company**
Sole Makers
**Peterborough, Ont.** **Saskatoon, Sask.**

# "It's a Long Long Way to Tipperary"

## Anybody Can Play This on the Piano or Organ in One Evening

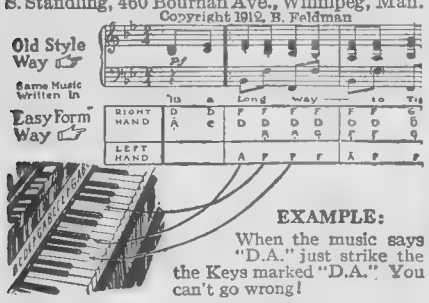
as we now have it in the "EASY FORM MUSIC METHOD." With the keyboard chart (see illustration) "EASY FORM" Music shows you where to put the fingers of both hands so that you can start playing it at once.

### Here's the PROOF

"My boy, who couldn't play a note, sat down and played three pieces first night."—Mrs. E. Windorer, Halls Bridge, Ont.

"I certainly think Easy Method Music wonderful, my Grand-daughter, 11 years old never had a lesson, now she can play several pieces quite correctly." Mrs. (Rev.) Jas. Graham, Inglewood, Ont.

"I could play the first piece in 40 minutes and never tried a note on the piano before."—Mrs. S. Standling, 460 Bournan Ave., Winnipeg, Man.




**It's as Simple as A.B.C.** because young children or old people who can read the first 7 letters, A.B.C.D.E.F.G., can now play the piano or organ in a few hours without any previous experience whatever.

**"Easy Form" Music** is a genuine blessing to those who truly love music, but who never had several years' time and patience to puzzle out the Chinese Signs in ordinary music.

### Try it FREE in Your Home

In order to prove to you that all we say is true, we will mail you the entire method and 100 pieces of music for 7 days' FREE Trial. Keep it 7 days to prove to your own satisfaction that every word we say is true—then send us $1.50 as a first payment, and $1.00 a month until $6.50 in all is paid. If you are not delighted, send it back in 7 days and owe us nothing. That's fair, isn't it? If it is not all we claim, could we afford to make such a fair, square offer? When writing, give your home address and Post Office. Simply write————"I accept your 7 day Free Trial Offer as announced in Western Home Monthly Answer these questions: How many keys on your piano or organ?—Do you play old style note music?—Address: EASY METHOD MUSIC CO., 2100 Wilson Building, Toronto, Can.



## Eyeglasses Not Necessary.

**Eyesight can be Strengthened and Most Forms of Diseased Eyes Successfully Treated Without Cutting or Drugging.**

That the eyes can be strengthened so that eyeglasses can be dispensed with in many cases has been proven beyond a doubt by the estimony of hundreds of people who publicly claim that their eyesight has been restored by that wonderful little instrument called "Actina." "Actina" also relieves Sore and Granulated Lids, Iritis, Cataracts, etc., without cutting or drugging.

Over one hundred thousand Actinas have been sold; therefore the Actina treatment is not an experiment, but is reliable. The following letters are but samples of hundreds we receive:

Miss Susie Swartz, Berlin, Ont., writes: "I cannot say enough for what 'Actina' has done for my eyesight. When I was 8 years old I had to start to wear glasses. The doctor said I could never expect to go without glasses. I have used 'Actina' only six months and can now sew and do all my work without glasses. I had worn glasses for seventeen years."

Mrs. Emery E. Deitrick, 7124 Idlewild Street, E. E., Pittsburg, Pa., writes: "My eyes were very weak, and my vision was so bad that I could recognize people only at short distances. Since using 'Actina' I have discarded my glasses, my headaches are gone, and my vision, I believe is as good as ever it was."

Mr. J. H. Frankenfield, 522E. 20th Street, Cheyenne, Wyo., writes: "Regarding what the 'Actina' has done for me, I am proud to say that I am not wearing my glasses at all. As for my catarrh it is almost gone, and I have been troubled with it for more than sixteen years. A great number of my railroad friends are buying 'Actinas' as you know by the orders you have received."

"Actina" can be used with perfect safety by every member of the family for any affliction of the eye, ear, throat or head. A Free trial of the "Actina" is given in every case.

Send for our FREE TRIAL offer and valuable FREE BOOK. Address Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 84N, 811 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.


When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

# Lighter Vein

### Recognized Him at Once

Among the many rebuffs received by solicitors for charity funds, that described in the following story from the New York Tribune illustrates a gentle wit which must have pleased almost as much as a generous contribution:

A clergyman in a small Western town entered the office of the local paper, and said to the editor:

"I am soliciting aid for a gentleman of refinement and intelligence who is in dire need of a little ready money, but who is far too proud to make his sufferings known."

"Why," exclaimed the editor, pushing back his chair, "I'm the only man in the village who answers that description. What is the gentleman's name?"

"I regret," said the minister, "that I am not at liberty to disclose it."

"Why, it must be I," said the editor. "It is I! It is I!, surely! Heaven prosper you, parson, in your good work!"

Lake Scene near Edgerton, Alta.

### No Cloud on His

Colonel Brownson, eighty-four years old, but still erect and vigorous, was riding leisurely homeward on his bay mare Kit, when he was overtaken by a man residing in the next township, with whom he had a slight acquaintance, and they fell into conversation.

"I have just been down to the country seat," said the other, "on what I suppose you would say is a foolish errand, inasmuch as I have lived where I am for thirty-seven years, and nearly everybody within forty miles of here knows me. I have been proving up my title."

"Your title?"

"Yes; and let me tell you, colonel, you had better look up yours. You never can tell what may happen."

"I am not afraid about my title, sir," majestically answered Colonel Brownson, who had never owned an acre of ground in his life. "I won it, sir, in the Mexican War!"

### Feeding the Stock

The victim of the following story, told in Mrs. Henry W. Cole's "A Lady's Tour Around Monte Rosa," was possessed of a keen sense of humor. Otherwise his dignity might have been ruffled by the unconscious revelation which came to his ears.

In the course of Mrs. Cole's travels she met the Rev. Robert Montgomery, the poet, who told her an incident of his early career in the pulpit. When he was first admitted to holy orders he was appointed curate in a rural Scotch district, and lodged in the house of a small tenant-farmer.

Notwithstanding his office of clergyman, the family did not appear to hold their boarder in high veneration, for one day he heard the woman servant call out to her mistress:

"Missis, shall I feed the pigs first, or gie the mon his dinner?"

### Amended

The editor was dreaming in his "den" when the door opened and a rather stern-visaged woman entered, without apology, says a writer in the Baltimore Sun.

"Will you kindly explain," she began, grimly, thrusting a newspaper clipping under the editor's nose, "why your reviewer refers to my recent book as a 'History of Female Suffrage by a new Histerical Writer'?"

"Quite unpardonable," said the editor, gravely. "Of course the word should be spelled with a 'y.'"

### A Well-known Name

Among the many namesakes of Thomas Jefferson is a colored man who for more than ten years has spent his time in humble but useful employment. He wheels ashes and rubbish of all sorts from the back doors of the houses in one of the districts of a New England town.

He has learned through the servants in these houses many items of interest concerning his employers and their families, and has a decided belief in his own importance to their welfare.

One day the head of one family went out into his back yard, and seeing the colored man at work over the ash barrel, said, affably:

"Let's see, what's your name?"

"Thomas Jeff'son, sah," was the reply.

"Ah!" said the gentleman. "I think—I am quite sure—I have heard that name before."

"Yas, sah, mos' likely you is heard it," said the negro, showing his white teeth. "I's done shovel ashes an' wheel bar'ls out o' dis year alley fo' de las' ten yeahs."

### A Useless Implement

Aunt Ann Arkwright, the bustling spouse of Uncle Joshua Arkwright, proudly showed him a silver implement which a friend had given her as a birthday present. It was shaped something like a spatula, but broadened considerably toward the handle. Uncle Joshua inspected it with some curiosity.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Haven't you any idea?" she said.

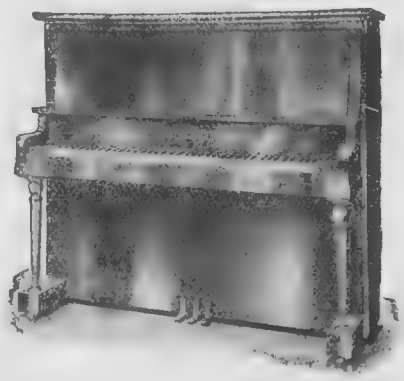
"No, not the least in the world."

"Well," said Aunt Ann, "it's a pie-knife."

Uncle Joshua picked it up, inspected it critically, and laid it down again.

"I haven't any use for it," he said, "as far as I'm concerned. It's too wide. I couldn't eat pie with it 'thout cutting my mouth."

Miller's Worm Powders prove their value. They do not cause any violent disturbances in the stomach, any pain or griping, but do their work quietly and painlessly, so that the destruction of the worms is imperceptible. Yet they are thorough, and from the first dose there is improvement in the condition of the sufferer and an entire cessation of manifestations of internal trouble.



Clippendale—Style 75

## Would You Refuse A Present of $100?

Of course, nobody in their right mind would refuse a present like that!

Well, that's just what we are doing—making you a present of $100—when we sell you a

### SHERLOCK-MANNING 20th Century Piano

This instrument, with every known feature of betterment and several exclusive improvements of our own, is sold to you straight from the factory. We hand you all the profits of the several middlemen who usually come between factory and buyer, and guarantee to save you fully a hundred dollars on your purchase. Surely you won't refuse to accept this present of $100?

We claim, and are ready to prove that the Sherlock-Manning is

**"Canada's Biggest Piano Value"**

and every piano shipped from our factory carries a broad ten-year guarantee.

For full particulars and handsome art catalogue A, write Dept. 14.

**The Sherlock-Manning Piano Co.**

London, Canada.

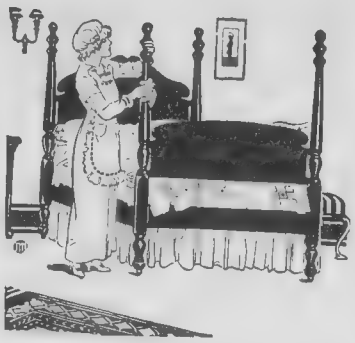
(No Street Address Necessary)

## The Winnipeg Piano Co.

**333 PORTAGE AVENUE**

carry a complete assortment of Sherlock-Manning Pianos and Organs. Catalogues and prices mailed free on application.
Easy terms of payment arranged.


When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.



BRIGHTEN THE HOUSE

by giving the furniture and floors a glow of freshness with

IOCO LIQUID GLOSS

It polishes, cleanses, and disinfects. A few drops of Ioco on a piece of cheese-cloth gives the lustre of newness to everything it touches.

Ioco Liquid Gloss is unexcelled for the polished surfaces of motors. It keeps the varnish from cracking and makes your car look like new.

Dealers everywhere.

THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY LIMITED

BRANCHES IN ALL CITIES

Made in Canada

You Be A Nurse!

Earn $15.00 to $40.00 A Week

STUDY at home and train yourself in ten to twenty-five weeks, to become a qualified Nurse. Our correspondence course in General Nursing is especially prepared for Home Study, and is most complete. Instructions given by a competent staff in daily practice.

*Write to-day for full particulars of our Correspondence Course. They will be sent you free.*

Address, Superintendent

ROYAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE

709A Spadina Avenue Toronto, Ont.


# Fashions and Patterns

Address all Orders to Pattern Department, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

**1040—Ladies' Apron**—One of the most practical features of an apron is the protection it affords. The design here shown has this good point and some others. It has deep arm openings, and is cut with sufficient fulness. It is held to position at the back with a belt. Gingham, percale, drill, lawn or linene are good materials for this style. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. It requires 4¼ yards of 36 inch material for a medium size. Pattern 10c.

**9852—Ladies' House Dress**—Striped grey and white seersucker with facings of grey in a darker shade was used for this model. Blue checked gingham trimmed with white would also be effective. The style is equally good for chambrey, percale, cashmere, flannel flannelette, lawn or galatea. The fronts of the waist and skirt are shaped in points to correspond. The skirt back has a group of dart tucks over its centre. Long or short sleeves may be used. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 5¼ yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. Pattern 10c.

**1044—A Stylish Up-to-Date Gown**—Composed of a two piece skirt, with yoke tunic and a blouse waist, with long drop shoulder effect. A flaring collar finishes the neck edge. The sleeve may be made in short lengths, with a pointed cuff, or finished in full length style. As here shown, figured silk crepe and charmeuse are combined in pretty brown tones. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6½ yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. Pattern 10c.

**1007—9920—A Comfortable Suit for Fall Materials**—This combination portrays Ladies' Cape Coat Pattern 1007, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 9920. As here shown woolen mixture in brown tones was used, with trimming of tan serge and brown velvet on the cape coat. The designs are good for broad cloth, velvet, corduroy, taffeta, cashmere or crepe. The cape is cut with raglan sleeve portions. It is stylish and shows the latest features of fashionable wraps. The cape pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. It requires 3⅝ yards of 54 inch material for a medium size. Pattern 10c.

**9877—Girls' Coat**—White linen with embroidery for collar and cuffs is here shown. The coat is cut on simple lines, with a very pleasing front closing at the overlapping. It is finished with a low belt, a wide collar and deep cuffs. The pattern is suitable for any of this season's cloakings, for silk, cloth or wash materials. It is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3 yards of 44 inch material for a 6 year size.

**1027—Girl's Combination Waist and Drawers**—For this design nainsook, cambric, long cloth, muslin, or crepe could be used. The front is cut to combine the waist and body portion. The back is in two pieces. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Pattern 10c.

**1049—Girl's Two Piece Dress with Long or Short Sleeves**—This model is composed of a pretty blouse waist, made with diagonal closing, and with long sleeve and band cuff, or with short sleeve and shaped cuff. A round collar trims the neck edge. The skirt, which is buttoned to the waist, is a three piece model, made with an inverted plait at the centre. The design is good for cashmere, serge, plaid and checked woolens, also for all wash fabrics, and for corduroy and silk. It is fine for combinations of materials. The style is simple but pleasing. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Pattern 10c.


HAD A BAD COLD WITH PROLONGED COUGHING.

TRIED NEARLY EVERYTHING FINALLY DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP CURED HIM.

Mr. Wallace H. Grange, Vancouver, B.C., writes: "During a cold spell here about the middle of last October (1913), I caught a cold which got worse despite all treatments I could obtain, until about November 22nd, a friend said, 'Why not try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup?' Really, I had no faith in it at the time as I had tried nearly every other remedy I had heard of, to no avail, but I thought I would give this last remedy a trial. I purchased a 50 cent bottle, and in three days I was feeling a different man. My cold was so hard, and the coughing so prolonged, that vomiting occurred after a hard spell of coughing. I carried the bottle in my pocket, and every time I was seized with a coughing spell I would take a small dose. I can most heartily recommend Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup to anyone with a severe cold, as its powers are most marvelous, and I never intend being without it at all times."

When you ask for "Dr. Wood's" see that you get what you ask for. It is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; the price, 25c and 50; manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



He Gained 26 Pounds

She Became Plump and Pleasing

Flesh-Maker Found. Eat it One Week FREE

A real flesh-maker and strength-giver has been discovered. Eat it for a few days and get New Life, Richer Blood, Steadier Nerves and Improved Digestion. This CERTONE is a grand discovery, absolutely safe for man, woman or child. You can prove it free. Eat a little CERTONE and note your quick gain. Tone up, build up, fill out neck, shoulders, bust and limbs.

Doctors, ministers, nurses, men and women of all ages write how CERTONE has given them flesh, strength and health after everything else failed to help them. Here is a picture of Wm. Kieffer who gained 26 Pounds through CERTONE and Miss Wyman who gained 12 Pounds.

The quickest and best way to settle all doubts is to eat CERTONE for a few days. So I will send you a 50-Cent box if you mail me this Coupon and 10 cents toward our postage expenses. Or you can buy a Dollar box through your druggist. Get your CERTONE at once, then watch your mirror. Note your daily gain. Feel better and look better, get good, solid flesh, and lasting good health.

FREE 50-CENT BOX

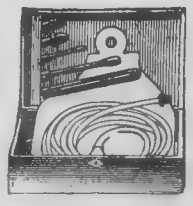
This Coupon with 10 cents entitles you to one 50-Cent box free of CERTONE, provided you have not already proved the remarkable power of CERTONE. (Only one free box to a person.) George A. Sykes, President, CERTONE COMPANY, 70 Lombard St., Dept. Toronto.



If it's made of RUBBER We Have It.

Write us and mention your wants.

UNIVERSAL PECIALTY CO. Box 2704. Montreal.




THE LABEL

On your paper will tell when your subscription expires.

Send in your renewal NOW

**1196—Girls' Dress with or without Chemisette and Tunic**—As here shown striped percale in a pretty blue pattern was combined with blue chambrey. The waist fronts are crossed over a chemisette that may be omitted, or it may be made gathered or plain, and in high or low neck outline. The sleeve is in raglan style, and extends in yoke effect over the front. A tunic in Russian style forms a stylish over skirt, joined with the skirt to the waist under the belt. Serge, cashmere, novelty plaid, or checked suiting may be used for this model. It is a good style for linen, velvet or corduroy. The tunic may be omitted, and the sleeve finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Pattern 10c.

**1182—Ladies' Kimono**—Every woman's wardrobe should boast of one or more comfortable garments of this kind; it is most desirable and convenient for the hour of rest and repose. Pretty materials, inexpensive and attractive, are always to be found in the shops, suitable for these garments. Cotton and silk crepes, pretty voiles, crinkle cloth and for warmth there are flannels, flannelettes, eiderdown and blanket cloths. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium, and large. Pattern 0c.

**1195—A Popular Suit for the "Little Man"**—Of all boy's suits there is none so comfortable as the blouse style. The model here portrayed has the skirt portion attached, and for simpler neck finish may be made without the collar facing. The left front overlaps the right in closing. The sleeve is finished at the wrist with box plaits. Blue serge with braid trimming or brown velvet bound with braid would be nice for this style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Pattern 10c.

**9820—A New Corset Cover**—Suitable for "all over" embroidery, for lawn, batiste, cambric, nainsook, crepe or silk. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 1⅜ yard of 36 inch material for a medium size. Pattern 10c.

**1194—Girls' One Piece Dress with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths**—This attractive frock could be made of brown serge with tan trimming, or of red cashmere with black braid for decoration. As here shown blue and white checked suiting was used, with white pique for collar, cuffs and belt. The design is cut on simple lines, and is easy to make. The sleeve in wrist length has a neat cuff. For short length the cuff is shaped in rounded outline, Galatea, gingham, percale, chambrey, poplin, or voile are also nice for this style. It would likewise be effective in linen with free edges embroidered in scallops, and a simple motif in embroidery on sleeves and fronts. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10. Pattern 10c.

**1211—Dress for Misses and Ladies**—Many types of this style are now in vogue, all of which are especially suited to slender figures. The style here shown is distinctively smart, and may be worn over any guimpe or waist and skirt, that harmonizes with the model. As here shown, white crepe was used with satin for the underwaist and the part of the skirt below the tunic portion of the overdress. Braiding in self color forms a pretty trimming. The simplicity of this design, and its easy development, will at once recommend it. It is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years for misses, and in 4 sizes for ladies, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Pattern 10c.

**1180-78—A Charming Gown for Street or Calling**—The newest of skirts topped by the smartest of waists make up this attractive combination. The waist shows several new style features. It has a vest and girdle in one, and a deep tuck over the shoulder. The sleeve is close fitting and finished with a flaring suff. The cuff is cut with a fulness, and may be made with back or front crossing. The pockets are a practical feature, but may be omitted. The waist pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Two separate patterns 10c. each.

**1176—Ladies' Apron**—A comfortable garment of this kind is a great convenience. It could be made of white drill with trimming of striped percale, or of dotted or figured percale, with facings of contrasting materials. The model is cut in kimono style, with the fulness of the back confined by a belt. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. Pattern 10c.

**1191—Ladies' Skirt with Yoke Tunic**—As here shown grey broad cloth was used, simply finished with machine stitching at the yoke joining. This style has a two piece underskirt, that may be of lining beneath the tunic. The tunic flares gracefully at its lower edge, and may be made of contrasting material with yoke and underskirt alike. This style would be nice for novelty weaves, for plaid or checked fabrics. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Pattern 10c.

**1201—A Practical "Short Clothes" Outfit**—This combination will readily appeal to the home dressmaker. The dress is in simple Bishop style, and may be finished in French waist style, and with short sleeves and low neck. The petticoat is cut with a long waist, and is sure to prove a comfortable garment. The good features of the drawers will be at once apparent. Muslin, cambric, nainsook or canton flannel are good for the petticoat and drawers, with edges, embroidery or feather stitching for a finish. The pattern for this excellent trio of garments is cut in 4 sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. Pattern 10c.

**1169-1166.—A Becoming Gown.**— In pleasing simplicity, yet with several new and attractive style features, this combination will readily appeal to the woman of quiet conservative tastes. The waist is cut on simple lines, and is open at the throat, where shaped revers meet a smart collar. Jaunty cuffs finish the sleeve in either wrist or short length. The lines of the skirt are new, with panel sections outlined by tucks. Plaits over the hips are stitched to below hip depth, and add to the comfort and graceful fulness of this style. As here shown, novelty suiting in brown tones, was used, with trimming or braiding on tan silk. The waist pattern 1169 is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt pattern 1166 is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Two patterns 10c. each.

**1058—A New Gown in Tunic Style**—Brown serge in a new shade was used for this model, with facings of green satin on collar, sleeve and belt. The dress is made with regulation waistline, and has a long tunic, the front of which s cut in one with a vest portion, to which the waist fronts are joined. The neck is finished in square outline, with a neat shaped collar. The sleeve in wrist length is close fitting. The short sleeve has a pointed cuff. A shaped belt covers the joining of waist and tunic. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. Pattern 10c.

**1181.—Ladies' House or Home Dress.**—This style is simple in design and easy to develop. It is made with deep tucks over the shoulders, and the right front laps over the left in closing. The sleeve in wrist or short length is equally becoming. The skirt is a comfortable three piece model, with plaited fulness at the side seams. It may be finished in normal or raised waistline. A shaped band covers the closing in the skirt, and meets the trimming of the waist front. The rolling collar forms a neat neck finish. The design is good for galatea, gingham, chambrey, seersucker, serge, percale, or voile. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern 10c.

**9925—Girl's Dress with Long or Shorter Sleeve**—White linene combined with blue and white percale was used for this model. Crepe voile, with ratine for trimming in the new blue or rose shade is also pretty. The front waist portions are joined to a yoke, and the neck edge is finished with a sailor collar. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 4 yards of 36 inch material for a 6 year size. Pattern 10c.

**Write for this picture!**

This is Clarence Underwood's conception of "A Skin You Love to Touch." Mail coupon below and we will send you a copy twice the size of this one, reproduced in full colors by a new and beautiful process. Write or mail coupon today!

# *A Skin you love to touch*

## *Can be yours when vou understand the skin and its needs*

So few people really understand the skin, that "a skin you love to touch" is rarely found.

Whatever the condition that is keeping your skin from being beautiful, it can be changed. Is your skin colorless, sallow, coarse textured or excessively oily? Are there little rough places in it that make it look scaly when you powder?

Whatever the trouble is, you can make your skin what you would love to have it. Like the rest of your body, your skin is continually being rebuilt. As **old** skin dies, ***new*** forms. Every day, in washing, you rub off the dead skin.

***This gives you your opportunity.*** By using the following Woodbury treatment regularly you can make this new skin so strong and healthy that it will truly be "a skin you love to touch."

Just before retiring, wash with Woodbury's in the following way: With warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's in your hands. Then work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. Then rub your face for several minutes with a lump of ice.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. Use this Woodbury treatment persistently, and in ten days or two weeks your skin should show a marked improvement. Use Woodbury's regularly thereafter, and before long your skin will take on that finer texture, that greater freshness and ***charm*** of "a skin you love to touch." A 25c cake of Woodbury's is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. Get a cake to-day and begin to-night to get its benefits.

### *Write for the Beautiful Picture Above*

Clarence Underwood's beautiful painting of "A Skin You Love to Touch" shown above has been reproduced in full colors by a new and beautiful process. It is twice the size shown here. No advertising matter appears on it. We want you to have this picture as a constant reminder that you, too, can have "a skin you love to touch." Mail the coupon with ten cents in stamps or coin, and we will forward you the picture, together with a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week's treatment. Mail the coupon to-day. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 651 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario

***For sale by Canadian Druggists from coast to coast, including Newfoundland***

# *Woodbury's Facial Soap*

**Made in Canada**

**The Andrew Jergens Co. 651 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.**

I enclose 10 cents for a full color reproduction of Clarence Underwood's new painting, "A Skin You Love to Touch," and a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, large enough for a week's treatment.

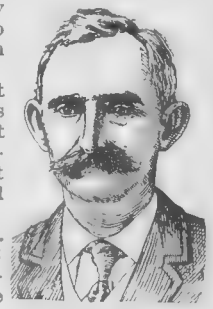
Name.....

Address.....

# Cured Fifteen Years Ago of Piles and Eczema

## By Using Dr. Chase's Ointment—Certifies That the Cure Was Permanent.

Some people have tried so many doctors and so many treatments in their search for cure for piles and eczema that they find it difficult to believe there is an actual cure.


MR. KETCHESON

The strong point about Dr. Chase's Ointment is that it not only brings relief promptly, but brings about actual and lasting cure.

In 1897 Mr. Ketcheson, 88 Douro street, Peterboro', Ont., wrote as follows:—"I was troubled for thirty years with itching piles and eczema. I could not sleep at night, and when I got warm the itching was terrible. Eczema covered my legs down to the knees, perfectly raw. I have tried every preparation I could hear of. Seeing Dr. Chase's Ointment advertised, I procured a box, and this Ointment effected a complete cure."

On Sept. 28, 1912, Mr. Ketcheson wrote as follows:—"I received a letter from you to-day, saying that you found on file a statement made by me 15 years ago. I have always given Dr. Chase's Ointment a good name since it cured me, and shall tell you how I came to use it.

"I had suffered for many years from eczema and piles, and had tried doctors and everything I could hear of in vain. Reading about Dr. Chase's Ointment, I purchased it at once, and was soon completely cured. That was fifteen years ago, so there can be no doubt of the cure being a permanent one. I have met a great many people who have been cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.



## Every User Delighted

### And Over A Million Users

Not only is every user satisfied but they become so enthusiastic they must tell their friends how the

**O-Cedar Polish Mop**
(Made in Canada)

cuts down their housework—makes house-cleaning a pleasure.

It dusts, cleans and polishes all at the one time. No need any more for stooping, reaching, climbing or hard rubbing. Easily washed and renewed with **O-Cedar Polish**—making the mop as good as new again.

**Every mop absolutely guaranteed. Your dealer say "Satisfaction or money back.**

**Two styles--Round and Triangular.**
**Four prices--75c.-$1.00-$1.25-$1.50.**

**Picks up Every Grain of Dust and Holds It**

*Miss O-Cedar and Her Mop*

**Channell Chemical Company, Ltd.**
369 Sorauren Ave. - Toronto.



# SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Moles, Warts and Small Birthmarks are successfully and permanently removed by Electrolysis. This is the only safe and sure cure for these blemishes. Thick, heavy eyebrows may also be beautifully shaped and arched by this method. There are several poor methods of performing this work, but in the hands of an expert it may be done with very little pain, leaving no scar. I have made this work one of my specialties, and with fifteen years' experience, the very best method in use, and a determination to make my work a success, I can guarantee satisfaction. Write for booklet and further particulars.

**Mrs. E. COATES COLEMAN**
**224 SMITH STREET, WINNIPEG**

Phone Main 996


When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

**1128—Ladies' Dart Fitted Apron**—Who will not appreciate a comfortable attractive apron model? It is dart fitted and has side seams, front and shoulder seams. It is suitable for percale, lawn, cambric, drill, sateen, gingham or muslin. The neck is cut low and the armscye deep and comfortable. In blue and white percale with machine stitching for a finish, or bound neatly with tape, this model will be durable and serviceable. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. Pattern 10c.

**1130-1129—Ladies' Costume**—Mahogany satin and chiffon cloth were employed for this style, which consists of a long waisted back having bodice portions and cuffs of satin. A chemisette of net embroidered in colors, forms an effective contrast. The tunic flares gracefully over the satin skirt. The design is picturesque and becoming. It comprises ladies' waist pattern 1130, cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure, and ladies' skirt pattern 1129, cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32in. waist measure. This costume will develop nicely in serge, voile, charmeuse, broad cloth, or crepe. In blue serge with pipings and facings of black satin, it will make a very fine dress for calling or afternoon wear. Two patterns 10c. each.

**1139—Girl's Dress**—Blue dress with trimming of soutache braid is here shown. Brown or red serge with facings of striped or plaid woolen would also be effective. The waist portions are cut in one with the sleeves, and these may be in short or wrist length. The skirt is a three piece model with a lap tuck at the centre back. The pattern is splendid for all wash materials, such as galatea, kindergarten, cloth, poplin, percale, gingham, seersucker and chambrey. Also for velvet, silk, cloth or novelty woolens. It is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Pattern 10c

**1113.—Ladies' "Cover All" Slumber or Lounging Robe.**—For traveling or out door sleeping, this model will be found very convenient and comfortable. It is out on kimono lines (having body and sleeve in one) and may be finished with or without the hood. Flannelette, flannel, cashmere, eiderdown, domet or canton flannel, crepe or blanket cloth are all well adapted for this style. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes; small, medium and large. Cuffs, pockets and the underfacing on the hood are of gray satin. Eiderdown in soft shades of pink, or blue will be pretty for this style, with a finish of crochet on the edges or binding with satin ribbon. Pattern 10c.

**1126.—Ladies' House Dress in Raised or Normal Waistline.**—White linen with collar, cuffs and piping of Copenhagen blue is here shown. The style is good for percale, poplin, madras, gingham, chambrey, flannel, cashmere or sateen. It may be developed in striped seersucker, galatea, serge or voile. The style would make a neat and serviceable dress for business wear in blue and brown serge, with trimming of faille or poplin in self color. The waist has a long shoulder to which the sleeve section is joined. The front shoulder and outer sleeve seam are tuck stitched over the back portions. A neat cuff and comfortable collar from a very desirable finish. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt measures about 2 yards at its lower edge. Pattern 10c.

**9910.—Girl's Apron.**—This simple practical garment may do duty as a dress or an apron. It has sufficient fulness, and is cut with body and sleeve in one. The fulness over the back is held in place with a belt. The design is good for percale, lawn, dimity, gingham, cambric, chambrey or crossbar muslin. It may be trimmed as desired, and cut with round or square neck edge. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Pattern 10c.

**1125.—Girl's Coat with or without Cape.**—Blue chinchilla, black velvet or brown broad cloth could be used for this style, with braid binding or trimming for a finish. The fronts are lapped at the closing, and the garment is loose fitting and in sack shape. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Pattern 10c.

## Kidney Disease in Every Symptom

### Why Mrs. Mark Found Quick Relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

**New Brunswick Lady who Suffered for Six Years Tells How She Found a Speedy Cure.**

Miscou Harbor, Gloucester Co., N.B.—(Special)—"For some five or six years I was troubled with backache. I tried many tonics, but kept growing steadily worse, until I decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. They gave me almost immediate relief."

This is the statement of Mrs. A. Mark, well known and highly respected here. Asked to give more particulars in regard to her case, Mrs. Mark said:

"My trouble started with a cold, and gradually grew worse. I had stiffness in my joints and cramps in my muscles and suffered from neuralgia. I had heart flutterings and headaches, my sleep was broken and unrefreshing and I was always tired and nervous. I had dark circles under my eyes, I was irritable and often dizzy and had a bitter taste in my mouth in the mornings. I also had attacks of rheumatism.

"It just took three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills to fix me up."

Every symptom Mrs. Mark mentions spells kidney disease. That's why she found such quick relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills.



## Catalogue Notice

Send 10c in silver or stamps for our up-to-date 1914-1915 Spring & Summer Catalogue, containing over 400 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, also a concise and comprehensive article on Dressmaking, giving valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

**Western Home Monthly**
Winnipeg



## GET YOUR FARM HOME
### From the CANADIAN PACIFIC

An immense area of the most fertile land in Western Canada for sale at low prices and easy terms, ranging from $11.00 to $30.00 for farm lands with ample rainfall—irrigated lands from $35.00. **Terms—One-Twentieth down, balance within twenty years. In irrigation districts, loan for farm buildings, etc., up to $2.000, also repayable in twenty years—interest only 6 per cent** Here is your opportunity to increase your farm holdings by getting adjoining land, or secure your friends as neighbors.

For literature and particulars apply to

**F. W. RUSSELL, Land Agent,**
**Desk 15, Department of Natural Resources**
**C.P.R., Winnipeg**

Mailed FREE to any address by the author.

Book on
**DOG DISEASES**
and How to Feed
**H. CLAY GLOVER, V.S.**
118 W. 31st. St., N.Y, USA



Don't Throw it Away

They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them; fit any surface, two million in use. Send for sample pkg., 10c. COMPLETE PACKAGE ASSORTED SIZES, 25c., POSTPAID. Agents wanted.
**Collette Mfg. Co.,** Dept. B Collingwood, Ont.


# Correspondence

We invite readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print, and, in future, letters received from subscribers will receive first consideration. Kindly note we cannot send any correspondents the names and addresses of the writers of the letters published. Persons wishing to correspond with others should send letters in stamped, plain envelopes under cover to the Correspondence Department and they will immediately be forwarded to the right parties.

### Quite a Traveller.

Smiley, Sask., Jan. 4, 1915.

Dear Editor—I am a reader of The Western Home Monthly and like the paper very much. I enjoy reading the letters written by the young people. I noticed a letter from a Nova Scotian girl in the November number. I was glad to see a letter from so far east as Nova Scotia, it used to be my home, but it is several years since we left there. Since then I have travelled a great deal. We lived in Cuba a year and about five years in Virginia, then we lived in Winnipeg for four years and Saskatoon a year, then we homesteaded in Kindersley four years and now we are living in Smiley. When my father was living he was a sea captain.

Smiley is a new town, so is not very large. We have a dance hall and a nice school, but there is no church to attend.

I stay at home and take care of a sick mother. I like to do housework and am a fairly good cook. It is very quiet here and sometimes I get lonesome for a chum. There are three other girls in the place, besides myself. I like lots of fun. I do not dance, but I am very fond of skating. I don't get much time for fancy work. This is my first letter and I hope I will see it in print. I would be glad if any of the members would write to me. My address is with the editor. Wish best wishes to all and wishing The Western Home Monthly every success. Yours sincerely,

Estrella.

Complete in itself, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the assistance of any other medicine to make it effective. It does not fail to do its work.

### The Housekeeper's Creed

Sask., Feb., 1915.

Dear Editor—It is with great pleasure I come again to your valuable columns. Freda wished to know if the bachelors of the West really do get lonesome. Well, yes, some of them do, especially at this time of the year when they begin thinking of the friends back home. Am I not right, bachelors?

I see some give their opinions of what an ideal girl is; I will now try to spin mine. An ideal girl should be a fair size and height, fairly good looking at least, lead a good Christian life, be a good housekeeper and always ready to make the best of things. I will now pen a copy of "The Housekeeper's Creed," which I have found in a valuable book we have and which I think "hits the nail on the head."

"I believe that marriage is a life partnership with mutual interests as well as love; a partnership of square dealing and equally shared responsibilities, and should not be entered into from any other motive.

"I believe before marriage every woman should show to the man she is to marry that she thoroughly understands the work of making and keeping the home on a perfectly systematic and business basis, as much as the man has shown her that he has a profession or business capable of providing the income for the maintenance of home and family.

"It is reasonable to suppose that the young woman should be able and willing to keep house as conscientiously as she has taught school, or music, or used the typewriter.

"Can you use the salary of the young man wisely, economically and so that each of you may live comfortably, besides saving a little for the proverbial 'rainy day?' This question should be answered before marriage.

"I believe home-making, housekeeping and all that goes with it, is not drudgery, is not a narrow sphere for the woman, but that it is the very highest type of living."

"I believe housekeeping and cooking is and should be interesting and worthy work and that the majority of women would enjoy it if they had the opportunity to know more of its science; that it must be considered elevating—the highest art—and not a menial and brainless

I would far rather see the inside of this toy than eat my supper


## If You Wish to Be Well You Must Keep the Bowels Regular.

If the bowels do not move regularly they will, sooner or later, become constipated, and constipation is productive of more ill health than almost any other trouble.

The sole cause of constipation is an inactive liver, and unless the liver is kept active you may rest assured that headaches, jaundice, heartburn, piles, floating specks before the eyes, a feeling as if you were going to faint, or catarrh of the stomach will follow the wrong action of this, one of the most important organs of the body.

Keep the liver active and working properly by the use of Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills.

Mrs. Elijah A. Ayer, Fawcett Hill, N.B., writes: "I was troubled with constipation for many years, and about three years ago my husband wanted me to try Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills, as they had cured him. I got a vial and took them, and by the time I had taken three vials I was cured. I always keep them on hand, and when I need a mild laxative I take one."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25c a vial. 5 vials for $1.00, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

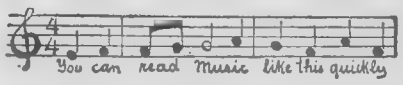
The Original and Only Genuine

BEWARE of Imitations sold on the Merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT



## Real Music TAUGHT FREE
### IN YOUR OWN HOME

**By the oldest and most Reliable School of Music in America.—Established 1895.**




In order to introduce our Home Study Music Course in your locality, we offer you, absolutely free, 96 lessons for either Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Mandolin, Banjo or Cornet. After you have learned to play we are positive that you will recommend the lessons of the **American School of Music** for either beginners or advanced pupils. Our lessons are suited to your needs. It matters not if you do not know one note from another, our lessons are so simple and easy that any person who can read English can learn to play. We send out lessons to you weekly, and with our free tuition offer, your only expense is for postage and music you use, which averages about 2 cents a day. Thousands of pupils all over the world write—"Wish I had known of your wonderful school before." Write to-day for our convincing free booklet which explains everything in full. Write now to the

**AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC**
**2 Lakeside Bldg. Chicago, Illinois**



**BLACK LEG**

**LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED** by Cutter's Blackleg Pills. Low-priced, fresh, reliable; preferred by Western stockmen, because they protect where other vaccines fail. Write for booklet and testimonials.
10-dose pkge. Blackleg Pills $1.00
50-dose pkge. Blackleg Pills 4.00
Cutter's Blackleg Pill Injector 1.50

**Discounts:** 250 doses, 10 p. ct.; 500 doses, 20 p. ct. Use any injector, but Cutter's simplest and strongest. Every package dated, unused pills exchangeable for fresh after date on package. **Do not use old vaccine** (ours or any other), as it affords less protection than fresh. **Insist on Cutter's.** If unobtainable, order direct. Send check or M. O., **we pay charges** and ship **promptly.** Vaccine and injectors pass duty free.
**THE CUTTER LABORATORY, Berkeley, California.**

The thirsty steed loves to be let loose from the harness. Then he enjoys the fresh air.

occupation. If a man is not ashamed of his profession or work, there is no reason why a woman should be ashamed of hers.

Any girls who try to live up to a creed like the above, deserve a good husband in every way.

Well, now, I must stop my pen lest this should be too long. Hoping to see this in print, I will say adieu. Thanking you for so much space and wishing you all the season's greetings.

Bookworm.

### Does Not Fancy the Prairie

Jan. 1st, 1915.

Dear Friends—When I wrote before, setting forth my ideas on various things, little did I foresee what I was in for in the way of answering letters. They just rolled in by every mail. I take this opportunity of thanking all who wrote and of wishing you all, including the editor, a very happy New Year. You Westerners are certainly good correspondents. Is it the vast distances or the loneliness or just warm hearts?

Well, girls, I received three long-distance proposals of marriage. Got 'em down in black and white. So you see it does not hurt to speak your mind occasionally. To tell the truth, I was surprised that the boys looked favorably upon such a cross-grained old maid of 22. However, I am not made of the heroine stuff, so couldn't possibly accept any of the three and go and live away out behind sundown on a prairie homestead. Brrrh! Think of the dreadful winters and the discomforts, etc. Excuse me, all lovers of hardship and drudgery, but me for the village and town every time.

One thing that strikes an Easterner like myself (have only been transplanted a few years and can't as yet wax enthusiatic over the treeless prairies), is the way the Western bachelor can cook. One chap writes that he cooked a full-course Christmas dinner all by his lonesome, and "it wasn't half-bad either." I should imagine they would make ideal husbands, because they would know just what a woman is tied down to after she is married. You know the Eastern men think all there is to housework is meals. Bless us, wouldn't a woman get off easy if all she had to do was cook three meals? My brother, whenever he had to "bach it," never washed the frying pan. It seemed to go against the grain with him, but he always washed the dishes. Then you know the Eastern man can't sweep worth a cent. He will whisk the broom about a few times in the centre of the floor and scatter the dirt into the four corners of the room where it can't be seen—or so he fancies.

How many have been skating? I've been out four times. The ice up our way is in splendid shape and our hockey team is a crackerjack. We are the candy team.

How does the Englishman like our national winter sport? Such a number


# KIDNEY AND STOMACH

## Troubles and Nerve Breakdown--Dr. Cassell's Tablets, the Great British remedy of World-wide repute, prove of inestimable value.

All those in Canada who suffer in any degree from Kidney and Stomach Troubles, Nerve Weakness, Neurasthenia, or that awful depression that comes of wrecked nerves, should read this story and learn how quickly and surely Dr. Cassell's Tablets can overcome such conditions.

The case is that of Mr. Harold S. Morgan, of 57, Welham-road, Mitcham-lane, Streatham, London, England, who, speaking to an interviewer recently said:—"I was a nervous wreck when I commenced taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and now I am as well and fit as ever in my life. The trouble came on some years ago, with loss of appetite and severe dyspepsia, and I was plagued with flatulence and violent palpitation. I could hardly get my breath. I had pain over my kidneys, too, so severe that if I stooped it was torture to stand up straight again. Another trouble was sleeplessness, and then my nerves gave way. I got weaker and weaker, more and more shaky. I could not have held my hand steady had it been to save my life. Noise was torture to me, and even music irritated. Sometimes I really wished I was dead, I felt so depressed and miserable.

"I kept trying all sorts of things, but it was all of no use—nothing helped me—until at last I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets. The result amazed me and all who knew me. I could positively feel new health and strength growing in me, and to-day I am exceptionally strong and fit.

Here is a story which shows again the power of Dr. Cassell's Tablets to restore activity to the nerves and nerve-centres of the human body. It is a story of actual fact; it can easily be verified, and, notwithstanding the wonder of the cure, investigation will prove it true beyond any shadow of doubt.

*Mr. H. S. Morgan.*

## Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Dr. Cassell's Tablets compel health and vitality for the whole system. Even severe cases will yield to treatment with this great remedy, where they are persevered with benefit must result. Take them for:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Nervous Breakdown | Neurasthenia | Kidney Trouble | Malnutrition |
| Nerve Failure | Sleeplessness | Dyspepsia | Wasting |
| Infantile Weakness | Anaemia | Stomach Disorder | Palpitation |

and they are specially valuable for nursing mothers and young girls approaching womanhood. All druggists and storekeepers throughout the Dominion sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 50 cents. People in outlying districts should keep Dr. Cassell's Tablets by them in case of emergency.

## SEND FOR A FREE BOX.

A free sample box will be sent you on receipt of 5 cents, for mailing and packing, by the sole agents for Canada, H. F. Ritchie and Co., Ltd., 10, McCaul-st., Toronto, Ont. Dr. Cassell's Tablets are manufactured solely by Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester, England.

# THE WEAK SPOT IN THE BACK.

When the kidneys get ill the back gives out.

But the back is not to blame.

The ache comes from the kidneys, which lie under the small of the back.

Therefore, dull pain in the back, or sharp, quick twinges, are warnings of sick kidneys—warnings of kidney trouble.

Plasters and liniments will not cure a bad back, for they cannot reach the kidneys which cause it.

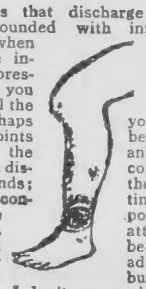
Doan's Kidney Pills reach the kidneys themselves. They are a special kidney and bladder medicine. They heal the diseased surface of kidneys and bladder, and help them to act freely and naturally.

Mrs. Chester Romain, Fort Coulonge, Que., writes: "I had been troubled with sore back for over four years, and could get nothing to do me any good until I heard of your Doan's Kidney Pills. I got three boxes, and took them and now I am completely cured."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50c a box, 3 boxes for $1.25, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

When ordering direct specify "Doan's."

# HAVE YOU A BAD LEG



With Wounds that discharge or otherwise, perhaps surrounded with inflammation and swollen, that when you press your finger on the inflamed part it leaves the impression? If so, under the skin you have poison, which defies all the remedies you have tried. Perhaps your knees are swollen, the joints being ulcerated, the same with the ankles, round which the skin may be discoloured, or there may be disease, if allowed to continue, will deprive you of the power to walk. You may have attended various hospitals been told your case is hopeless, or advised to submit to amputation, but do not, for I can cure you. I don't say perhaps, but I will.

Send to the Drug Stores for a Box of

# GRASSHOPPER

**OINTMENT and PILLS,** which is a certain cure for Bad Legs, Poisoned Hands, Ulcerated Joints, Housemaid's Knee, Carbuncles, Snake and Insect Bites, &c., &c. English Prices, 1/1½ and 2/9 each. See Trade Mark of a Grasshopper on a Green Label. Prepared by ALBERT, Albert House, 73 Farringdon Street, London, England.

# Ceylon Genuine Precious Stones and Pearls

| | |
|---|---|
| Blue Sapphire of 2 carats for your ring, sent on approval | $22 50 |
| Variety packet of 100 carats Fancy Stones | $52 50 |
| 500 carats Moonstones | $26 50 |
| 100 carats Ceylon Diamond or White Sapphires | $207 00 |
| 100 carats Blue Sapphires | $510 00 |
| 100 carats Aquamarines | $127 50 |
| 96 Whole Pearls, 8 carats | $26 25 |
| 2 Rows Necklet Graduated Pearls, from | $250 00 |

Pay not big prices to dealers. Buy direct from our mines. Rates cut low till end of war to get American orders. Variety packets are good for premium. Letter postage to Ceylon 5 cents.

List Free. Established 1878.

Bottom Rates to Show Goods.

**J. Wickramanayaka & Co.**

Gem Merchants

**Kalutara P.O. Ceylon**

Messrs A. S. Fuller & Co., South Porcupine, Canada, said, "Blue Sapphires for our remittance received with thanks. Gave much satisfaction"

# RANKIN'S HEAD OINTMENT

of English fellows as I have heard from! Want to hear from a Yorkshireman, but won't state my reasons here, as it would take too much space.

I suppose many of you danced the Old Year out. Well I didn't. I had several friends to tea and we went to the movies afterward, then home and to bed. Dido writes he is making a cushion and also a hearth rug. Isn't he clever, girls? He writes a splendid letter too.

It made me laugh to see two letters in the December number signed "Blonde" and "Brunette." It was with quaking heart I perused the former. Thought I'd get all that was coming to me. Thanks, Miss Alberta, glad you think me sensible. I have been in your province; also in B.C. It must be nice living among the Rockies, or even the foothills.

About books—Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail, Eyes of the World, The Honorable Percival, and Bambi are what I have read recently. Opinions on one or all of these would be delightful. Harold Bell Wright is fine, isn't he? Who likes musical comedy. Haven't seen any for 3 years but I always liked it immensely. Went with a friend one night in Winnipeg to The Chocolate Soldier or the Prince of Pilsen (forget which) and we both laughed so hard the usher very nearly put us out.

Wish some of you bachelors with the rich baritone would sing to us. Isn't Tipperary fine? I have a friend who plays it on the mouth organ. Well I am sure we all hope the war will be over this year sometime. It is such a mammoth crime that Hades seems too good a place for the Kaiser and his bunch of militarists. Who reads Irwin S. Cobb, and Samuel Blyth in the Saturday Post? Tell us what you think of their articles, everybody.

Before I put in the plug, here's a health to you all. May Western Canada find 1915 the best year yet for crops and trade! Going up! Anyone who comes from near Ottawa or Montreal please write. I was born near the latter. Best New Year wises to all.

Freda.

### Good Sound Advice

B.C., Feb., 1915.

Dear Editor—This home looks forward each month to your valuable magazine and when we all get through it there isn't much unread. I should like to join the correspondence column. It is quite amusing to read some of the letters. Odd ones show common sense, while others a great lack of experience in this great world of ours. Girls and boys, some of you haven't been far enough from home to decide on girls and men, their likes and dislikes. You let that question rest and get busy on the home question. Girls, you to cook, sew, mend and economize in order that you can help the man you marry. Above all, to get up a good plain meal. A great many of the girls give that their last thought but if you get the right man I am not afraid but what he will appreciate it and then some girls get so untidy after marriage. Now don't you get that way. There is nothing any man hates worse than that. A clean, capable woman all men look up to, from the lowest to the highest type and girls, don't marry any man without he has a home or the prospect of one. What he owns, according to his age, bespeaks the kind of man he is. A man, at the age of 30 to 35, who hasn't any of this world's goods, doesn't need a wife; such a man cannot take care of himself. All praise to the homesteader and, boys, stay with it through thick and thin. Far off fields look green but when one gets there, it is very often worse than where you left; there is nothing in roaming around. As to dress well, any sensible man or woman knows that any ambitious person gives styles their last consideration. A neat, clean dress or suit is all one requires, especially in the country.

I am a working woman, 38 years of age, and should like to hear from good, sound Christian people; all letters will be answered at least once. Address is with the editor. True Blue.

### The Better Life

Sask., Jan. 16, 1915.

Dear Editor—Here I am once more, but if I'm not welcome just put me in the waste basket. I did not subscribe to The Western Home Monthly this year, as one of the members of our family did, and we all read it, would not do without it.

I would like to shake hands with "Sammy," whose letters appeared in the January number. What a lot better this world would be if we had a few more Sammy's. If every one were friends of those who appear past being called good, even if they do forget us, after they have taken the noble stand, we have a joy no man can take away. I met such a one, but failed to persuade him to try the better life, still I am ready to try again if luck gave us another chance to meet.

I wonder how many lives "Sunset Bill" gave an uplift to a better life or does he spend his time flirting. I wonder if he will know his ideal when he meets her. I'll pity her unless she is like himself.

This war, I wish it were ended. Just think how the brave Belgians are suffering, let alone the soldiers.

Well winter is here with bright days and frost covered trees. I like nothing better than a walk on these good roads and a few good books to help pass away the winter. So you see I like farm life. Would be pleased to hear from readers who care to write to a country girl.

Britannia.

### The Liquor Question

Manitoba, Feb., 1915.

Dear Editor—I have read The Western Home Monthly for two or three years and think it is a valuable magazine. One receives enjoyment and instruction from the many articles therein.

I am one of the young, clever and charming (?) Manitoba girls. However, beauty is as beauty does and we all are what we make ourselves. If we seek trouble, we are sure to find it, so the best way is to never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you. I agree with Handy Sue's opinions. This war is a dreadful thing and is likely to keep going for some time yet. Just think the Canadian First Contingent will be at the front now or at Malta, as they may winter there. It was reported that fifteen of them were in the casualty lists before they left Salisbury Plain.

Just the other night I was reading a poem "Vote as you Pray," which I thought quite true to nature. I enjoy reading poetry and think that we should encourage the younger generation to read more poetry and prose than we ourselves do.

I will answer all letters and would like to hear from "A Saskatchewan Batch," if he will write first.

Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success, I remain,

Evealeen.

### The Bachelor Homesteader

Alberta, Feb., 1915.

Dear Editor—If this letter is consigned to the waste paper basket I will not be at all surprised, although I trust you will find a little space for it.

I have often said to myself, when I have read the many interesting letters in the correspondence department of The Western Home Monthly, that I will write a letter to them sometime but I never got it started.

I enjoy so much reading letters from other people, telling of their experiences, likes and dislikes. I am a member of that handsome tribe "the bachelor homesteaders," and when The Western Home Monthly comes along it's like an old friend back home from a trip around the world. Everybody seems to have a word for us bachelors.

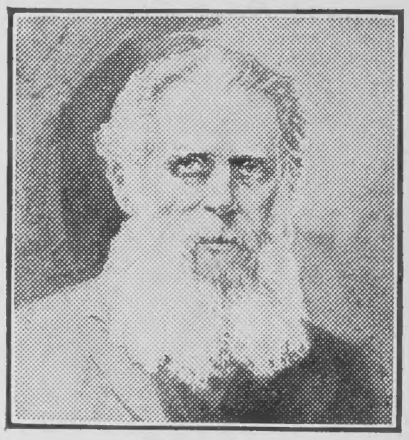
I am living on a homestead in Alberta. I like farm life but I don't like breaking. I have got all kinds of books to read and lots of work to do, so I don't get lonesome very often. I have travelled a lot in the United States and Canada and worked at different things, but I think a home of your own on a farm is the best. We are having a lot of fun during the winters, dancing, skating, skiing and parties of all kinds.

Will "Just a Girl," "Eastern Girl," and "Aura Lee" please write. Will some of the readers please write. With best regards Juneau.

Warts will render the prettiest hands unsightly. Clear the excrescences away by using Holloway's Corn Cure, which acts thoroughly and painlessly.


# A FAMILY REMEDY FOR MANY YEARS

**Used "Fruit-a-tives" With The Best of Results.**



GEORGE McKAY Esq.

KIPPEN, ONT., June 17th, 1913.

"I have been using "Fruit-a-tives" as a family remedy for many years. They are the best medicine I have ever tried. "Fruit-a-tives" do me the most good—they never gripe and their action is pleasant.

"I have used them for Indigestion and Constipation with the best results, and I heartily recommend them to anyone similarly afflicted.

These troubles have left me completely and I give "Fruit-a-tives" full credit for all this. A nicer pill a man cannot take."

GEORGE McKAY.

The enormous demand for "Fruit-a-tives" is steadily increasing, due to the fact that this wonderful fruit medicine gives prompt relief in all cases of Indigestion, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Rheumatism, Chronic, Headaches, and Neuralgia, and all Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

50c a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c. Sold by all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

# CANCER

R. D. Evans, discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. The treatment cures external or internal Cancer.

R. D. Evans

BRANDON MAN

# A Woman's Sympathy

Are you discouraged? Is your doctor's bill a heavy financial load? Is your pain a heavy physical burden? I know what these mean to delicate women—I have been discouraged, too; but learned how to cure myself. I want to relieve your burdens. Why not end the pain and stop the doctor's bill? I can do this for you and will if you will assist me.

All you need do is to write for a free box of the remedy which has been placed in my hands to be given away. Perhaps this one box will cure you—it has done so for others. If so, I shall be happy and you will be cured for 2c. (the cost of a postage stamp). Your letters held confidentially. Write to-day for my free treatment. MRS. F. E. CURRAH, WINDSOR, Ont.

**BUY YOUR HARNESS BY MAIL**

**AND SAVE MONEY**

**COMPLETE SADDLERY CATALOGUE FREE**

**Winnipeg Saddlery Co. : Winnipeg, Man.**

# Woman and the Home

### The Little Wife at Home

The dear little wife at home, John,
She has ever so much to do—
Stitches to set and babies to pet
And so many step for you.
The beautiful household fairy,
Filling your home with light,
Whatever you meet to-day, John,
Go cheerily home to-night.

Although you are worn and weary,
You needn't be cross or curt,
There are words like darts to gentle hearts;
There are looks that wound and hurt.
With the key in the latch at home, John,
Drop troubles out of sight,
To the dear little wife who is waiting
Go cheerily home to-night.

What though the tempter try you,
Though the shafts of adverse fate
May hurtle near and the sky be drear
And the laggard fortune wait.
You are passing rich already,
Let the haunting fears take flight
With the faith that wins success, John,
Go cheerily home to-night.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

A beauty spot for a calm and quiet rest. On the farm of Mr. D. McCaskill.

### What Wears on Me

A Declaration of Independence

It isn't my work that bothers me, it's the extras.

It isn't what I have decided I ought to do in my life, but what other people think I ought to do.

It isn't the routine, but the unexpected.

I could sing under my burden, but it is hard to sing under other folks' burdens.

I go with a rejoicing heart to my chosen recreation, but with a heavy heart to the "amusement" that fashion or even friendship picks out for me.

I can work indefinitely when there is no lash, but under the lash I fall in an hour.

My idea of heaven is that I shall be allowed to do the things that I can do best, and that therefore I best like to do, and shall have time enough to do them without feeling rushed.

And I have decided to set up heaven on earth, and at once.

I have decided to obey my own conscience and not other people's idea of what my conscience ought to be.

I have decided to do one duty at a time.

I have decided to select the recreations that re-create me, and not those that re-create other folks and that therefore they think ought to re-create me.

I have decided to live my own life, since no one else will live it.

I have decided to listen carefully to all the good advice given me, accept it when it commends itself to my judgment and conscience, and when it does not forget it and not let it worry me.

I have decided to refuse the tasks that cannot be done well, and to remember that well-doing means serene doing.

I shall not let myself be hurried.
I shall not let myself be harried.
I shall not let myself be worried.

And I am perfectly sure that thus I shall best please my friends in the end, and best serve the world.

### The Simplicities of Life

The Russians have a score of proverbs intended to show that the Tsar is only a man. In this way the animal instinct of human kinship manifests itself among an unlettered people. You may scratch the veneer of social convention in any country, and beneath it you will find the primal human animal, careless of artificial and accidental distinction of birth or of wealth or of training. A man is a man and a woman is a woman.

The feeling that this is true lies back of all our thinking, even when we are insisting on the propriety of marriage between young men and young women of similar social experience and similar tastes and ideals. It accounts for the love one has for the fairy story of Cinderella and the prince, and for the history of Ruth and Boaz.

The theme occurs over and over again in literature. The beggar maid was not surprised when King Cophetua raised her to the throne. She was a woman, and she knew, as every woman to-day knows, that it is her womanhood that draws men to her, not her education nor her dress, nor anything superfical or accidental or external. When that womanhood surmounts all obstacles the world approves, because it sees that the great simplicities of life still wield their potent influence.

### The Mother's Heart the Child's Schoolroom

By Sceva Stephen

"By Tiny, unseen, unguessed influences the child's life is molded." The least and most imperceptible impressions received in our infancy have consequences very important and of long duration. That the child begins to get impressions and be influenced and form habits very early is evident enough if one studies carefully. "Children are very nice observers." It sometimes seems as if, "away back in the dim days," the child stores up observations, as a photographer does his plates, to be brought out and used when occasion demands. How often people of mature years say, with a touch of pride, "I have never been used to—" or, "I have always been used to—" and consider that sufficient reason for ranking some of the refinements of life as necessities.

"Being used to" must have a beginning in every life, and that beginning in regard to many essentials of right living is made long before the child is conscious of receiving impressions, long before he can choose in regard to them. Because the child comes "out of the nowhere into here," he must get his impressions, make his observations in his own little environment. The character of that environment must, of course, determine the character of the lessons the child learns.

A rather prevalent idea is that that child has the best environment whose parents can provide him with most material comforts of finest quality, who can place him in so-called artistic surroundings. "Stone walls do not a prison make." So, too, wood and wallpaper, clothes and furniture do not make all of the child's environment. Whatever in any way affects the child, physically, mentally, morally, makes up his world. Whether the baby lies in silk-lined crib or one finished in cotton, "the mother's heart is the child's schoolroom." Many of the noblest, finest-grained men and women the world has known have come from very simple homes. This because the mothers in those homes had high ideals and knew how to insist on the essentials for making up a right environment for their children. They demonstrated in their daily living that the highest virtues can be practiced in plainest surroundings, that the soul can never be in prison.

No mother, however hard she may strive, can be absolutely perfect, or make her home wholly ideal. Yet any mother under love's tutorship can give a tone to the child's environment such as will put into his life ideals of true refinement, of noble living; so that the really "bests" will come to be necessities in his life circle. The child learns best from elemental bests. If these elementals are factors in his everyday surroundings, and are maintained as the months and years go on, his life must begin right and develop along right lines. For instance, many things that are not beautiful in comparison with others, can, nevertheless teach the elements of beauty, and so stimulate the child's mind as to lead him on to unfailing pursuit of what appeals to his artistic sense. A writer, touching upon making home beautiful, speaks with warmth of feeling of the "picturesqueness" many and many a womanly woman who must live very plainly imparts to her rooms by means of "polished tins, many-shaded patchwork coverlets, gay strips in carpet, a scarlet geranium." "Polished tins"—a bright blossom or two! How baby will crow as he reaches for either!

With such hints of art may go other elemental factors that are priceless in value to the young life. Because this is so absolutely true, every mother, whether she commands dollars or only dimes, can create a wholesome atmosphere for the home life such as will nourish the best in the child's nature. Some of the other things essential to true refinement and love of what is pure and lovely, and that cost not a cent more than their opposites, are a mother always tidily and becomingly dressed, no matter how simply; rooms always clean and in cheerful good order; table always daintily set; good manners—"the ornament of action—" at meal-time, inculcated from the beginning by example and quiet precepts; pleasant, tender, cheery tones; laughter and fun; crooning sweet lullabies; absence of unnecessary confusing noises; optimistic views of home conditions, as the young child sees them. The clear, ringing note through all this is, "Linking ourselves with very bests."

A part of baby's environment is his own little, inner self. His prevailing mood is the "beginning of a mighty end." True she cannot be kept always crowing, not even always calm, but if he is allowed to fly into frequent rages, to scream or sulk or grieve, he inevitably gains the impression that this or that way of doing is part of life, and he will go on living more and more according to his baby ideals. If mother's habit is to soothe with the "soft murmurings of her voice," and so help the little one on to patience and peace, she puts upward leading impulses into his life.

"As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined." To put the thought another way: If the little twig is kept straight by just the kind of treatment a twig needs, the tree will be straight and firm.

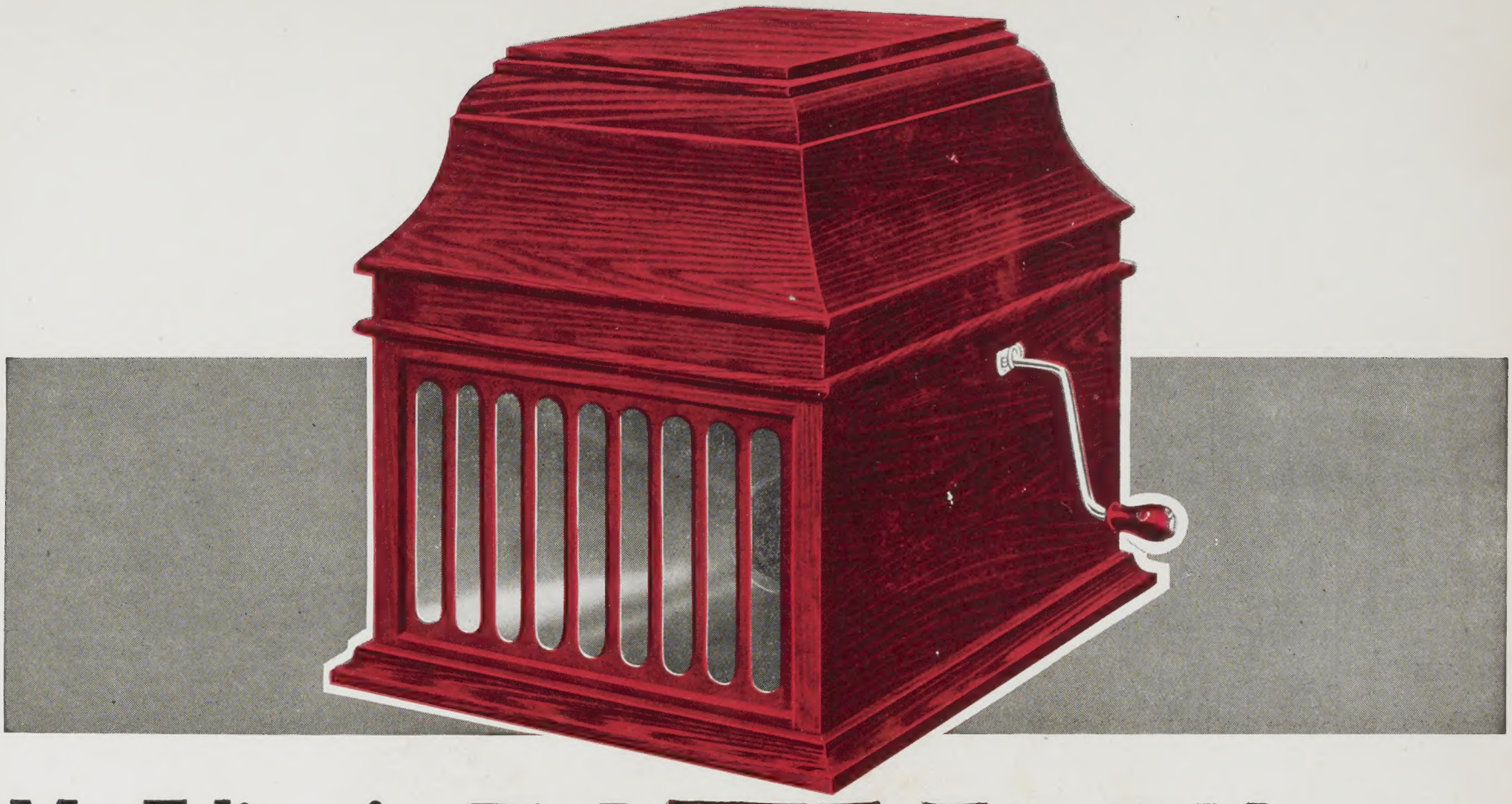
Fifty-one years ago a man now living in Rahway, N.J., fed a hungry soldier during the war. On the anniversary he found on his door-step a fifteen-pound ham and a bag of potatoes—returned "after many days."—C. E. World.

### The Thimble Family

Good Mistress Thimble, neat and nimble,
Drives Brother Needle with a push and a wheedle,
While light Sister Thread, with a noiseless tread,
A stitch drops behind as she flies ahead.
Then comes Father Scissors and gives her a snip,
And starts them off on another trip.
Over a hem, or down a seam,
Needle and thread, a lively team.

Fat Uncle Emery, bright and true,
When a hard place comes will help them through.
And pale Aunty Wax is willing enough
To smooth the way when they find it rough.
Then Grandfather Bodkin, with many a jerk,
Will do his part, and finish the work.
Now, where is their home? Well, since you ask it,
I'll tell you—they live in a little work-basket.

**A Safe Pill for Suffering Women.**—The secluded life of women which permits of little healthful exercise, is a fruitful cause of derangements of the stomach and liver and is accountable for the pains and lassitude that so many of them experience. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will correct irregularities of the digestive organs and restore health and vigor. The most delicate woman can use them with safety because their action, while effective, is mild and soothing.



# Mr. Edison's Wonderful New Instrument NEW! Master Instrument

Edison's Latest Invention

## Mr. Edison's Pet and Hobby

among all his wonderful inventions is his phonograph. He worked for years striving to produce the most perfect phonograph. At last he has produced this new model. Think of it; over 25 years of work on all these epoch-making inventions—then his pet and hobby perfected!

## A Happy Home

Happiness is life—and real happiness is found only in a real home. And by a **real home** I do not mean a house with a yard or farm around it. Oh, no! A real home is the place where the happy and united family gather together for mutual enjoyment and recreation. And the Edison makes this possible, for it stands supreme as the greatest home entertainer. It will mean more than entertainment and merriment, more than an hour of amusement—yes, it will mean genuine pleasure of the lasting sort—helpful entertainment and culture of the most beneficial kind. It will mean the family united—a new home.

Such a variety of entertainment! Hear the latest up-to-date song hits of the big cities. Laugh until the tears stream down your face and your sides ache from laughing at the funniest of funny minstrel shows. Hear the grand old church hymns, the majestic choirs sing the famous anthems just as they sing them in the cathedrals of Europe. Hear the pealing organs, the crashing brass bands, the waltzes, the two-steps, the solos, duets and quartettes. You will sit awe-stricken at the wonderful grand operas as sung by the world's greatest singers. You will be moved by the tender, sweet harmony of quartettes singing those old melodies that you have heard all your life. Take your choice of any kind of entertainment. All will be yours with the Edison in your home. **Send the coupon today.**

WRITE *today* for our *new* Edison catalog—the catalog that tells you all about the wonderful *new* model Edison with Mr. Edison's *new* diamond point reproducer — the new parlor grand style. It will also tell you about **our *new* Edison offer!** Now read:

# Free Loan—

We will send you the *new* model Edison Phonograph and **your choice** of all the brand new records on an **absolutely free loan.** We want you to hear all the waltzes, two steps, vaudevilles, minstrels, grand operas, the old sacred hymns, every kind of comic and popular music, also your choice of the highest grade concerts and operas, as rendered by the world's greatest artists. Entertain your family and friends. Give plays and concerts right in your own parlor. Hear the songs, solos, duets and quartettes, the pealing organs, the brass bands, the symphony orchestras, the choirs of Europe's great cathedrals, the piano and violin concerts, virtuoso—all these we want you to hear free as reproduced on the new Edison.

***Then, when you are through with the outfit, you may send it back at our expense.***

**Remember,** not a penny down—no deposit—no guarantee—no C.O.D. to us—no obligations to buy—**a full free trial** in your own home—***direct*** from us—***direct*** to you. Returnable at our expense or payable (if you want to keep it) at the actual rock-bottom price direct from us.

## The Reason:

Why should we make such an ultra-liberal offer? Why should we go to all this expense and trouble just so **you** can have all these free concerts? Well, we'll tell you: we are tremendously proud of this magnificent new instrument. When **you** get it in your town we **know** everybody will say that nothing like it has ever been heard—so wonderful, so grand, so beautiful, such a king of entertainers—so we are pretty sure that at least some one, if not you, then somebody else, will want to buy one of these **new style** Edisons, **especially as they are being offered now at the most astounding rock-bottom price and on easy terms** as low as **a few dollars a month.** But even if no one buys, there is no obligation and we'll be just as glad **anyway** that we sent you the **new** Edison on our **free** trial; for that is our way of advertising quickly everywhere the wonderful superiority of the **new** Edison.

## Our *New* Edison Catalog Sent *Free*

Your name and address on a postal or in a letter, (or just the coupon) is enough. No obligations in asking for the catalog. Get this offer—***while this offer lasts.*** Fill out the coupon today.

**F. K. Babson, Edison Phonograph Distributor**
**7464 355 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man.**
**U. S. Office: Edison Block, Chicago**

## COUPON

**F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distributor**
**Dept. 7464 355 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man.**

Gentlemen:—Please send me your New Edison Catalog and full particulars of your free trial offer on the new model Edison Phonographs.

Name .....

Address .....

First Bake Day Lesson,
Rule 1 :-
"Use
PURITY FLOUR"
More Bread and Better Bread
WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS COMPANY LIMITED
A PERFECT FLOUR
Purity
CANADA
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
MANITOBA HARD WHEAT
PURITY FLOUR
49
WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED,
WINNIPEG GODERICH BRANDON
Millers to the People